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MEMOIRS

OF

THE BARONESS D'OBERKIRCH,

COUNTESS DE MONTBRISON.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

AND

EDITED BY HER GRANDSON,

THE COUNT DE MONTBRISON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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St. Cloud—The chevalier de Morney—Mdlle. Orleans and M. de Saint Maixent—Supper at the duchess of Chartres—Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre—Madame de Talleyrand, Madame de Ségur, the countess de Boufflers, Madame de Beauvron, &c.—Anecdote told by the duchess of Chartres—Chantilly—Drive, &c.—Noble hospitality of the prince de Condé—Village breakfast—Ermenonville—M. de Girardin—Remark of the countess of Tonnerre—M. de Girardin silenced—Verses by the duke of Nivernois—Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel—Visit to Sceaux, and the duke of Penthièvre—This prince's household—The chevalier Florian—His two *amours*—The countess de Cussé and Mdlle. Odrot—I go to see the duchess of Bourbon—Bal d'opéra—Dinner at Madame de Mackan's—The princess-royal—The dauphin—His precocious intellect—The opera—Marshal Biron—Atys—Strange fatuity of Vestris.

17*th June.*—THE weather was so very fine this morning, that we determined to go to St. Cloud; and besides that next day we would not have time for this excursion, as we we were to sup with the

duchess of Chartres at Monceaux. St. Cloud is a delightful place; I have visited it very often, and always with increased pleasure. The gardens, although much larger, remind me of Etupes, my dear Etupes, where I have been so happy, and where I so often enjoyed the society of my dear princess, whose absence I feel more and more every day. At St. Cloud we saw the governor, the chevalier de Morney, a good and respectable old man. He was eighty-four years of age, and rarely quitted his room except to enjoy the renovating heat of the sun on the lawn. He had been page to the regent during the reign of Louis XIV.; he had known the 'Grand Monarque' and his brilliant court, of both of which he related the most curious anecdotes, with the tone of cynicism peculiar to the regency, which, except in the society of her husband, would be too broad for the ears of a modest woman. We found him seated in his sedan, before the cascade; he received us with his habitual grace, and the gentle yet melancholy air of an old man, who seems to say—

"Bear with me; forgive my age; I will endeavour to make you forget it, by amusing you."

He offered snuff to M. d'Oberkirch, who took it with pleasure, for it was excellent; he made five or six madrigals for my especial amusement, and then asked me what he could do to please me.

"You could do a great deal," said I.

"How, baroness? M. d'Oberkirch is not alarmed by that assertion."

"Tell me what you were thinking of when we arrived."

His face immediately expressed some mournful remembrance.

"Ah!" said he, slowly, "that was a good idea. What was I thinking of? I was thinking of a circumstance that few persons know, that happened here one evening, when I was but sixteen, and that I do not think it would be right to tell."

"But you will tell it to us, chevalier," said I, softly; "it will give us so much pleasure."

"Yes, I may tell it *to you*, who are Germans, and will not laugh at it. I could have laughed at it myself when I was young, not so young as twenty or sixteen; then, I can assure you, I looked on it as seriously as the actors in the tale themselves. Well, then, at this cascade, where I am now sitting old and infirm, I have seen, on a lovely night in autumn, Mademoiselle Orleans, the most beautiful creature that God ever made, kneeling beside my poor fellow page, M. Saint Maixent (a noble gentleman from Anjou), and heard them both vow eternal fidelity. The princess swore to enter a convent, and he to seek death upon the battle-field; and they were both faithful

to their promises: she became abbess of Chelles, and he received a bullet in the breast from the firelock of a Spaniard. He was not twenty: 'tis only in early youth that one has sufficient romance to commit such sublime extravagances."

"What, M. le chevalier, he sought death in battle, and she retired to a cônvent? They must have loved each other then?"

"Of course, they loved each other; and the duchess of Orleans, who poked her nose everywhere like a ferret, suspected it. They at first wished to marry and to run away; but, fortunately for the princess, her lover was an honest man, and would not degrade the royal family. She was quite determined, and nothing else could restrain her. All the regent's daughters were so strange! The lovers came here to breathe their last adieu, whilst I and one of the princess's women kept watch. The princess wished to fly, but St. Maixent begged her not to destroy her future peace by such an act, and to submit to fate, since it was impossible that they could be united. He flung himself at her feet, and swore upon his honour that no other should ever possess his love; and as he could not obtain the only happiness he desired on this earth, he would seek an honourable death. I see the whole scene again; there is the opening between the trees, that allows the moonlight to show

their graceful and youthful forms, and there I see the princess kneel beside her lover, and swear that she would never marry, that she would leave the court and go into a convent. 'Are you satisfied now?' said she; 'destiny cannot separate us altogether.' He kissed her hands and wept passionately, and I, though only a spectator, cried like a child.

"The princess kept her word, and, spite of all the entreaties and commands of her family, retired to Chelles. A thousand different reasons were given for her conduct; some even said that she was attached to her dancing-master, Caucheran; but I have told you the real cause. The duchess took very good care not to publish this, as she did everything; she was in a terrible rage, and had the most deadly horror of a misalliance. Poor St. Maixent! He was worthy of being loved; I have never met any one like him since."

M. de Morney told us many other curious anecdotes, but I relate only this because it is in some measure historical, and besides it is not indelicate, which I could not say of all the others: the time of the regency was not the most moral that ever existed.

We dined with the chevalier, who gave us a large bouquet of rare flowers for the duchess of Chartres, with whom we were to have the honour

of supping at Monceaux. This piece of politeness, which he performed every day, and which was very agreeable to the duchess, who was very fond of flowers, was quite in accordance with the graceful and noble gallantry of former times, and which one seeks in vain amongst the gentlemen of the present day.

The princess received us and our present with the greatest amiability. Her guests were as usual distinguished and agreeable. We had the countess of Clermont-Tonnerre, the baroness of Talleyrand, Mesdames de Ségur, de Boufflers, de Beauvron, de Luxembourg, and some of the "honours." The duchess of Chartres was very guarded in her conduct; good and indulgent to others, she never allowed herself to commit the slightest indiscretion. She loved her husband with an affection that nothing could shake, an affection that cost her many a bitter pang. At the time of which I write she seemed happy and gay, and laughed with Madame de Tonnerre with so innocent and childlike a vivacity that none could resist its influence.

I remember that, during supper, the princess told us a very amusing anecdote that may give a correct idea of the court, and of the disposition of the duke of Chartres when he was a young man. I like these anecdotes, they appear to me to be the

appendix to history, and are often truer and possess more meaning than more serious recitals.

One day (1774) the duchess of Bourbon invited the duchess of Chartres and the princess of Lamballes to pass a day with her at a small house that she had at Vanvres, and which has since become the property of Mademoiselle de Condé. The duke of Chartres desired to be of the party, but the duchess of Bourbon refused to allow him, as she did not intend to have any gentlemen, even were he husband or brother. The duke was obliged to submit, at least in appearance. Whilst the ladies were at dinner a servant came to say that the keeper of a menagerie asked permission for some of his tamest beasts to dance before their highnesses. Permission was given, the beasts were led into the yard, and the ladies sat in the windows, from which they could see without running any risk. The amusements then commenced: a bear and a tiger danced a minuet, but in so grotesque and ridiculous a manner that the princesses laughed excessively; but their gaiety did not last long, for the bear and tiger bursting their bonds, sprang over their keeper, and rushed into the house before the servants had time to close the doors. The ladies fled shrieking into the most retired parts of the house; but their precautions were vain; the bear seemed to know all the intricacies of the mansion as well as they,

and followed them to their retreat. Their terror was beyond all control, when the bear had the politeness to take off his mask, and reveal the features of the duke of Chartres. Fear was succeeded by joy, and they all returned to table, where the duke was for the evening king of the feast.

"That was a villanous disguise," said Madame de Tonnerre, "and if my husband had chosen it I would have muzzled him so well that it would be some time before he would break his chain."

"Ah! madame," said the marchioness of Luxembourg, "the law gives all the power to husbands, and the chains with which we bind them soon become so rusty that they break of themselves."

"Are you certain, madame, that ladies have not lent a helping hand themselves?" said the duchess of Chartres firmly.

As everybody knows the past life of Madame de Luxembourg, when duchess of Boufflers, it is not necessary to do more than allude to it here.

"To-morrow will be the day for the ball in honour of the count of Haga," said the princess, already repenting of her raillery, and wishing to soften its effects; "which of you ladies intend going to Versailles?"

"I," "and I," "and I," said several voices.

"And you, baroness?" said she.

"I have not the honour of being invited, madame."

"What then, do you intend to do?"

"I do not know—nothing; or perhaps I would go to Petit Dunkerque to make some purchases."

"I am going to Chantilly," said Madame de Tonnerre, "and you cannot do better than come with me, baroness, for it is a beautiful place and the weather is delightful. The prince of Condé has ordered dinner to be prepared for me, and you will be a most welcome guest."

I was very much tempted to go, so delightful was the remembrance of my first visit to this delightful château, with the countess du Nord. Madame de Tonnerre was very pressing, and I consented to accompany her. M. d'Oberkirch was delighted. It was then settled that we should go in Madame de Tonnerre's carriage, and, after dining at Chantilly, that M. d'Oberkirch and I should go on with her to Ermenonville, to visit M. Girardin, who had often invited us, but whom something or other that I forget prevented us from visiting, when we were in Paris in 1782. It was very late when we got home, the company having remained so long at supper.

18*th June.*—Our journey was delightful, we talked all the way. Madame de Tonnerre,* who

* *Neé* de Lorraine and canoness of Remiremont, and lady

knows everything that occurs either in city or court, and every family quarrel or reconciliation, told us a variety of anecdotes, seasoned with a little malice, which only gave them an additional charm, but which I cannot bring myself to repeat. Notwithstanding my frequent residences in Paris and Versailles, I never could overcome my provincial prudery, and I was accused of being *gournier* (shackled by old-fashioned prejudices), because I was not a *lion*, like the rest.

The prince of Condé had ordered an excellent dinner to be prepared, and for which we arrived just in time, thanks to the relays of horses we had found at every post. One of the prince's gentlemen did the honours in his name. Carriages were prepared; we set out to view the grounds, first looking at the stables, which I admired as much as at my former visit. Every stall was filled. Every one of the five hundred and fifty horses was feeding at his manger. The kennels, the menagerie, the Isle d'Amour, the beautiful forest, the magnificent waters, all enchanted us. The weather was delightful, not too warm, and the air was loaded with the perfumes of a thousand flowers. Nature had on her loveliest garb; I felt delighted, when Madame de Tonnerre, turning to me, said—

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of honour to Madame Elizabeth. She had been married two years before to the count de Clermont de Tonnerre.

"If I were here, at such an hour, with no companion but a handsome man, and he was not too timid, *ma foi!*——"

When she saw that I did not smile, she stopped. I never could, nor ever will be able to accustom myself to these *elegant* expressions. In the evening we played at reverses, a game that Parisian wit has made most amusing. We were then led into commodious and splendidly furnished apartments, where numerous domestics anticipated our slightest wish. How delightful it is to be a prince, and to make so good a use of one's name and fortune!

19th June.—The weather was still delicious, as if it were expressly ordered for our gratification, and getting again into the carriages, we set off for a charming hamlet, where in the largest cottage breakfast was prepared. Never have I tasted such custards, so tempting or so well prepared. Amongst the dishes was one filled with early fruits, imbedded in moss and wild flowers, and garnished at each corner with a bird's-nest, which struck me very much, and which I determined to try and imitate when I should go to Montbéliard. After breakfasting, we again got into his serene highness's carriage, and drove gaily to Ermenonville, where, as may be supposed, the gates were quickly thrown open in honour of the ducal liveries.

M. de Girardin, the proprietor of this lovely place, came out to meet us. He was brigadier in the royal army. The family was originally Italian, and called Girardini, and its present representative is grandson, by his mother, of M. Ath, a rich *fermier-général.* The Girardins were also attached to the finance department, by which, and by marriage, they have accumulated an immense fortune. M. de Girardin was a man accustomed to good society, witty and fashionable, and celebrated for having sheltered Rousseau under his roof during the latter years of that remarkable man's life. M. de Girardin had a great admiration for our modern philosophers, who looked upon his house as one of their strongholds. I consider these men as the primary cause of all the later misfortunes of France, and detest them with all my soul. We saw the tomb of Jean Jacques, that man so celebrated, and about whom so many different opinions are held ; but I will not enter into the discussion, for I consider M. Rousseau's opinions in every way detestable. He had a very bad character, and was the most bizarre and ungrateful person that ever existed. His works (in a moral point of view) are hateful, and are only the more dangerous because their style is so delightful. I did not feel much interest in looking at his tomb in the willow isle, and my indifference was not concealed, which I

think piqued M. de Girardin a little; but Madame de Tonnerre was lavish in her admiration and her praise, in which she was fully joined by our host: but she, in some measure, spoiled the effect of her compliments by winding up the conversation with a remark worthy of her, and which must have made M. de Girardin doubt the sincerity of her commendations.

"It is quite true," said she, "that M. Rousseau was a great man, but to express exactly what he was one word would suffice—hewas a pedant."

The modern Mæcenas had not a word to reply.

At Ermenonville, as at every celebrated residence, there is a book in which visitors write their names, and their opinions of the place, either in prose or verse. Amidst a mass of rhyming nonsense, unworthy of our nation, we found the following, written by the duke of Nivernois:—

Erewhile a poet's dream I deemed
That bright Elysium of the skies,
Where, nectar-fed, mere mortals seemed
Enwrapt in god-like ecstacies.

No more a sceptic now am I,
This blessed abode mine eyes have seen;
And where?—not in the azure sky—
In Ermenonville I late have been.

It was very late in the evening when we got back to Paris. Madame de Tonnerre supped with us. She had been extremely agreeable during these

two days, an accident for which I was duly grateful to Providence.

20th June.—We had a visit from the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, brother-in-law to the princess of Montbéliard. In general I dislike morning visits, because they deprive one of the time consecrated to private affairs, and I think it quite sufficient to sacrifice the evenings to fashion and society. This was the only objection that I had to my residence in Paris, which was in every other way agreeable, as it almost deprived me of all opportunity of conversing with my husband, or of writing to my friends. I cannot imagine how Parisian ladies manage; one would feel inclined to think that they have neither children to rear, or families, or friends to think of. Spite of all the pleasures that surround me, I began to feel that I had been very long from home, and again I wished to visit my native hills.

We went to visit the duke of Penthièvre, and that excellent prince received us with the greatest kindness. He was son of the count of Toulouse, youngest child of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan. His mother was Marie de Noailles, first married to the marquis de Gondrin, and afterwards to the count of Toulouse, who had fallen in love with her. The duke of Penthièvre had succeeded to the immense fortunes of his father and

of his uncle the duke of Maine. This illegitimate branch of the house of France inherited the fortune of Mademoiselle, daughter of Gaston of Orleans, brother to Louis XIII., who had given all her wealth to the children of Madame de Montespan, as the purchase money of the liberation of Lauzun, who only repaid her with ingratitude. The duke had but one child, the duchess of Chartres, his son, the prince of Lamballes, having unfortunately died young. This young man was married to a princess of Savoy-Carignan, an amiable woman, of whom I spoke before, and who was for a long time the intimate friend of her majesty.

The duke of Penthièvre is grand huntsman and high admiral of France. He is a widower; his wife was a princess of Modena, granddaughter of the regent. He generally resides at his hotel on the Place des Victoires, or at his château of Sceaux; but his life must be rather a rambling one, he has still so many châteaux and palaces, although he sold Rambouillet to the king for eighteen millions. All his houses are well furnished, and admirably maintained, and his visits to them are hailed with joy by the poor around, to whom he is more than a benefactor. He is very particular that none of his arrangements should be disturbed; not even a stone must be out of place, and he is said to be perplexed from excess of order.

The duke of Penthièvre's family is a model of household union; the father and daughter have the same tastes, the same inclinations, and love each other with the tenderest affection. Nothing could be more simple than their mode of life, notwithstanding their immense fortune; a placid serenity is the habitual expression of the duke's face; the poor are as welcome to his house as the rich, and none are more favoured guests than those on whom fortune has refused to smile. He and his daughter are universally beloved and blessed, and the only occasion on which they ever differed was when the princess *would* marry the duke of Chartres, in opposition to the wish of her father, who justly disliked the disposition of his future son-in-law.

The day we visited the duke at Sceaux, he was alone with M. de Florian, a gentleman celebrated for his charming writings, and who did not deserve to be less so for his amiability and goodness of heart; his disposition resembled that of the prince, and with such inhabitants Sceaux was indeed an earthly paradise. M. de Florian had the reputation of having two love affairs on his hands at the same time: the first was his warm and unconquerable passion for the countess of Cussé, daughter of the marchioness of Boufflers. The lady was said not to be very cruel, and was very much blamed for her share in the business, as she was married, and

completely in her husband's power. But Florian was discreet, and content to worship at a distance, fearing, he said, that he should love too much, and be no longer his own master. His other passion he told me of himself, and nothing could be more delicate or refined. There was at Sceaux a young girl, Mdlle. Odrot, daughter of an architect, and very poor. One day that her father was overseeing the knocking down of a house, a stone fell into some slacked lime and splashed a quantity of it on the poor man's face, which was most horribly disfigured. But that was not the worst, some of the lime had got into his eyes, and destroyed his powers of vision for ever. With his sight he lost his means of support; and all his earthly possessions consisted of a small house and garden, near the park of Sceaux, that had been given to his father by the duchess of Maine. M. de Florian often met the architect in the woods, led by his daughter, or sometimes he met the girl alone, with a basket of eggs, or flowers that she had been collecting. She was handsome, innocent—everything that was calculated to attract such a man as the chevalier—whose admiration for her increased every day, until at last he loved her with all the fervour of his good and susceptible heart. She became the constant subject of his thoughts—he dreamed of her angelic and simple beauty—she was his Estelle, his Galatea;

she was the model of all his pastoral heroines, and to the fair child of nature, imagination itself need not lend a single ray. Her care of her father was beyond all praise; she never left him but whilst he slept, and he was then guarded by an old and faithful servant. It is to be supposed that she returned the affection of her admirer; but though willing to marry his beloved, the fear of the world's opinion restrained him. They met, told their hopeless love, and strove to console each other for the sad fate that separated them. At Paris the chevalier adored Madame de Cussé, but at Sceaux his heart and mind all belonged to Mdlle. Odrot. M. d'Oberkirch used to give an explanation of this double amour that may be very conclusive to gentlemen, but which I could not understand, and for which reason I think it better not to repeat it.

We returned early from Sceaux, as I had promised the duchess of Bourbon to go and see her dress for the *bal d'opéra*. I could not induce myself to go there with her, for these crowds were never agreeable to me; what could I find there that would give me pleasure? The princess was very plainly dressed, and wore a kind of cowl that entirely concealed her head-dress, and effectually prevented her from being recognized. This was a new fashion, and was becoming very general; it was called a *cachuton*, and was said to be brought

from Venice, the country of masquerades. The gardens of the Palais Royal were to be open, and illuminated all night; and the persons who were to go to the ball were all invited to promenade there by the duke of Chartres. But this innovation was forbidden by an order of the king; and as a reason should be found for everything, it was said that this prohibition was, because the queen was to go to the ball with the king of Sweden, and that if this extensive promenade were permitted, the police would not be able to guard so great a space properly. Whatever was the reason, the frequenters of the ball were not allowed to leave the ordinary hall, and they must have suffered terribly from heat, for I, who at the same time was driving in an open *calèche*, on the 'Cours au Reine,' felt the weather almost insufferably warm.

21*st June*.—We were invited to dine at Versailles with the baroness de Mackan, undergoverness to the royal children. I was always delighted with these dinners, for they gave me an opportunity of seeing the dauphin, or the princess, and sometimes both. The princess royal is beautiful and good, and endowed with great intelligence. Ah! what a princess she will be! At this time the dauphin was there, and spoke very distinctly; we had the honour of paying him our respects. He was handsome, intelligent, and

blindly submissive to his august mother. I never saw a better-tempered child. Madame de Mackan has told me since of a reply that he made her when seven years of age. He was corrected for saying, "I wish," and told that the king always said, "We wish."

"Ah! yes," said the dauphin, "the king and I, *we* both wish; you see that I am right; my papa does not say *we* for himself alone."

In 1784, he was dressed like a sailor, as was then the fashion for little boys, and wore the blue ribbon and cross of St. Louis. His governess, the duchess of Polignac, never left him; the queen could not have put him in better hands. This very year, just before our last sad events, he made a still better reply than that I quoted above. One day, he was tormenting his *valet de chambre* to lend him some money, as he had laid out all his own; and the queen had forbidden that he should get any more, in order to accustom him to economy, to which he had a great objection. In the morning he had been shown a superb *Pantan Mécanique*, which he was very anxious to buy; but could not as he had no money. He was forced to submit; and at night, when he was going to say his prayers, which were always dictated to him by an old man, who had served both his father and grandfather, the servant said to him—

"Monseigneur, you must ask God for wisdom, rather than riches."

"My dear Joseph, whilst I am about it, I may as well ask for both."

It was an answer worthy of a witty man.

In the evening we went to see the opera of 'Atys;' we had Marshal Biron's box. This opera is certainly an enchanting sight, and the ballets were almost equally good, though we had not the celebrated Vestris, who was then in England, where he was said to be making a great deal of money. I must tell an anecdote of this man, in which I played a part myself. One day, as M. d'Oberkirch and I were passing through the Palais Royal, where there was a great crowd, I accidentally trod on Vestris' foot, and turned immediately to apologise, and hope I had not hurt him.

"You have just escaped putting all Paris into mourning for a fortnight, madame."

"Ah!" said my husband, "it is Vestris."

"You did not know that, monsieur," said he, with an air of great contempt; "but your *lady* was not so ignorant."

He had mistaken my awkwardness for an intentional act. Nothing could exceed that man's presumption.

CHAPTER II.

Montgolfière—Messrs. Charles and Robert—Anecdote of the dauphin—The baron de Baden—A *comédien*—History of a deaf and dumb count—The count de Haga at the "Folle Journée"—Verses by Dugazon—Marshal Biron—Duel of the count de Lamarck—I take leave of the queen—The princess de Lamballes—The chevalier de Florian—The marchioness of Pierrecourt—The sleeper awakened—Departure for Alsace.

21*st June.*—WE were invited by Madame de Mackan to go to Versailles to see the ascension of a Montgolfière (a balloon), a new invention, for which we are indebted to M. and Madame Montgolfier, inhabitants of Vivarez, where they had made their first experiment about a year before. An account of this was at that time published in the 'Mercury,' which set the whole Academy in commotion. It is indeed a wonderful invention, and proves what may be done by genius, aided by close observation; for this discovery originated in a very simple circumstance that hundreds might allow to pass unnoticed. M. Montgolfier was one day engaged in boiling some liquid in a vase, which he covered with a piece of paper, in the form of either a cone or sphere. As the steam rose from

the liquid, it raised the paper, which was again replaced, and was again raised by the ascending vapour: this attracted the attention of the operator, who, after mature observation and reflection, discovered that a vapour lighter than atmospheric air will rise in it until it arrive at a region, of which the density is not greater than its own. And to this we are indebted for the invention of the balloon.

In the first ascent of one of these Montgolfières in Paris, the persons who had the courage to risk their lives in the perilous experiment were Messrs. Robert and Charles.

The count de Ségur improvisatrised the following verses on this occasion :—

When Charles and Robert, aspiring and high,
Rose proud through the air, ascending the sky,
What honours we fain to their names would decree!
But their places well-marked, they themselves let us see,
Soaring proud o'er the earth—demi-gods they must be.

The balloon that we saw ascend was twenty-four feet high, and fifty feet in breadth; it rose without the slightest difficulty, to the great admiration of the spectators. Madame de Polignac, who lost no opportunity of giving her pupil useful information, had brought the dauphin to see the ascent. This lady has done everything to make the heir to the throne worthy of his ancestors, and he has amply

repaid her care; he is generous, mild, and firm. One day that he was at play with some little boys, who had come to visit him, one of them accidentally broke a china vase that the queen valued very highly; but it was not discovered until the children had gone home. The dauphin would not tell who was in fault, though it would have saved him from a very severe punishment, that of not being allowed to go to Trianon for three days. This was perhaps the greatest privation that could be imposed upon the noble child, for at Trianon his amusements were more agreeable to him than anywhere else. But the mistake was discovered when his little friend came next, who, generous as himself, at once told that it was he who had broken the precious piece of porcelain. The dauphin was asked why he had not told this. "It would not become me," said he, "to accuse any person."

May God long preserve this noble branch of the old tree of the monarchy!

24th June.—We were invited to breakfast with baron de Baden, minister plenipotentiary of the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, who lived in Rue Poissonnière, on the Boulevard. We had a great many guests, for whose amusement was brought in a man who undertook to perform an entire comedy solus. He was very comic. He was an Italian; but spoke French, and several other languages, per-

fectly well. He represented at least twelve different characters, all of different nations, and for each he adopted a fresh costume and language. His descriptions were entirely satirical, and in most cases very true. The contortions of his countenance were really wonderful; one could scarcely recognise his face to be the same in the different characters that he assumed. I never saw any person who had mastered so perfectly all the difficulties of his art: at one moment he is giving descriptions of the Bastille that would almost terrify one to death; and the next moment, suddenly altering his countenance, he winds up with some comic conclusion that put all our fears to flight. His slightest sketch was as graphic as the most detailed account by another.

25th June.—This day I made a most interesting visit to the abbé de l'Epée's institution for deaf and dumb children. This pious man devotes himself entirely to the care of these poor step-children of Nature; he has invented a language for them, and taught them to read and write. The effects of his system are most wonderful. I spent more than three hours in this establishment, and saw numbers of these poor children, who all had the most interesting and intelligent faces, and looked at us with an earnestness the most intense, as if they would divine our very thoughts

But the most remarkable amongst them was a young man, about eighteen, of an agreeable and interesting appearance. He was tall, and had a very *distingué* air. His history is a perfect romance. His father was a gentleman of large fortune residing somewhere in the centre of France; and who, some months before the birth of his only son, was killed by a frightful accident. This was, as may be supposed, a terrible shock to his wife, and the consequence of it was, that her child was born deaf and dumb. When the boy was about nine years of age, his tutor took him out one day to walk, and on their route they met a horde of gipsies, into whose camp the tutor had the imprudence to go with his pupil. For some reason or other, these wild people tied the governor to a tree, beat him well, and then made off, taking with them the child whose beauty attracted them, and of whose infirmity they were ignorant. In some time the tutor was discovered and unbound; and he commenced a fruitless search for his lost charge. The gipsies had immediately left the kingdom and gone, as it was afterwards discovered, into Spain. Every effort to discover the poor child was useless, and after a thousand vain inquiries, the hapless mother, worn out with grief and anguish, died of a broken heart.

Two years after the loss of the child, his next

heirs produced in court an *extrait mortuaire* signed in due form by a notary of Provence, and giving an exact description of the child, his age, &c., and which, at least to uninterested persons, could leave no doubt of his identity. To this was added a declaration signed by the gipsies, two of them, it was said, having confessed the capture and death of the child, before they were led to execution for some other crimes that they had committed. These papers were properly attested, and the heirs obtained possession of the property.

But there was one that was not convinced, who thought the heirs too interested to be just, and this was the poor tutor, who never could forgive himself for being the cause of such great misfortunes. This man vowed to devote his life and little fortune to seeking to recover his lost charge, and taking a staff in his hand, set off on foot, to make a journey through France, Spain, and Italy, everywhere visiting the gipsy camps, and questioning the old men about the child. Long and weary was the search, but the determination of the penitent tutor was unconquerable.

One day, in the neighbourhood of Rome, he met a chimney-sweep, with two boys, one of whom was weeping bitterly, and silently, because his master was beating him most cruelly.

"Ah! you cursed dumb fool, I will leave

you on the road, where you will be starved to death."

The word "dumb" immediately struck the ear of the tutor, who, approaching the sweep, asked in a voice trembling with emotion, who he was, and where he came from. The man told him that he was a Piedmontese, and was going about the country, trying to earn a livelihood by sweeping chimneys, with his two apprentices. He was then asked where had got the children: one he said he had found on the steps of a church, and the other he had bought from the gipsies, who could get no good of him as he was deaf and dumb. The poor tutor trembled with joy, certain that he had at last found what he sought, and asked the sweep if he would give him the boy, for a sum much larger than he had paid for him to the gipsies.

"With pleasure," said the sweep; "he is of no use to me, I have only the expense of supporting him. You may have him for what you offer, it will be the first money I ever gained by him."

The tutor paid the money, and taking the boy by the arm, he drew him towards him, to see if he could recognize his pupil's pretty face; the fair, fresh countenance was no longer there—the round rosy cheeks were sunk and hollow, the lips discoloured, but the large, mournful eyes were still the same.

The poor man's heart was rent, when he found the boy make no sign of recognition.

"My dear child, my dear pupil, my dear count, do you not know me?"

The poor boy could not hear, and only raised his beautiful eyes, full of tears. The tutor then made some sign, or movement, that he was formerly in the habit of using with his pupil; the boy immediately understood, and made the corresponding sign, as was his custom when a little child.

"Ah! thank God," said the tutor, "it is he indeed!"

And then, to the great surprise of the sweep, he threw his arms round the boy, and kissed him a thousand and a thousand times. He took him into the city and had him washed, and properly dressed. He was now certain that he had his pupil, whom he could easily recognize, in spite of all the havoc made in his appearance by want and sickness.

His next step was to make a declaration before a magistrate and the French ambassador; after which he set out for Paris with his charge, whom he was determined to put in possession of his property and his name. This was not a trifling undertaking; his opponents were many and powerful, and he had none but God to aid him. But he was not discouraged; he had a small

property, which, together with his savings, he determined to spend in the service of the young count. Day and night he worked, petitioned, sought audiences of influential persons, but all in vain; the boy could give no explanation of anything, and besides there was the *extrait mortuaire* against him. Poor man, his courage sank; fate itself seemed against him; none but God could aid him, and Heaven, ever merciful to the unfortunate, put the abbé de l'Epée in his way, who explained to him his system. The tutor immediately put his pupil entirely under his charge, and deprived himself even of the pleasure of seeing him, that it might not be supposed that he in any way influenced him. In a short time the excellent instructions of the master, seconded by the superior intelligence of the boy, produced the desired result, and the child could read and write with the greatest facility. When the guardian found his scheme so far successful, he took the boy, accompanied by one of the masters, to visit his paternal mansion, and there, with an anxious heart, and with many witnesses, he left the boy to his own guidance, to try whether he would recognize the different apartments in which he had played when a child. The trial was conclusive, the young count opened the doors, and walked directly to his mother's room, to his own, to his tutor's, and even

showed the way to the private staircases. He recognised some of the old servants, some pictures, furniture, &c., but especially the curate's old housekeeper, who had been very fond of him. This was immediately made public, and there was a general outcry against the heirs, who must have invented the *extrait mortuaire*. The count returned to the abbé, and a lawsuit was at once commenced, and was in course of litigation when we saw this interesting young man.

After my return to Alsace, I heard that the family, convinced of the inutility of opposition, gave up the property quietly, hoping, by this means, to escape public opprobrium, and merited punishment. The young man now resides at his family estate, with his governor and wife, a young lady of large fortune, who fell in love with his infirmity. May his gratitude insure her happiness! I thought this story very interesting, the more so because few persons know it, and I, therefore, relate it, but think it wiser not to mention names. The guilty persons have been sufficiently punished by the loss of their ill-got wealth and the stings of their own consciences; by the remorse of that unseen witness, whom no bribes can silence, and whom God, in his infinite wisdom and justice, has placed within our bosoms, to be the unmerciful punisher of our crimes.

After leaving the abbé de l'Epée's establishment, we went to the "Singe Vert," a celebrated toy-shop in the rue des Arcis, and to Mdlle. Rivoire, where I wanted to buy various things for myself and the princess of Montbéliard, as we intended leaving Paris immediately.

In the evening we went with Marshal Biron to see 'La Folle Journée.' The house was crowded in honour of the count of Haga, who had come to see this piece of Beaumarchais for the second time. The count was loudly cheered; and Mdlle. Dugazon, who performed the part of Bridoison, advanced with her customary grace to the front of the stage, and repeated the following verses composed for the occasion:—

The world's auspicious star,
By night's dark mantle shrouded,
Fades in the wave afar,
From vulgar eyes enshrouded.
Skilled in a science rare,
Piercing the mystery,
Moving with simple air,
A demi-god we see.

The king of Sweden made a proper acknowledgment for this piece of politeness; but I have heard from very good authority that he considered the verses execrable. M. de Beaumarchais denied that they were his, and declared that they were written by the marquis of St. Marc, who was

equally anxious to deny the authorship. In his place I would be the same.

Although Marshal Biron was very old, he held himself perfectly erect, and had a majestic and imposing air. He had, if I may use the expression, a passion for royalty. The king, be he who he may, was always his idol, merely because he was a king; but, indeed, one could not help admiring his devoted and chivalrous attachment to his sovereign: his loyalty would have influenced the most rebellious spirit. One day that some persons were speaking in his presence of the marshal of France whose name was Biron,—

"Speak not," said he, "of a man who has been faithless to his king; he has renounced his family, and I to the fullest extent of my power renounce him for ever."

He was a true knight of the *grand siècle*, and a faithful observer of its customs, etiquettes, and code of honour.

"You are a degenerate race," he would say to us: "how much have you fallen from the high principles of your ancestors, and what can your children become with such examples before them!"

I saw this venerable old man as often as possible, and found both pleasure and profit in his conversation. Had my daughter been a son, I would willingly have placed him under such training.

24th June.—We had many purchases to make, prints, perfumes, &c. &c. When one is leaving Paris, a waggon would be almost necessary for all that one has bought. We next went to pay our farewell visits: people were talking a great deal of the duke of Bouillon, who was appointed chamberlain the year before, in place of the duke of Rohan.

But the great news of the day was, the duel of the count of Lamarck and M. Duperron, chamberlain to the king of Sweden. Here are the particulars which the duchess of Bourbon was told by the count of Haga.

"The count of Lamarck, a native of Aremberg, had been for a long time resident at Paris. He was about thirty years of age, handsome, witty, and very much admired by the ladies, both of the court and the theatre. He has the reputation of being intimate with the count de Mirabeau, that wicked and libertine man.

"M. Duperron was a Frenchman, and chamberlain to the king of Sweden, and had been formerly in the regiment of Lamarck. Before his appointment at the Swedish court, he had been attached to an actress, and was so desperately jealous that he could not bear that any person should even look at her; and now at his return to Paris he was anxious to renew his acquaintance with this lady; but she,

having made during his absence a more advantagious connection with the Count de Lamarck, politely declined his attentions. He would not be repulsed, and became at last so importunate that she appealed to his rival for protection. These sort of women always seek publicity, and consider a lover killed in their service only as an addition to their attractions.

"The Count Lamarck was furious, and spoke everywhere with the greatest contempt of the chamberlain, in the expectation that the latter would resent such injurious language. He was only too successful; they met one evening at the opera, and the chamberlain said,—

"'Is it true, M. le Count, that you have accused me of cowardice, and say that I refused to embark with my regiment during the last war?'

"'It is true that I said it, monsieur, and I repeat it now. I assert that you are a coward.'

"'Then you will do me the honour of giving me a meeting to-morrow.'

"'With pleasure, if it were only to show that you *do* appear sometimes.'

"The next day they met and fought; the poor chamberlain was killed on the spot, and the count de Lamarck was seriously wounded. All this misery was caused by a worthless woman, who did not care for either. Gentlemen could easily find a

better means of losing their lives and fortunes than in the service of such people.

"The king of Sweden was seriously affected by the loss of his chamberlain, and complained to Louis XVI., but he did not afterwards press the punishment of the count, as he thought he suffered enough by being confined to his bed for several months, and finding on his recovery that his inamorata had won a richer lover and forgotten him."

27th June.—I went to court to pay my respects, and to take leave of the king and queen. It was early when we arrived, and the day passed as usal; the queen was very gracious, and advised me not to remain long in Alsace, but return quickly to Paris.

I went to the 'Suisse du Roi,' and drove about to pay some visits. I was overwhelmed with attentions and compliments; not, I knew very well, on my own account, but because I was the favoured friend of the grand-duchess; and besides the friendship of the duchess de Bourbon (disgraced princess though she was) had its weight. I might be useful; and for that reason I was everywhere received with pleasure.

The princess de Lamballes invited me to supper, by order of the queen, which was a very distinguished honour. None but the royal family

or princes of the blood could dine *officially* with the king or queen; and therefore any person whom her majesty wished to compliment, she desired to be invited by one of the ladies, but especially by her 'surintendante.'

The princess of Lamballes is very pretty, although her features are not regular; she is gay and lively, but without much wit. She avoids discussions and disputes, and is good and aimiable, and incapable of even thinking harm. She is virtue and benevolence itself, and the shaft of calumny has never been directed against her. It is said, that at the time of his marriage, the prince of Lamballes was in love with a very beautiful young lady, but that, conquered by the virtues and tenderness of his wife, he gave up this affection, and became the most faithful and attentive husband. The princess was left a widow at nineteen; and, instead of returning to her native country, she devoted herself entirely to her father-in-law and the queen. She has been *surintendante* to her majesty since 1774. She gives immense charity, more than she can afford, often depriving herself of many things that she may the more effectually assist the poor: she is looked upon almost as an angel at Penthièvre. The marchioness of Las Cases is her lady of honour, and the countess de Volude de Lage her lady *pour accompagner*. The chevalier de Florian

is her* usher; and while I am writing of Florian, I must tell an anecdote of him, lest I should forget it. One day a gentleman was speaking to him of his writings, and said,—

"I think your portraits very charming, and only see one fault in them, and that is, there are no wolves among the sheep."

"It was not necessary," said Florian, "that I should introduce them; they are always certain to come of themselves: at this very moment I can see them appearing on the horizon."

The chevalier is one of the most eminent men of the present day, and possesses every quality that can please the imagination or gain the affections. Somebody, I do not know who, proposed to him to marry a most insignificant creature, the daughter of Moreau, the engraver, but Florian refused. He well deserves something better than that.

18*th June.*—I paid a great many visits this day —one in particular to the marchioness of Pierrecourt, *née* de Rothe. She had not been yet presented, though very anxious, but enjoyed that

* She was a most excellent woman. She persisted in remaining with her queen, and was massacred at 'La Force' on the 27th of October; her body was cut into small pieces, and the rabble forced an unfortunate hairdresser to powder the fair hair of that graceful and noble head, which they placed upon a pike, and presented to the queen. What wretches!

honour some time after. Her husband is in the carabineers. The Nonants of Pierrecourt are of the same family as the Nonants of Baracé. A Mdlle. de Barace was formerly governess to the children of Gaston d'Orleans. This family is from Normandy, and bears the count of Dreux's arms quartered with their own, as they claim descent from the Dreux family by the female line.

Mdlle. de Nonant de Pierrecourt has married Count Raymond de Narbonne; and her younger sister, Madame de Nonant Ravay, was married to her cousin in 1785.*

In the evening we went to see 'The Sleeper Awakened,' an opera of Piccini's, the words by Marmontel. This was the first time that it had been performed in town, though there had been several representations of it at court, where it was very brilliantly brought out. The plot is taken from the 'Arabian Nights,' and affords great scope for magical illusions and fairy machinations: the hero of course is the caliph. Both piece and actors were very much admired.

The duchess of Bourbon spoke to me again this evening about her brother the duke of Chartres; she was very anxious about him. It is said that the duke of Penthièvre was very much displeased

* This lady, Madame de Nonant Ravay, is still alive.

with his son-in-law, and that if it were not for fear of displeasing his daughter, that he would leave all his immense fortune to his grandchildren.

At our return home, we found a letter that obliged us to leave Paris at once; it told us that my father and daughter were both ill, and that my mother-in-law was becoming more and more feeble every day. We were therefore obliged to determine on setting out next morning, which was two days earlier than we had at first intended, but it had one good effect, that of saving us many tiresome visits and explanations. A few complimentary notes sufficed.

29*th June.*—We set off for home, after having taken leave of the duchess of Bourbon, the only person we saw before we left. She made M. d'Oberkirch and me promise that we would return as soon as possible. I was very sorry for leaving Paris, to which I was very much attached; but I was going to my two great consolations — my father and daughter. And besides, I loved my native country, and my heart beat with pleasure when I caught the first glimpse of my dear mountains on the horizon.

One's native land is the only place one can really love. My husband, father, and daughter all were of Alsace.

CHAPTER III.

Unfortunate failure in the ascent of a balloon—The duke of Chartres and the aerial machine—Prince Henry of Prussia—Visitors—Family mourning—Death of the countess of Halwill—M. Holland—Birth of the grand-duchess Helena—Letter from her august mother—Prince Louis in love with Princess Marianne Czartoriska—Embarrassment—They marry without the consent of the Wurtemberg family—Letter from the grand-duchess on this subject—Negotiation—I succeed—Interview—Affection—M. Gerard—M. Gerard, junior—The king buys St. Cloud—The count d'Oels—Prince Henry at Kell—M. de Beaumarchais' printing—Contempt—Earthquake at Montbéliard.

On my arrival in Strasburg I found the whole city in commotion on account of the unsuccessful essay of a new balloon, constructed by M. Adorn, an optician residing in the town. The inventor had ascended, sitting in the car with one of his relatives. The balloon went up during some seconds, and then fell upon the roof of a house, to which it set fire. These two modern Icaruses sustained some personal injury. The catastrophe made great noise; both gentry and citizens talked of nothing else. Many said that it was fortunate that they had not fallen on the spire of the cathedral, and all shud-

dered in thinking of the horrible death they would have met had the balloon taken that direction.

Almost at the same time another balloon history furnished a subject of gossip in Paris. The duke of Chartres had made arrangements for the ascent of a balloon from St. Cloud. He wished to go in it himself, but scarcely had the car risen a hundred feet than he insisted upon being put down again. The conductors dared not refuse, and the descent was made amidst the hisses of the spectators. This adventure and the battle d'Onessant furnished good grounds for doubting the courage of the prince. There was no lack of verses to commemorate this circumstance, nor indeed of satirical remarks of all kinds.

The duchess of Bourbon was stung to the heart by these remarks, nor was the duchess of Chartres less annoyed. As to the duke of Penthièvre, the conduct of the duke of Chartres was to him an unceasing source of affliction, though he only spoke of it to his confessor; but whenever he had an interview with his grandsons, he never failed to exhort them to remember the dignity of their name and race; not to forget the deeds of their ancestors, and their duty as princes of the royal blood. Madame de Genlis destroyed the effect of these exhortations, and did not bring them up as princes should be brought up.

After visiting our relatives, we hastened to pay our respects at Montbéliard. We found several visitors there, of whom the chief and best was Prince Henry of Prussia. He had been travelling in Switzerland, and did not wish to pass so near this branch of his family without visiting them. I was delighted at having an opportunity of getting a near view of this celebrated man. He is small of stature, his face is ugly, and he squints in a most disagreeable manner; but he is full of talent, and his conversation is most bewitching. I have never known a man of more profound judgment, or more delicate perceptions. He is a hero in every sense. The remembrance of his exploits as a soldier, of his genius as a general, of his talents as a politician, penetrate the mind with deep admiration: it may indeed be said of him that the mind ennobles the body.

Baron de Rathsamhausen, commanding captain of the Nassau grenadiers, then garrisoned at Geneva, was staying at Montbéliard at the same time as the prince. We had afterwards baron de Hell, chevalier of St. Louis, captain of the Lauzun hussars, stationed at Lauterbourg.

We had besides the baron de Glaubitz, officer in the royal Deux-Ponts, and who had come from Landau with Baron Christian de Hoën, under-lieutenant in the same corps.

There was also the Baron Dettingen, lieutenant in Alsace.

The court of Montbéliard was the focus of the surrounding provinces, and thither all flocked. The extreme goodness and affability of the princes, the manner in which they received their guests, free from the embarrassments of etiquette, rendered this abode the most agreeable in the world.

I was obliged to leave sooner than I had intended. The death of many of our relatives in quick succession called us to assume family mourning, and embarrassments arising from some of these circumstances, required the presence of M. d'Oberkirch. The countess de Waldner, my aunt by marriage, *née* Volager, died at the castle d'Ollwiller, the possession of which had been secured to her, and which now reverted to my brother Godfrey. This is my only remaining brother, the other having died very young, as I mentioned before. Madame de Waldner was a year older than her husband; they both passed from life almost at the same time. We had lost my uncle at the end of the preceding year.

The dowager d'Oberkirch died about this time, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. Her maiden name was de Buch. The sourness of her temper prevented her death being much deplored. We put on a two-years' mourning, as was the custom

in Alsace. I must however remark, that during my abode in Paris. I wore coloured clothes, as etiquette required only a year's mourning for fathers and mothers everywhere excepting in our province.

My friend, the countess de Halwill, lost her husband this year. Alas! how many partings must we suffer until we at length disappear in our turn!

All at Montbéliard regretted very much the death of M. Holland, the under-governor of the young princes of Wurtemberg. He was a man of very great attainments, particularly in philosophy, and was only forty-two at the time of his death. He published, at the age of thirty, a very remarkable work, in refutation of a dangerous book of Baron Holbach's, entitled 'Philosophic Reflections.' Certainly the answers were a full and satisfactory reply to the questions asked. M. Holland had accompanied the young princes in their journey through Russia and Prussia. He was dearly loved by his pupils.

My dear Princess Marie had given birth in the month of December to the grand-duchess Helena of Russia. She had written me the following letter some time before. It is filled with chimerical fears, very legitimate, however, in her position, but which the happy birth of her daughter dissipated, and tranquillized all her family:—

" St. Petersburg, 30th October (10th November) 1784.

" My dearly loved Lanele,

" My friendship for you is as great as ever; indeed I find my sentiments of affection for you increasing. This shows me the difference between the sentiments I bear you and those I entertain for others. Your letters afford me a constantly increasing pleasure, and the more frequently you write to me the more you will oblige your loving friend. When you will receive this, my dear Lanele, I will be near my term. I acknowledge that this time I am the veriest coward on earth. The recollection of what I suffered at the birth of my last child fills me with terror. As to Till, I think the bombe will burst in eight or ten days. She is monstrously large. A thousand kisses to my dear little Marie. Your faithful and chaste lover presents his respectful homages. Adieu, my dear Lanele. I love you as I love the apple of my eye.

" Your faithful friend,

(Signed) " MARIE."

The jests about M. de la Fermière were not yet extinct, as may be seen. We often joked about that whim of the grand-duchess in our correspondence; it is so pleasant to recal the memory of happy times, and our journey, during which these jests sprung up, had been so gay, so happy.

I had intended to pass my winter quietly at Strasburg, when another letter from the grand-duchess obliged me to change my residence; but to make the cause fully understood it will be necessary to go a little further back in the order of time.

Prince Louis, second son to the prince of Montbéliard, had been travelling for some time for his amusement and information. He met the Prince Adam Casimir Czartorisky, palatine of Russia, starosh of Podolia, descendant of the royal house of Jagellans. The mother of the king of Poland, Stanislaus Augustus Poniatowski was a Czartorisky, and sister to the same palatine. The family was thus great and illustrious. The Prince Adam was distinguished, intellectual, and agreeable. He received Prince Louis with royal hospitality, and the prince became distractedly in love with his daughter, the Princess Marianne, then sixteen years of age. She had two brothers both younger than herself; Prince Adam, who was fourteen years of age, and Prince Constantine, who was only eleven.

Great was the embarrassment occasioned by this love affair. The Princes Czartorisky are of too noble a lineage to consent to a left-handed marriage, but still they do not belong to a royal house. Although descended from the Jagellans, and although the Princess Marianne was cousin-german

to the last king of Poland, still families that attain royalty by election do not enjoy the same rank as those who claim the crown by inheritance.

These considerations made the prince and princess de Wurtemberg-Montbéliard hesitate. They advised their son to delay, if not to break off his wooing; but he, who was of an impatient temper, and at this time under the influence of passion, overstepped the bounds of obedience, and married without the consent of his parents. Perhaps the Prince Czartorisky was wrong in consenting to a union to which the house of Wurtemberg was averse, but the motives from which he acted can be easily understood. In the first place, the connexion would be advantageous; secondly, he was offended, and with very good reason, at the manner in which his alliance had been rejected. The royal blood that flowed in his veins seemed to him worthy of mingling with that of all the princes of Europe; in short, and above all, his daughter loved the young prince passionately; he saw her fading away before his eyes, and the heart of a father cannot resist that.

When the marriage was concluded, the young couple began to think of how they should appease the family of Montbéliard. The prince applied to his august sister, and she referred him to me, as we shall just now see.

"December 17th (28th) 1784.

"My dear Lanele,

"These few lines will be given you by my brother Louis, who, with his lovely wife, is about to throw himself at the feet of our dear parents, to ask for pardon. For God's sake, my dear and tender-hearted Lanele, accompany my sister-in-law, who will remain at La Chapelle or Belfort until the first moments of excitement shall be passed, and who will then, in her turn, present herself to sue for pardon. Be her guardian angel; advise her; tell her how to set about touching the heart and winning the affection of papa and mamma. I venture to ask this proof of your friendship, persuaded that you will not refuse me; but I conjure you, at the same time, not to compromise me. You must say at Montbéliard that you accompanied my sister-in-law because my brother prayed you to do so. What obligations shall I not be under to you, my dear and good Lanele. We shall owe to you the re-establishment of peace in a family that have hitherto been remarkable for their perfect concord. When you will have heard my brother's story, you will see that he is not to blame, and that anybody in his circumstances would have acted in the same manner. Adieu, my dear and good Lanele; would

that I could prove to you as clearly as I could wish, the true and sincere friendship with which I am

"Your fond and faithful friend,

"MARIE."

One evening, when I least expected such a visit, the prince and princess appeared before me, very simply dressed, and quite incognito. They entered the room unannounced. I was very much surprised, as may be supposed, especially after having read the letter of the grand-duchess, which explained the services that were expected from me.

"You will come with us, will you not, my dear baroness? We set off to-morrow. You shall be the representative of my sister, whose best friend you are, and whom distance alone prevents of accompanying us in this work of conciliation."

"Monseigneur, I will do my best, but unfortunately I am not the grand-duchess."

"My mother is so kind, she will pardon us; we shall be so happy."

They certainly *were* happy. It is a pity that the happiness of love-marriages does not last; it would make a heaven of earth.*

* They were divorced in 1792; the prince afterwards married the duchess of Nassau-Weilbourg. The duchess of Wurtemberg, *née* Czartorisky, is now living in Paris. Her son, prince Adam de Wurtemberg, lieutenant-general

It was agreed that we should follow the plan laid down by the grand-duchess, and go to Belfort or La Chapelle, where the Princess Marianne and I should await the return of the prince, who was to brave alone the first outburst of paternal anger. M. d'Oberkirch allowed me to interfere in this affair; at the same time recommending me the utmost prudence, and that I should not in any way offend the princess de Montbéliard, who had always been so kind to me.

We set off early next day. I travelled in the prince's carriage with these two turtles, whose mutual love it was delightful to witness. The princess was very much afraid; her husband tried to tranquillize her.

"My mother is so kind," he said.

"Lay great stress upon the Jagellans, prince," said I; "that is your mainstay."

"They have often succoured their country and all Christendom," added the young princess, proudly.

It was evening when we arrived. We arranged our little establishment, and I wished that Prince Louis should set off at once for Montbéliard, but he begged for grace until the next morning.

"I would need the whole night, madam, to

in the Russian service, and aide-de-camp to the emperor, died a short time since.—*Note by the Editor.*

prepare myself. The idea of this interview is to me terrific."

He departed at length. The young wife wept bitterly; it was in vain that I tried to amuse her. Every effort failed. She never quitted the window, and could speak of nothing but her husband and the business about which he was gone.

"If he return quickly it will be a bad sign, madam; yet I wish he were come."

He did not return that day. The following day he sent a letter by one of his servants. He said that the interview had been stormy, but that he was far from being in despair. He had laid a plot, he added, with his sisters.

This day passed like the preceding, full of uneasiness, of regret, and of hope. About five in the evening, we heard the noise of coach wheels; the princess rushed to the staircase; her husband was in her arms.

"You are both to accompany me," said he; "you, my dear Marianne, shall be hidden in the chamber of the countess of Wartensleben, and in the meantime the excellent Lanele will aid me, in the name of my sister, in mollifying my parents, whose hearts are already beginning to be touched. You shall appear when it will be time."

We set off. The princess was put into a place of concealment; and I entered the drawing-room,

where the princess de Montbéliard was chatting until supper should be announced. On perceiving me she raised her head.

"Oh! you are come," said she, with more coldness than usual. "I suspect what brought you; you take part with rebels."

I was about to reply.

"Not a word now," interrupted the princess, "we will talk this evening in my room. The prince is much annoyed about this piece of folly; do not mention it before him."

I found the prince indeed very low-spirited; and all present were affected by his gloom. The conversation was carried on by snatches; Madame de Wartensleben pleaded a headache as an excuse for not coming down to supper; Prince Louis was in perpetual agitation frequently leaving the room: his parents affected not to notice his restlessness.

The princess retired at an early hour, and made me a sign to accompany her. As soon as we were alone in her room—

"Well," said she, "what commission have these unhappy children given you? Where is the young wife?"

I hesitated to reply.

"Where is she? Do not be afraid of making me angry."

" She is here, madame."

The princess started.

".What ! in my house without my permission ? Who has had the audacity to bring her here ?"

" I, madame."

" You, Lanele ! you have not feared to irritate, to afflict me !"

" Madame, the Duke Louis is your son ; the Princess Marianne is now his wife ; you have too much sense, as well as too good a heart, not to make the best of what cannot be altered. Of what use would opposition be ? It would only cause the unhappiness of your children ; and you would not wish to see your children unhappy ?"

The princess did not reply.

" Do you think that the reigning duke, do you think that the king of Prussia, will approve of this piece of folly ? Do you think it, baroness ?"

" I do not know whether they will approve of it, but I am sure that they will tolerate it. ' Marianne is of a noble race, and her lineage is old as that of the gods of her country.' "

The princess smiled slightly. She was fond of poetry, and a well-timed quotation produced an effect.

" The Czartoriskies are descendants of the Jagellans, madame. The Jagellans are of a royal race. The king of Poland, Poniatowski, is cousin-german

to the princess. It cannot be denied, madame, that the connexion is noble."

"Yes; it cannot be denied; but still the Czartoriskies are a private family."

"But what private family? the highest noblemen in Poland!"

"That is certainly true."

"The princess is lovely."

"I know that."

"Well, madame, and what more would you want? They are happy; they love one another so dearly. One cannot witness their affection without being interested for them."

The princess was touched.

"She is very young."

"Duke Louis is also very young."

That is the misfortune; two children married; besides, my uncle, the great Frederick, is not very tender-hearted; love has little influence over him; he wishes before all things respect and deference; he will not pardon.

"He will pardon if you pardon."

"The prince, my husband, is very much irritated."

"Madame."

"Well!"

"Say a great deal to him about the Jagellans; speak of the charms of the princess; of the influ-

ence of love; remind him of his own marriage, and of your affection; speak of his tenderness for his children, he will yield."

"Lanele, you are a good advocate."

"Besides, madame, the thing is done; your royal highness cannot disunite those whom God has united; such conduct would be neither christian nor paternal."

"It was not right to bring this young lady here; it was venturing too far, madame; and you all deserve that I should send her away."

"The wife of your son! of your son that you love so dearly! What! shall a family so united, so affectionate, cast off one of its members because he has sought his individual happiness. Reflect on this, madame; could such a thing be possible?"

"What does the grand-duchess say? Does she know all this?"

"The grand-duchess says that you are the best of mothers."

A tear gathered beneath the eye-lid of her royal highness.

"Lanele, I will speak this evening to the prince: come here early to-morrow morning, and I will tell you what success I shall have had."

I retired, congratulating myself upon my success, and went to the young couple to give them an account of what had passed. I acknowledge

that I was filled with hope. I slept little, and the next morning before day-break I repaired to the antechamber of the princess. She made me come in even before she left her bed. I read upon her countenance an emotion that I deemed a good omen.

"Lanele," said she, "sit down and listen to me; you can afterwards repeat what I shall say with your usual prudence. I have spoken to the prince; the greater part of the night has been passed in talking of this matter. We are deeply afflicted; but, as you have said, the thing is done—we will not close our hearts against our children: it is their business, by their conduct, by their affection, and especially by their mutual concord, to deserve and to justify our indulgence. I will not conceal from you that that which renders me most uneasy is their extreme youth; even their very love alarms me. These marriages, made in opposition to parents, are seldom happy. Young lovers have a thick bandage on their eyes and hearts; they do not know themselves at first, but when the time of this self-revelation arrives, things assume a very different aspect; they see each other in a different light; they become estranged; they quarrel; and at length they separate. May God preserve the children of my love from such misfortunes. My prayers shall not be spared to bring down the Divine blessing on their union."

I was as much touched as the princess. I kissed her hand: she wept, and I felt strongly inclined to do the same.

"As soon as I shall be dressed I will go to my husband's apartment," said the princess; "you may then seek your *protégés*, and conduct them to the feet of their father; he will receive them with open arms. Let them not appear frightened, they have nothing to fear. They shall afterwards join the family at breakfast, and our new child shall be to us as if we had chosen her ourselves.

Good, excellent mother! what a heart, what kindness!

It needs not that I should describe the scene that followed; it can be easily imagined. The father and mother showed themselves to be, what they really were, the best and most indulgent of parents. We all wept; Duke Louis was suffocating, the Princess Marianna was near fainting; all were touched with the deepest emotion. The young wife was lovely, gentle, timid, replete with unaffected grace. It would be impossible not to love her.

"This," said the prince de Montbéliard to his son, pointing to the young bride, "is your best excuse; I can now fully understand your conduct."

I remained three days at Montbéliard to witness the happiness of this beloved family, and then returned to my home, where my daughter and M.

d'Oberkirch impatiently awaited me. I was charmed at the turn affairs had taken, and the grand-duchess was made acquainted with all. M. d'Oberkirch congratulated me. As to me, a doubt of our success had never entered my mind.

The day after my arrival at home, I conducted my daughter to the botanical gardens, of which I have already spoken, and to which some fine contributions had been lately made. M. Gérard, the *prêteur-royal*, had brought some rare plants from North America, and presented them to the city of Strasburg,

The son of M. Gérard, named Gérard de Raynard, had signed the treaty of peace at London, in '83, as secretary to the mission of the young count de Vergennes, plenipotentiary from his majesty.

My daughter was highly delighted with the botanic gardens. It was there we learned that the king had purchased St. Cloud. The faculty had declared this to be the most healthy residence for the dauphin. The queen requested the duke of Orleans to give it up, and he made the sacrifice with much grace. The duke of Chartres declared loudly that he would not have been so accommodating.

My Parisian correspondents spoke with enthusiasm of Prince Henry of Prussia, who on leaving

Montbéliard, had travelled to Paris under the name of Count d'Oels. He excited a great sensation there, and no wonder. Verses were showered on him from all sides, and there was no lack of metaphors. His abode in the French capital was a kind of triumph. His modesty and amiability won every heart, and excited a universal feeling of admiration for him. At the moment of his departure he said to the duke of Nivernois, who was deputed by the king to accompany him,

"I have passed half my life in wishing to see France—I shall pass the other half in regretting it."

On leaving Paris his route lay through Strasburg, but he merely passed through, as he wished to stop at Kell. M. de Beaumarchais was there at this very time; he had purchased the entire works of Voltaire from Sieur Pantonki, but one condition of the agreement was, that he should not get them printed in France. He had accordingly erected a printing establishment at Kell, for the execution of this magnificent work. M. Beaumarchais begged the Prince Henry to visit his workshop. He consented with his usual politeness, and even offered to print a page of the work then in the press. To his great surprise he found upon this leaf the following verses:—

Model of warriors, loved friend of the Nine,
Round whom Mars and the Muses their laurels entwine,
You would honour our Henry, whose praises we tell.
You hero! who merit a pæon as well;

You, in whom the lov'd friend of our Voltaire we see;
Who, in honouring thus his sanctuary,
Add a ray to his glory that deathless shall be.
When the eagle imperial descends on his shrine,
We feel the apotheosis indeed is divine.

And thus to posterity onward we reach;
Immortal the heroes that here we record.
Of the brother of Frederick what deeds we shall teach,
The brightest, the greatest our scroll can afford.

There were general preparations made in Strasburg for the reception of the Prussian prince, but as he travelled incognito, some fears were entertained that he might escape the honours intended for him. Numerous were the mistakes; some very common-place travellers were mistaken for the prince, and one Protestant clergyman, who squinted horribly, had much difficulty in convincing the good people of Strasburg that he was not deserving of a triumphal entry. The prince laughed a great deal when he heard of this. He was pressed for time, the king of Prussia had recalled him; and, as he wished to call again at Montbéliard, he was obliged to decline the honours that awaited him at Strasburg. Preparations had also been made for him at Montbéliard, and it was precisely whilst awaiting his arrival that the place

was visited by an earthquake shock that caused universal consternation. About ten o'clock at night, whilst many honest people were lying in their beds, there was heard a rumbling noise as of underground thunder, and almost at the same moment the houses began to tremble violently; doors were flung open, beds with their scared occupants were dashed from their places, whilst many a china plate and cup danced uproariously on shelf and sideboard. It was with difficulty that people could keep their feet. All the inhabitants of the district were terribly frightened, many remembered having heard old men tell that 112 years before that neighbourhood had experienced a similar visitation. Madame Hendel was near dying of the fright; she kept her bed for a fortnight after the shock.

The literary portion of the population pictured to themselves the fate of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and fancied that a similar destiny awaited their town. Many a will and many a confession was made that night.

CHAPTER IV.

Alsatian regiment—Baron de Cöhorn—Birth of the duke of Normandy—Saying of the count of Artois—Summer at Exincourt—M. Duvernoy — Poem on the loto at Etupes—Reply in verse by councillor Rossel—M. Hangardt—Result of Rousseau's system—What he says himself on this subject—Trial of skill in *jeux de mot*—Princess Czartoriska — Sieur Ensten's balloon — Bellerophon — M. Huber — Singular adventure with a person of the same name—Ukase of Catharine II. on the nobles—Count Ségur in Russia—Cardinal Rohan —His servant is arrested — Lady Craven at Montbéliard—Singularities of Lord Craven—Lady Craven and M. Clairon—Ovation of M. Blanchard at Frankfort —Death of the princess of Holstein—Death of the prince abbot of Murbach—Education of the grand-duchess' son—Princess of Brunswick—Her complaint to Catherine II.—Baron Klinglin—Departure.

We passed the winter at Strasburg without going much into society, or receiving much company at home, on account of our mourning. We, however, saw our intimate friends, as well as some officers of the Alsatian regiment, of which Prince Max des Deux Ponts was colonel. M. d'Oberkirch and I had always felt a predilection for the society of the military.

During the past two years the post of commanding-colonel had been filled by baron de Cöhorn, who had replaced baron de Flachsland, who had been promoted to the rank of field-marshal. Baron de Flachsland was nephew to the dowager de Berekheim. There was at that time in garrison count de Löwenhaupt, colonel *en second;* there were besides two Schawenbourgs, captains, a Reinach, a Gail, and a young de Cöhorn,* who was sub-lieutenant. These gentlemen played at backgammon with M. d'Oberkirch, who was passionately fond of the game. I remember that there was a public festival to celebrate the birth of the duke of Normandy, and that many of the gentlemen left to come to sup at our house, where they drank heartily to the health of the young prince, who was baptized by our cardinal de Rohan, in his capacity of grand almoner. Monsieur, the brother of the king, was godfather, and Madame Elizabeth stood godmother as proxy for the queen of Naples.

As may be supposed, the birth of the young prince was very much talked of. Everybody had a little anecdote to relate about the event. I learned the following from the duchess of Bourbon.

* This is the brave General Cöhorn, who died of his wounds at Leipsic. He never fought a battle in which he was not wounded. It was to him the emperor said, after the passage of the isle of Lobau, "General, this is equal to the bridge of Lodi."—*Note by the Editor.*

A short while before the birth of the first dauphin, the queen said to the count d'Artois—

"Your nephew is very active, he kicks stoutly, he pushes and drives me furiously."

"It seems to me, madame," replied the prince gaily, "that he pushes me very much too."

The birth of the queen's second son pushed this amiable prince still farther from the throne. Providence, undoubtedly, does not intend that he should reign over us, and God forbid that he should, for his reign would be the consequence of many deaths and many woes. Though the count d'Artois may never wear the crown, he will always be adored on account of his chivalrous loyalty, and frank and open disposition. He is more generally loved than Monsieur, notwithstanding the incontestable merit of the latter.

We had determined to pass the summer with the princess de Montbéliard, without, however, establishing ourselves exclusively at the chateau, which might have been indiscreet. My uncle, Major Waldner, was staying with us, and we determined to hire Exincourt, near Etupes. The house belonged to M. Duvernoy, who had taken up his abode in the city. Exincourt is a very small village, a quarter of a mile from Etupes, in the direction of Montbéliard. M. Duvernoy came every day to give my daughter lessons in Latin and arithmetic.

She had another professor at Strasburg, M. Vierling a very well-informed old gentleman; he was very fond of Marie, and wrote to her very often.

M. Duvernoy had a son of eleven years of age, who often accompanied him, and to whom M. d'Oberkirch gave bonbons during Marie's lessons. Marie was at that time a handsome and interesting child, imprisoned in whaleboned stays, and wholly unconscious of her charms. She was exceedingly graceful and intelligent: the princess de Montbéliard often kept her an entire day "to make her chat." It is wrong to declaim against stays, they are only dangerous when too tightly laced. I took care that such should not be my daughter's case, and that hers should in no way inconvenience her. Stays possess the incalculable advantage of throwing back the shoulders and expanding the chest. As to the little Duvernoy, I can picture him to myself at this moment eating his bonbons, and looking admiringly at M. d'Oberkirch, whose hair is being powdered by his valet-de-chambre, in preparation for our daily visit to Etupes. The poor child's astonishment never abated, though a daily witness of the complicated arrangements of a fashionable toilette. His father was very fond of Marie, as was M. Vierling, her teacher at Strasburg; both regretted her very much when she left. She has carefully kept all their letters. I

encouraged such ideas. In my opinion these memories ought to be sacred. The worship of the past ought to be engraven on every heart that has known a parent's care, or that has ever experienced the pity of strangers. Ingratitude is the vice which most degrades the soul, which gangrenes it to its very depths, making man neglect his most sacred obligations. I hope that my daughter may be grateful; she has always been so, it is her natural disposition. It is delightful to me to think of it.

Of course the greater part of our time was passed at Etupes. We lived *en famille* with these excellent princes. This court was one of those where perfect liberty reigns. During the forenoon each joined the group he liked best, or remained in the castle, or walked in the park or in the environs. No authority checked individual fancy. Horses and carriages and servants were at the command of the guests; all amused themselves as they best liked. After dinner there was a little more walking, and then, until supper, the famous loto reigned supreme. The liking for this game at Montbéliard amounted to passion. Ten livres were sometimes lost of an evening, then the princess was displeased; this was high play. The same persons, of whom I have already spoken, were still at Montbéliard, still of the same tem-

perament and the same inclinations. The princess of Montbéliard having learned from my daughter —children are sometimes indiscreet—that I kept a journal, insisted upon seeing it. She laughed heartily at my description of the loto the preceding year, and read it aloud one evening as we all sat round the table. M. de Wargemont was then staying at Montbéliard, and desperately in love with Mdlle. de Dormsdorf, whom he has since married. As he was a tolerably good poet, the lady asked him to put this little scene into verse; he consented, and the following year, '86, fulfilled his promise. This poem, if poem it can be called, was entitled 'The Loto of Etupes.' It is better than many pieces of poetry that I have already cited, for which reason I will make some extracts:—

I sing of that offspring of dulness unmixed,
  Which in mockery only a game has been called,
Whose cognomen is "Loto," by Morpheus transfixed,
  Its votaries yawn, every faculty palled.
Though sometimes tumultuous they bustle around,
As in Poland's famed Diet, little work and much sound.

Sweet muse of Etupes! thy aid I invoke;
  And Momus, good Momus, come sit by my side,
That if laughter the scenes that I picture provoke,
  Good-nature each touch of my pencil may guide.

Night shadows the skies, and the tables are laid,
And all now in order are seated around,
As the evening before the arrangements are made.
'Tis so that to-morrow again they'll be found,
Puissant heroes, and princesses fair,
Whose presence imparts a pleasure so rare.

* * * *
* * * *

Farther on is a trio,* endowed with each charm
Of heart and of mind that we love and esteem;
But friendship enchains them with magic so warm,
That the rest of the world appears but a dream.

And near them a marquis,† that, striving to please,
Would fain be a wit, and amuse if he could;
But the will for the deed, were he more at his ease,
It is possible then that he could, what he would.

Here follow several other portraits that I shall omit, as I have already given them in prose; they are of M. de Wargemont himself, the count of Balenze, Madame de Damitz, Madame Schach, and Captain Parrot.

Here follows the description of Councillor Rossel, which excited a piqued and piquant reply.

Louisa's sage-like father here aloof we see,
Well read in Greek, and all the arts is he.
* * * *
No tongue like his a compliment can pay,
And sparkling wit you'll find in all he'll say.

* The Princess Louis of Wurtemberg, Countess Wartensleben, and Mdlle. de Dornsdorf.

† The marquis de Vernouillet.

But all his skill in such exploits to see,
One should behold him in a jeopardy.
How words (his arms) he wields with easy grace.
Long has he followed in the Muses' trace.

Severely just, he criticises all,
On France and Frenchmen do his censures fall.
But as Fontaine has said, with thought profound,
E'en in the best some little faults are found,
My friends, you know the truth of what I say,
Rossel, we find, is sometimes quite *distrait*.

M. Rossel's reply :—

To paint with so much skill a silly game,
Which but for you would ne'er be known to fame,
Talents less rare than yours would scarce avail—
Talents at which your rivals' cheeks turn pale.

But allow me, *en passant*, to remark, I pray,
And I mean no offence to the Muses or you,
But your pencil and wit have failed, I must say,
When of poor Rossel the portrait you drew.
For he is neither sage nor wit, I declare ;
Nor you in your verses, *as yet*, a Voltaire.

Amongst the originals who made us a passing visit, M. Hangardt was certainly the most odd. He was son to an ancient *homme d'affaires* of the prince de Montbéliard, and an enthusiastic admirer of J. J. Rousseau. He had been brought up in his principles, and was named Emile, like the hero of the Genevese philosopher. The prince, to whom his father had rendered some services, received him very kindly, and invited him to remain for some days. It would be impossible to

imagine the master-piece of folly and stupidity that this philosophic education had matured I admit that the subject contributed to the effect· Whilst J. J. Rousseau was at Strasburg, where he had taken refuge upon his expulsion from the territory of Berne, he was visited by the elder M. Hangardt. The good father spoke of his Emile with paternal enthusiasm, adding that he educated him according to M. Rousseau's principles.

"Upon my word, sir, so much the worse for you, and still worse for your son."

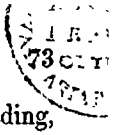
He was not mistaken ; the son grew up a booby, speaking continually of "nature," and using terms that would make a virtuous woman blush—and all this under pretext of being unaffected and not concealing anything. He received a hint on this subject; but though he accepted the admonition, it did not prevent a recurrence of the blunders, nor could it cure him of his awkwardness.

It had been the fashion for some years to wear two watches. The watch-chains were loaded with ornament called breloques,—trifles which were often very expensive. M. de Vernouillet did not fail to conform to the prevailing mode. Madame de Wartensleben was speaking of it to the Princess Louise. The marquis was occupied with a game when he was asked to show his trinkets. Emile Hangardt was passing near, and the marquis

handed him his watches, with a request that he would take them to the princess. M. Hangardt, being, as I have said, very awkward, and having never before seen such fine things, was afraid of letting one fall, and, in his anxiety, managed so badly that both fell to the ground. The Duke Frederick rose very much annoyed, and expressed his regret to M. de Vernouillet.

"It does not signify, prince," replied the latter: "it is the first time that my watches went together."

M. Hangardt thought this reply very witty; and seeing that it was very well received, determined to outdo it by one of his invention. He was evidently racking his wits—we all wondered what he was meditating; when one fine day the mountain brought forth its mouse. The servants used to enjoy some sly jests at his expense amongst themselves. One day that his royal highness kept him to dinner, the servant who attended made a point of carrying off his plate the moment he was helped, so that M. Hangardt could scarcely eat a morsel. Irritated by this mode of proceeding, Emile watched for the next visit of the servant, and struck him with his knife on the back of the hand, as he put it out to take away the plate. Everybody was surprised at this breach of decorum, but the gentleman himself turned very coolly to the princess, and said,—



"I only wished to give him a lesson in reading, by showing him the difference between L and O (aile, os)."

We all laughed, and the child of nature, flattered by our admiration, looked at M. de Vernouillet with an air of triumph, that seemed to assert his right to be the acknowledged wit of the company. After this we were absolutely inundated with puns, and this witty gentleman became at length so insupportable, that he got something very like a hint, that his absence would be very agreeable.

The Princess Czartoriska, in one of her letters to her daughter, gave a description of some decorations with which she had ornamented her park. This lady had very literary tastes, and grateful to the great men whose genius had contributed so much to her happiness; she had a marble obelisk raised in their honour. On one of its sides were engraved the names of 'Virgil, Gresset, and the Abbé Delille,' and, under, the following inscription:—

'A tribute from the rural deities to those gods who protect the arts.'

On the second side were the names of 'Sappho, Mesdames de Lafayette, de Sevigné, Deshoulières, and de Riccoboni,' surrounded with roses, forget-me-nots, violets, &c. &c.

On the third were the mighty names of 'Shaks-

peare, Milton, Young, Pope, Sterne, Racine, and Rousseau,' surrounded by cypress, yew, and willow.

On the fourth and last were the names of 'Anacreon, Plutarch, Metastasio, Tasso, and de la Fontaine,' appropriately decorated with myrtle and laurel.

The Princess Czartoriska paints extremely well, and is an excellent musician, and very well read, without being in the least pedantic, and her manners are distinguished by a graceful and noble simplicity. Her daughter, Princess Louise, who is most tenderly attached to her, gave us an account of the obelisk, and spoke of her mother with the most enthusiastic affection. My uncle, the commander, who was acquainted with this distinguished woman, asked if the emperor had not confirmed to the Czartoriskies the rank of princes of the empire, in granting them the title of 'highness?' The young lady said, "Yes," and the conversation continued about this family.

The Princess Louise, who is very affectionate and sensitive, was so deeply moved by the recollections of her childhood's home, that she was obliged to leave the room. This was very natural, and even graceful at her age, and every person present seemed touched by her sensibility except M. Hangardt, who made some very inappropriate and slighting remarks on 'learned ladies,' and over-

sensitive hearts. This was in very bad taste, and was very badly received; and it was then that the disciple of Rousseau received the hint to which I alluded. He left next morning under pretext of seeing a balloon ascent at Strasburg.

This balloon was rather a singular one that had been constructed by the Sieur Ensten. It represented Bellerophon mounted on his steed Pegasus, and was made of a very fine delicate leather prepared from the skin of some small animals. It was about twelve feet high.

About this time we had a very agreeable visitor at Etupes, a M. Huber, a young man who had a great talent for cutting likenesses, and even pictures in paper. He was pupil to the celebrated 'Huber,' of Geneva, and was so successful in his portraits, that he was almost incessantly at work.

The princess of Montbéliard gave him letters of recommendation to her daughter, the grand-duchess Mary, and I afterwards heard that he made a great deal of money at the Russian court.

We spoke a good deal with this young man about his master, who was said to have a most wonderful talent for taking likenesses. His reputation spread through all Europe, and he was a particular protégé of Voltaire, whose profile he had cut so often, that he could do it perfectly with his hands behind his back, and sometimes would

not even use a scissors, but tear the card with his fingers. He passed the last twenty years of his life in Voltaire's house, where he occupied himself in painting some very miserable pictures in oil.

His son was at this time thirty-five years of age, and blind, which prevented his following the same occupation as his father; but he became a distinguished naturalist, and wrote an excellent treaty on the natural history of bees.*

Now that I read over these pages, the name of Huber recalls to me a most romantic tale that I have heard very lately, and whose *dénouement*, if it ever had one, I have not been able to learn.

A M. Huber, brother or cousin to the gentleman who wrote the treatise on bees, and who I believe was an artist, was travelling through Italy either for study or amusement. He was not rich, nor did he hold any very dignified position in society, but he was handsome, witty, and endowed with a lively and brilliant imagination, a faculty that casts a veil of poetry over every act or fancy of its owner, and even influences those with whom he may have

* Into this part of the original manuscript Madame d'Oberkirch introduced a note a little time before her death. As I thought it too long for a note, and too interesting to be omitted altogether, I have introduced it into the text, but beg the reader to bear in mind that it is written thirteen years posterior to the 'Memoirs.'—*Note by the Editor.*

intercourse. At Rome he was introduced to a family of princely rank, where he found a young and lovely daughter of the house, who was only too susceptible of the fascinating influence of this gifted young man. Theirs was one of those violent and unconquerable passions which have made so many lovers celebrated, and which easily find indulgence even in this every-day world. At first they were satisfied with the constrained intercourse which they enjoyed in society; but love, which only strengthens with such limited indulgence, soon demanded freer interchange of vows and sentiments. When such wants are felt, their gratification will soon be found, and in this case, a woman attending on the young princess, was the assistant the impatient lovers sought to aid them in their private interviews. By this woman's connivance, the young man was introduced into the gardens of the palace, and often even into the chamber of the young lady. Though love is ever violent amongst the Italians, the girl long resisted the solicitations of her lover, but passion conquered at length, and the poor princess yielded to the softness of her heart and the strength of her affection. There was now no longer any restraint, and they met without fear, and almost without disguise; but their security was soon disturbed. Another attendant of the princess, jealous of the superior favour shown her

companion, and suspicious of the cause, watched and soon discovered the weakness of her young mistress, and communicated the discovery to the parents. They, as may be supposed, became outrageous, and determined to revenge the insult to their family honour. They said nothing to their daughter, but allowed everything to proceed as usual until the evening, when they placed some soldiers in the garden, who seized the lover and bore him off to the prisons of the inquisition.

The young lady was taken charge of by her parents, locked up in her chamber, and treated with the greatest severity. For a month or two she bore all in silence; but at the end of that time, she requested to be allowed to see her father. He came, and she told him that she soon expected to become a mother.

"You can understand now, monsieur," said she, "that we can no longer make any compromise, and that no person but the father of my child can ever be my husband."

The rage and grief of the father became boundless at this unexpected announcement; but its only influence was to make him even more severe than ever in his treatment of his daughter.

In a short time the child was born, amidst the tears and sighs of its afflicted mother. It was a boy; and the family, though proud and unbending,

were incapable of taking its life; it was tended with as much care as if it had been the most welcome gift of Providence. The firmness and unconquerable love of the daughter at length softened the hearts of the parents; and they told her, that if M. Huber would consent to become a Catholic, they would allow her to marry him; but that from the day she became his wife, she should be no longer considered as one of their family.

All this time, M. Huber was confined within the walls of the Inquisition, where he suffered no greater torment than some physical privations, and constant solicitations to abjure his religion. But he was a Genevese Protestant, and firmly resisted all that they could offer. The next means that were tried to conquer him was solitary confinement; and for months together he was left without seeing a single person, even his gaoler. His food was introduced into his room through a turning box, and all communication with the outward world was carefully cut off. His patience at last gave way; he had never been able to obtain any information of the lady whose love had cost him so dear, and wild at the idea of losing life and liberty so young, his personal safety became his only care. When he had been free, he by no means deserved the name of a good Protestant; but now that force was employed to make him

change his faith, he resisted as firmly as if he had always been a most zealous Christian.

But the perseverance of his adversaries was still greater than his; and nowise daunted by his repeated refusals, they still continued to use every argument and every means likely to to induce his conversion. At length the desire for freedom—for liberty to breath the free air of heaven—made him consent; and he now only waited with impatience for the day that was to restore him to the full use of thought and action. This was all very natural, and perhaps it was also as natural that his long confinement should have entirely extinguished his affection for the princess. When he was told that immediately after his baptism he was to be married to the lady who had sacrificed her honour to her love for him, he boldly refused to accept as his wife a woman who, although a princess, he could only look upon as the cause of all his sufferings. He was then told of the birth of his child; his duty as a father was fully impressed upon him; the child himself was brought, and though he showed little affection for his son, he consented to legitimatize his birth by marrying the mother.

On the day appointed, he went to church, became a Catholic, and then was married to the victim of unrestrained passion, whose love for him

had stood through every shock. After the ceremony, when the guests had retired, and the bridal pair were left alone, the gentleman rose and said:—

"Madame, I have never deceived any person; and it would not be right that I should commence now with her on whom I have just bestowed my name; therefore, I candidly tell you, that in your society I could no longer feel happiness. I know how much your love for me has cost you, that by it you have lost your position in society, the affection of your family, and everything that a woman holds dear. I know that you also have suffered a great deal; and, for that reason, I have consented to give you my name, which, though it may not be as illustrious as yours, is at least without a stain. You have now no further claim upon me; I have done all that I was bound to do when I legitimatized your son, and now that that duty is fulfilled, I will leave you, wishing you every happiness."

"Monsieur!"

"I leave you, madame, as I have said; I intend to spend the remainder of my life in travelling. I cannot, after what has happened, return to my own country, and yours, as you may suppose, is hateful to me. If ever you should become weary of my son, you can send him to Geneva; I think I

may be certain that my family will receive him for my sake. Farewell, madame; do not curse me, and I will try to forget that I have ever seen you."

With these words he left the room, the lady followed quickly, and, begging him to stop, said—

"You are then determined to abandon me?"

"I am, madame."

"And you are determined not to return?"

"I am determined not to return."

"In that case what remains for me, but to go into a convent, where I will pass the remainder of my wretched life, seeking forgetfulness of my wrongs, and praying for pardon for my betrayer!"

"And what will you do with my son? I would not wish him to be a monk."

"Your son," said she, with an accent of heart-rending anguish, "Ah! take away my child, for how could I teach him to love his father!"

On these terms they parted: the child was given to M. Huber, who sent him to Geneva, where he was reared a Protestant by his father's family. At this present moment, M. Huber is travelling round the globe, like the wandering Jew, and of course finding no resting place for either body or mind; whilst the poor princess is praying for peace and pardon in her convent. As this story is but very

little known, I thought it would be a pity not to inscribe it here.

But now to return to the year '86, and to Etupes. We often heard from the grand-duchess, who spoke a good deal of the Empress Catherine in her letters, and in one told us of a very extraordinary ukase published by this sovereign. By this the Russian nobility was divided into six classes, the first of which contained those ennobled by diploma, that is to say, those lately created; whilst the ancient nobility of the country were all degraded to the sixth class. Although the old nobles of Russia may not have been very illustrious, still it is in contradiction to all our ideas that modern titles should take precedence of the ancient; this is not the case in France, where a time-honoured name is more esteemed than the most dignified modern title.

To the great joy of the grand-duchess, the count de Ségur was appointed our ambassador at the Russian court, where his wit, his amiability, his dignified and graceful manners, won him universal admiration. The princess delighted in his conversational talents, and the czarina, who was remarkable for her taste for intellectual pleasures, showed him great favour. Her own powers of conversation were of the highest order, and she encouraged to her court the visits of all those who possessed the same delightful talent. To give an

idea of this court, one need only mention the count de Ligne, though Catherine had gathered round her numbers of gentlemen, in no way inferior to him in wit or general talent.

If it must be admitted that this sovereign has defects, that she has committed many faults, neither can it be denied that she has many noble qualities, and that she fully deserves the title of the 'Semiramis of the North.'

About this time, the unfortunate affair of the necklace became public, and caused great scandal at Versailles. The unfortunate cardinal de Rohan, led astray by vile intrigues, by Cagliostro and Madame de la Mothe, and other such persons, had compromised the ought-to-be sacred name of our queen, and did himself still greater injury. As I am not sufficiently acquainted with all the details of this case, I think it better not to give any further account of it; but this I must say, that I have heard, from the very best authority, that her majesty was perfectly innocent. She has always been the victim of appearances, and of her own good nature, and I very much fear that the future will not present a fairer page for her. From us on this dull earth is veiled the approaching fall of the bright luminaries of heaven, but nothing is concealed from God; in His hands, then, let us leave all.

The governor of Alsace received orders to search,

and seal the papers of the cardinal, but nothing was found that could implicate his eminence. It was said, that a man who was devoted to the cardinal, had arrived at Alsace three hours before the royal commissioners, and burned a great quantity of papers. This man was arrested, but, as nothing could be discovered from him, he was soon again set at liberty.

The cardinal's palace at Saverne was also searched, but nothing was found. The poor man ought to remember my prediction, now that the masks are torn from the faces of his false friends, but on the contrary, I am told that he is as infatuated as ever about Cagliostro. The inhabitants of Alsace are all very much interested in this affair, for the cardinal was very much beloved by them, though, in many things, he was not so dignified as became his rank.

There are some persons, whom Providence allows to pass a great part of their lives without experiencing any obstacle to their bizarre and extrordinary conduct, and then, when perhaps it is least expected, they fall into irremediable misfortune. The poor cardinal is one of these; and another, as singular, is a lady, who now paid us a visit at Montbéliard. This was Lady Craven, who came with a letter of introduction from the margrave of Anspach, cousin-german to the princess, and nephew to the great

Frederick. This visit amused and occupied us all very much. The margrave of Anspach and Bareith was quite an original character, who has filled all Europe with the fame of his strange and almost improbable absurdities. This prince had been married twice, and during his widowhood he introduced Mdlle. Clairon, an actress, to his court, where she remained for seventeen years, as first favourite, if not as the margrave's mistress.

Lady Craven is daughter of Lord Berkeley, and was married to Lord Craven when she was only seventeen. She was about thirty-five when I first saw her, and, without being exactly handsome, she was an agreeable and charming woman; she had superb eyes and beautiful dark chestnut hair, and her complexion exceedingly fair, with the exception of some slight red spots that used to become scarlet, on the slightest emotion. She had seven children and, after being married fourteen years, was divorced from her husband; but she has not lost her position in society by that unfortunate event, but is everywhere well received, in honour of her agreeable conversation and fascinating manners. She is certainly one of the most agreeable persons I ever met; gay, careless, and unaffected, her society is most delightful.

Her ruling passion is for theatricals, in which she performs with great skill and talent. She has

communicated this taste to the margrave, who has added a theatre to his palace. Sometimes in the evening, Lady Craven delighted us by going through whole scenes of some of her favourite plays, the Princess Louis reading the replies in a faultless manner.

Lady Craven's conversation is quite as agreeable as her other talents; Voltaire himself could not excel her in this. She often entertained us with an account of Lord Craven's peculiarities, one of which was that he would not remain longer than three days in any one place. He fancied that if he did not constantly change his residence, that he should most certainly become ill. At one time he was desperately in love with some lady, who refused to follow him from place to place, as he might wish to move, and great as was his affection, it yielded to the superior power of "whim." He implored the lady to follow him to Paris, but she refused, and he set off in anger. He returned in a few days, jealous as a tiger, foaming with rage, and threatening to destroy everybody and everything. The lady very coolly said to him—

"You had better begin at once, or you will not have time to destroy much before you must set out again."

"Will you come with me to Paris?"

"Not even to Dover."

"I will set out for Calcutta."

"I defy you."

"You defy me—you defy me. Why do you defy me? Do you think that I would not have the courage to leave you?"

"I did not say that."

"Do you think that I am not a man of sufficient resolution?"

"I think that you are."

"Well, and what is it then?"

"You could never live for three months in the same vessel; you would die of fever, or anger, or some other disease. Don't you know that there are no inns, no resting-places, in the open sea?"

The poor lord hung his head with confusion and humiliation; he could not deny the truth of his adversary's argument, and was obliged to submit to her conditions.

At another time, he owed a large sum of money to a man, who for two years was following him about from place to place; the creditor would arrive perhaps the evening of the very day that his debtor had left, and was kept in this manner dancing after him all through Europe. The English have some very strange peculiarities, for which it would be useless to seek a reason.

But what Lady Craven told with most triumph, was her arrival at Anspach, her intimacy with

Mdlle. Clairon, and the actress's jealousy when she found her influence yield before that of the stranger lady. At her arrival Lady Craven had no intention of taking up her residence at this court, but she was so well received by the ruling goddess, who, without considering the superior advantages of this lady, did everything to make the place agreeable to her, and made her the confidant of all her complaints against the margrave. The Englishwoman fully sympathised with her sorrows, and lectured the prince, who apologised, and did everything that he was asked.

An empress could not have allowed herself to indulge in more capricious humours with her lover, than did this fantastic Mdlle. Clairon. She never was contented; as soon as one wish was gratified, it was succeeded by ten others, more exacting and more ridiculous: and everything about her was conducted with a tragic air, worthy of a theatre.

"Her very nightcap," said Lady Craven, "had all the dignity of a gilded paper crown."

The confidant at first fulfilled her office very conscientiously; after a little time, she laughed at the heroics of her friend, and then she made the margrave laugh at them; who, having laughed once, could never treat them seriously again. Lady Craven was now indispensable to the lover, and the actress became jealous, and tried to produce an

effect, by acting, in her private capacity, the part of the injured woman, which she had so often successfully performed upon the stage.

One day she threatened to kill herself. The margrave was moved.

"Do you forget," said Lady Craven, "that actresses' poignards only run into their sleeves?"

This spoiled the effect of Mdlle. Clairon's private tragedy; but she determined to try again. She asked permission to play the part of Ariadne on the stage of the court theatre, which was granted. The performance went on all right until the moment when the faithless Theseus leaves his mistress without one word. This had ever been a triumphant moment for our actress, when she drops into the arms of her attendant, and exclaims—

"Mérine, he leaves me."

But now, to give the more effect, she adds, in fainting accents,—

"I suffer so much. I cannot go on."

She was borne from the stage, and the curtain dropped. Ariadne continued her part in private to the margrave, who almost wept with emotion; but Lady Craven was by, and said, quoting from some tragedy—

"You are an emperor, and you weep!"

From this moment open war was declared between the ladies. Lady Craven only laughed; she

amused the prince—the most certain means of success in such cases. Her gaiety and good humour were an agreeable contrast to the unceasing complaints of her rival; and, after a war of three years' continuation, she remained sole mistress of the field. Mademoiselle left the place altogether, uttering imprecations against her rival, who said, when she heard of these—

"Like a Parthian, she flings her darts in flying."

Lady Craven used to tell this story in a most inimitable manner. The princess did everything in her power to make her lengthen her visit at Montbéliard, and when she did leave us at length, it was to the extreme regret of all its inhabitants. There is so great a charm and fascination in the gifts of the imagination, that it makes us excuse a thousand errors. Nothing is truer than the proverb—

It is not what is done, but the manner in which it is done.

"Ah," said Lady Craven to us, the evening before her departure, "it was easy for me to enter the lists with an actress, for I know all Voltaire, Racine, and Corneille by rote. She could never find me at a loss. I always had my weapon ready."

She left us to go to Frankfort, where there was to be an assembly of German princes. It is said

that there is no doubt but that this lady will be married to the margrave. M. Blanchard made his thirteenth balloon ascent with complete success, at Frankfort, and after which he was conducted in triumph to the residence of the Russian ambassador, the count de Romanzoff, with whom he was to sup. The people were so delighted with his performance, that they insisted on taking the horses from his carriage, and drawing it themselves. He had been obliged to give up an ascent that he had intended to make on the eighth, accompanied by the prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, because of the wetness of the weather.

I was to have returned to Strasburg in November, but was prevented by the early death of the princess of Holstein, the wife of the coadjutor of the bishop of Lubeck, and daughter to the princess of Montbéliard. She was but twenty years of age, good, handsome, witty, and gentle. Her death was a great sorrow to her mother, who had been until then so fortunate in her children. This young princess had been but four years married, and her union had been very happy; her husband was inconsolable, and nothing could reconcile him to the world after his wife's death but the obligation of taking care of his two children, Paul and Peter. Every person at Montbéliard was in the greatest grief, and I in particular, who had been

most sincerely attached to this princess; I remained with her mother to mingle my tears with hers, and seek by my sympathy to lessen her sorrow.

The princess of Montbéliard, who was well acquainted with my affection for her daughter, gave me, as a memorial of my friend, a picture that had been cut for her by M. Huber, the Genevese artist. It represented the princess of Holstein sitting near a table, playing with a little dog, whilst behind her stood her husband; to the left was seated the princess of Montbéliard, and her fifth son, Prince Frederick, who was at that time about twenty-one. The likenesses were all striking, and I need scarcely say that I shall ever carefully preserve a picture that so truly represents friends so dear. The princess also gave me the little dog 'Bijou,' which her daughter had left after her at Etupes, and the presence of which was now only an additional sorrow to the afflicted mother. Both Mary and I have become very much attached to this little dog, and I take it almost everywhere with me.

I remained a month longer at Montbéliard, seeking to console the poor princess, and then returned to Strasburg. This year began ominously by the death of Casimir, prince abbot of the noble and united chapters of Murbach and of Luxe, who died at Guebrilles on the first of Janu-

ary. He was an excellent man, both good and virtuous; his death was sincerely regretted by the prince of Montbéliard, who was very much attached to him. M. d'Andlau, abbé of the chapter of Luxe, was also very ill, and there soon arose many competitors for this benefice, which was worth ten thousand livres annually.

The grand-duchess wrote me a letter full of grief and complaints: the first was for the loss of her sister, and the latter were occasioned by family annoyances that were both very painful and very serious. Catherine wished herself to direct the education of her two grandsons, Alexander and Constantine, and as long as she was content with writing directions for this, the parents were perfectly satisfied; but now that she proposed taking them with her on a visit to the Crimea, it became a different affair. The Grand-duke Paul objected, which annoyed the empress, and they had many very serious discussions, in which the grand-duchess was obliged to take part very much against her will; but at last the poor children caught the small-pox, and Catherine was obliged to leave them to the care of their mother.

The grand-duchess had even a greater annoyance than this: her eldest brother, Prince Frederick, to whom she was tenderly attached, had quitted the service of Prussia for that of Russia, where he

was appointed lieutenant-general to the czarina. He and his wife, the Princess Augusta of Brunswick, resided with the grand-duchess, who, with her usual goodness, did everything to please her sister-in-law, and to gain her confidence.

The Princess Augusta was thoughtless and a coquette, and made herself remarked at the Russian court by her numerous flirtations. This, of course, was very disagreeable to her husband, who often spoke to her, and counselled her with gentleness, but she took his advice very ill, and made no improvement in her conduct, but rather the contrary. The prince is not easily irritated, but once that he does become angry, he is very violent, and now he unfortunately had often reason to be seriously annoyed. One day that they had had a violent altercation, there was a large assembly at the Hermitage, to see a comedy performed by order of the empress, to which they were invited, and when all was over, and the company about to retire, the Princess Augusta flung herself at the empress' feet, and implored her protection against her husband, declaring that she could no longer bear his violence, and was seriously alarmed, not knowing what may be the consequence.

It is easy to imagine the effect this scene had on the spectators, and particularly on the grand duke and duchess who were as much surprised as

pained by an event which, could they have foreseen, they would have endeavoured to prevent.

And what was worse, Catherine, influenced by the pleading of the Princess Augusta, seemed to consider her the injured party, and asked her to remain with her. This princess has all the address calculated to succeed in gaining the favour of a sovereign whose will is law, and who often allows herself to be guided by favourites. The princess of Montbéliard, who did not need this additional affliction, wrote me a long letter, in which she deeply deplored this circumstance, so injurious to her children.

We had intended to spend the winter in Paris, but were obliged to defer this pleasure for some time, as my daughter got ill as we were preparing for our departure. During her illness we were often visited by the baron de Klinglin, who about a year before had succeeded baron de Lort as royal lieutenant. He had been very intimate with him some four years before at Neuf Brisac, where he was in command of the first regiment of 'chasseurs à cheval.' He was a most amiable man, and very attentive to my daughter during her illness, telling her such amusing stories, the recollection of which often makes her laugh, even now.

CHAPTER V.

Departure for Paris—Death of the duke of Orleans—Abbés of St. Phar and of St. Albin—Madame de Lambert—Messieurs de Puységur—Witty saying of the duchess of Bourbon—Fortune-telling—Magnetic *séance*—The somnambulist and the Spanish secretary—The beautiful Jewess—Madame de Longuejoue—The duke of Chartres becomes duke of Orleans—Spiritual concert—Mademoiselle Candeille—The daughter of the duke of Orleans—The queen changes her toilet—Ladies—Disagreeable scene between an actor and the audience—Goodness and sensibility of the duchess of Bourbon—I magnetize at the princess's—'Richard Cœur de Lion'—Verses addressed to Grétry—The countess of Saul Tavannes—The deaf—The stammerer—The duke d'Enghien dines with his mother—Michael Golowkin—Astley's—The Anglomania—The parrot of Madame de la Vallière—The princess's fête-day—Baron de Goltz—The landgrave of Hesse—Remark of Rivarol—Letter from a lady to her confessor—The duchess of Bourbon.

WE first went to spend two days with the princess of Montbéliard, and then set off for Paris, passing through Vesoul, Langrene, Bar-sur-Aube, Brienne, Arcis-sur-Aube, and Provence, and arrived on Sunday, the 29th January, and stopped at the hotel de Chine, rue Richelieu. I had brought my daughter, then nine years of age, and the faithful

Schneider with me, besides my little dog, 'Bijou,' who had great success in the fashionable world.

I will now return to my journal style of writing, as I find it assists my memory, and as it was the manner in which I wrote at the time.

30*th January.*—I went to see the duchess of Bourbon, who was delighted at my return, and with her usual kindness, kept me to dinner. She was in mourning for her father, the duke of Orleans, who had died at St. Aside the November before. The duke of Bourbon, though not on good terms with his father-in-law, went to visit him during his last illness by order of the king.

"Monsieur," said the good old man, "I am grateful for your visit, but it would have given me much more pleasure if you had been accompanied by my daughter."

He died with the most exemplary piety, and was deeply regretted by his household, to whom he had been a good master. During his illness he had been taken care of by his illegitimate children, the abbés of St. Albin and St. Phar, and their sister, Madame Lambert. These were the children of an actress, Mademoiselle Marquise, afterwards Madame de Villememble. Their father has left them a very fine property. In obedience to the wishes of the old duke, the duchess of Bourbon and the duchess of Chartres brought Madame de Montesson to

Paris, as this lady wished to reside in the Palais Royal, and assume all the mourning honours of duchess of Orleans; but I believe that I told somewhere else that the king forbade her assuming this dignity, and how she retired to dwell in a convent, where she lived with all the state of a princess. She could not endure to remain in the world, as she would not be permitted to cover her carriage with black cloth (a privilege allowed only to princes of the blood). Everybody smiled at this; she was no longer the important person she had been.

The duke of Chartres now succeeded to the title of 'Orleans,' but he was far inferior to his father, who had been a liberal protector of the arts, and a kind benefactor of the poor, to whom he every year gave two hundred and fifty thousand francs.

The duchess of Bourbon was deeply afflicted by the loss of her father, and often spoke to me of him.

"He loved me," she used to say, "and who will love me now?"

After dinner we went to Sickes, and from thence to see the opera of 'Alzire.' There was an immense crowd in the theatre, and we were very much amused.

31*st January.*—We went in the morning to visit Madame de Bernhold and the ladies in wait-

ing on the duchess of Bourbon. This princess had the extreme politeness to say that she would dine with me to-day, and came very early, bringing with her the elder M. de Puységur. The marquis was at that time major of artillery, with the rank of colonel. These are grandsons of marshal Puységur, being the children of his second son, who is now, at the time I write (1789), minister of war, his elder brother having died in '82.

There are two brothers Puységur; one, Count Maxime, has a son, who used to perform at Madame de Montesson's private theatricals. The father also acts very well, and has published a comic opera called 'Les Trebushes.' The other brother, viscount de Chastemay Puységur, is a marine officer. Both gentlemen are very intimate with the duchess of Bourbon, and visit her frequently.

There is another Puységur, uncle to these, who was formerly colonel in Normandy, and has since been appointed field marshal.

Our conversation was very agreeable during dinner. Amongst other things, some person spoke of a lady at whose house there was always a great deal of scandal and gossip.

"How can it be helped?" said the duchess of Bourbon, "her dinners are so very bad that her guests are obliged to *dish* their neighbours."

We next went to visit Madame de la Vallière,

and then went to see the opera of 'Dido' with M. and Madame de Bosé, who came home with us to sup. We spent the evening very pleasantly. Madame de Bosé told me my fortune on the cards, and she really told the most surprising things, which she had no possibility of knowing, and which had actually happened. She also foretold me many circumstances, some of which have since happened, and I acknowledge that I have the weakness to expect the realization of some disagreeable prophecies she made. In spite of myself these ideas will pursue me. What Cagliostro told me, and all the mesmeric experiments that I have seen, confirm me in feelings, which, however blamable, are very natural, and are, in some measure, shared in by everybody.

Madame de Bosé assured me, that when she shuffles and arranges her cards, and prepares to explain what she decipliers by their arrangement, that she feels as if it were no longer she who spoke, but that some unknown person guides her words. M. d'Oberkirch laughed at all this. I need not say that these things were not told in the presence of my daughter.

1st February.—At eleven o'clock we had a trial of magnetism at the duchess of Bourbon's, where MM. de Puységur had promised to bring some somnambulists, and make some experiments on

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them. Mesmer said that the marquis de Puységur had more power in producing magnetic effects than himself. Everything having been arranged, the somnambulist set to sleep, and become perfectly obedient to the magnetiser, imitating his gestures, following the motions of his wand, &c., the proceedings commenced. The marquis put his patient in communication with a young man that was present, secretary to the Spanish embassy, and who had never before been even seen by the girl who was under the magnetic influence. This girl was very ugly, but the moment she was put in communication with the young man, her face became totally changed, and assumed a most extraordinary expression. She rose from her seat with a most graceful and modest air, and approaching the secretary, cast down her eyes, and said—

"I see your thoughts. You have consented to this connection with me only to please the duchess, but it was entirely against your will, and you fear that this momentary contact may leave a lasting impression on either your mind or mine. I am not handsome, and I know that there is but little pleasure in the love of an ugly person. You need not fear; you will not love me, and I will think of you no more after I awake."

The young man looked at us, laughed, and said to the girl—

"That is what I feel; does it give you pain?"

"Yes, at this moment."

"What am I thinking of now?"

"Oh! you are thinking of a woman that I see at a great distance from this place, sitting in a trellised and gaily-painted chamber, and dressed in a costume that I never saw before. Her feet are bare; she wears trousers and a gauze dress, and her head-dress is of silver net-work, of very nearly the same shape as that worn by the peasant women of Caux, and over it is flung a long richly-embroidered veil. Everything about her is magnificent, and she herself is very beautiful."

The secretary became pale and agitated, but did not utter a word.

"Is what she says true?" asked M. de Puységur.

"Oh, how could she know all that?" stammered forth the secretary.

"Shall she continue or be silent?"

"Oh, let her continue. Tell me," said he, addressing the girl, "can you see the woman's thoughts?"

"Yes."

"What do you see; does she love me?"

"She does not," said the girl sadly.

"She does not love me? Does she love another? Is she alone?"

"She is alone now, but will not be so long.

Listen to what I tell you, and profit by it. It was fortunate for you that you asked me what she was thinking of, or otherwise you might have been destroyed. You have written to this woman."

"I have."

"She received your letter this morning; it is in a small embroidered bag at her side."

"Could you read it?"

"I could; but it would be very difficult, and would fatigue me."

"I command you to read it," said M. de Puységur, making fresh passes over the somnambulist.

"Oh! that is very painful; it will break my heart. I see! I see! You are mad, count, to promise to marry this woman, and to go for her in six months, when you will be twenty-five. Oh! my God! my God! she is a Jewess."

It would be impossible to describe the effect that this announcement made on all present. The secretary became paler and paler, and could scarcely restrain his emotions.

"Count," said M. de Puységur, in a very serious tone, "shall she go on?"

"Yes, yes! I would rather know all. If this woman does not love me, whom does she love?"

"A man of her own nation—a robber."

We were all overwhelmed with horror.

"They expect to make you a prisoner when you

return, and force you to purchase your freedom by consenting to sign some papers, and if you refuse, be on your guard.

At this moment the somnambulist seemed as if she were inspired, and her voice had a more than human intonation.

"But this woman—this unfortunate creature—I had her instructed, baptized; she is a Christian."

"She has deceived you in that, as in everything else. It was all acting; she is still a Jewess in heart and practice."

"She does not love me!" said the infatuated young man, in a low voice; that was all that he could think of. He thought not of her treachery nor his own danger; his love alone seemed worthy of a thought. Poor, foolish young man, to think of marrying a Jewess! What a degradation to his family, one of the oldest in Castile!

"Mon Dieu!" said he, a few moments after, "it would have killed my mother."

He told us then the following story, which he assured us no person in the world knew but himself, and for that reason he was the more surprised at its being discovered by the somnambulist. He said that the year before he had been sent to Ceuta, and that the day after his arrival he walked about the city to see its public buildings, &c. The heat was most oppressive, and he stopped at a

fountain to take a drink from its cool and tempting waters. He, ignorant of his danger, took off his hat, and exposed his head to the burning rays of the mid-day sun, that none of the citizens of Ceuta would have braved except from necessity. The consequence was instantaneous congestion of the brain. Some Jewish women, who came to wash clothes at the fountain, found him lifeless on the ground; and, judging from the richness of his dress that he must be of high rank, and that they would be well rewarded for their trouble, carried him to the house of her who lived nearest. These, like all their countrywomen, were skilled in medicine, and using their skill in his favour, soon restored him to consciousness. The beautiful Jewess, his hostess and the heroine of the tale, took him under her especial care, and mixed for him a cool and delicious draught that soon produced a most refreshing slumber. When he awoke he found himself quite recovered from the sun-stroke; but, alas! a more serious malady attacked his heart: he loved madly, wildly, the beautiful creature to whom he owed his life. It was a passion that he could not restrain; he became her very slave, and lived but in her presence, which he never left except when the duties of his mission obliged him. This artful woman played her part so well, and with so much dignity, that the

thoughtless lover would not dare to ask her love on less honourable terms than as his wife. But to be his wife, she should be a Christian: this obstacle was easily removed; she consented to be baptized and instructed in the Catholic faith. When his mission was fulfilled he was recalled, and he left her, promising to return when he would be of age, and lead her to Castile as his bride, and mistress of his broad lands.

The count, startled by the communications of the somnambulist, caused inquiries to be made, and discovered that all she had said was perfectly true. He visited M. de Puységur afterwards to thank him for his preservation from so terrible a danger. I was greatly struck by this adventure, but it is not more extraordinary than many others that we either saw or heard during that winter.

I went to pay a visit to Madame de Longuejoue, one of the duchess de Bourbon's ladies of honour, a very good and intelligent person, but a sceptic in everything relating to magnetism.* I had a great discussion with her, which continued until we both went to dine with the duchess. At dinner we had the duke and duchess of Orleans, and two of her grace's ladies. The duchess has four ladies-

* Madame de Longuejoue never left the duchess of Bourbon, but remained with her till her death. She, herself, has died but a few years since.—*Note by the Editor.*

in-waiting, and one lady of honour. One of these is the celebrated Madame de Blos, whose capricious fancy is so well known. The duke of Orleans would not believe in somnambulism, and, as the only means of convincing him, his sister invited him to be present at our next *séance*, and he promised that he would. This prince is not by any means an agreeable man; there is something brusque and decided in his manner that is very displeasing, and has very little the appearance of a prince of the blood. Our conversation next turned on the present ridiculous fashions, and the manner in which ladies uncover their shoulders. "I think it a very pretty fashion," said the duke of Orleans; "now to be full dressed, a lady must go half naked."

"Brother," said the duchess of Orleans, "have you heard that the old duchess of M * * * is silly enough to go into the city to seek for lovers? It is not likely that she will find any, and will only make herself ridiculous,"

"I beg your pardon," said the duke; "a duchess can never be old to a citizen."

The duchess next spoke of her father with great affection and regret, but her brother was less demonstrative of his feelings. The old duke possessed excellent qualities, although he was awkward, timid, and a gourmand: women had too much

influence over him, particularly Madame de Montesson, who ruled him with an iron rod. The son jested a good deal about his "mother-in-law," whom he detested; but the two princesses were silent, and we followed their example.

After dinner, I made my escape, whilst the company were admiring some pictures, as I had many visits to pay, and had promised to carry Bijou to several houses, where he would find some friends of his own species. In one of my calls I met again the duchess of Bourbon, who admired my pet very much, and said she envied me so pretty a plaything. It would have been my greatest pleasure to offer him to her grace, if it were not that he was the gift of my dearest friend; the princess was very well able to appreciate my feelings.

2nd February.—The duchess of Bourbon did us the honour of dining with us at our hôtel, and taking us with her afterwards to a concert of sacred music, with which I was not very much pleased. The symphonies at these concerts are excellent, but it is impossible to distinguish a single word; it would seem as if the voices were but a secondary consideration, and the instruments everything; the music was altogether too noisy and too confused, and the singers did not appear to be able to keep the different notes distinct. These concerts

take the place of the opera, which is closed at Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and on Good Friday. The singers and orchestra are the same, except that they do not wear stage dresses, and the concerts are generally very much admired. They sang the 'de Profundis,' and 'Miserere,' which only shocked my Protestant ears, when uttered by the lips of professed actors; but Catholics are so much accustomed to this, that they are not sensible of the indecorum, but go to these assemblies in crowds. On this evening we had a very good duet, performed by two actresses from the Italian opera; but the star of the evening was Mademoiselle Candeille, a beautiful woman, as well as a magnificent singer. After the concert, the duchess had the goodness to take me home, where I found M. d'Oberkirch waiting supper for me.

3rd February.—A charming dinner party at the duchess of Bourbon's, at which we had the eldest daughter of the duke of Orleans. She is not a pretty child, nor, in my opinion, will she ever be handsome, although the courtiers predict the contrary. There is something masculine about her that is very displeasing, particularly in so very young a girl. Her governess, or rather her governor, Madame de Genlis, praises her in the most extravagant manner: she certainly is clever and intelligent, but domineering and un-

graceful; at least so her august aunt tells me, for I had not sufficient time to form an opinion myself.

But the great event of the day was the declaration made by the queen, that she intended to make a decided alteration in her dress, declaring it to be ridiculous of any woman over thirty to wear feathers, flowers, or rose colour, and that she has determined to lay them aside for ever, and expects other ladies of her age to do the same. This has wounded the self-love of many a fair dame, who would willingly retard the progress of time, or wipe her own name from the registries of births. The duchess of Bourbon was greatly amused by all the confusion caused by this new regulation, which led us naturally to speak of the fashions, and of Madame de Blos, who often leads the reigning mode, and as often outrages it.

"Ladies generally," said the duchess, "wear the fashion of the day before, but Madame de Blos assumes that of the morrow."

No person can have more wit, tact, or penetration than her grace, but she rarely allows these qualities to be seen but by her intimate friends. She is rather feared at court. I had the honour of presenting to her, at my house, Madame d'Aumont, wife of the commander of the engineers at Strasburg; and though their interview was but

for a few minutes, her grace's penetration discovered in this lady a woman of extensive information and cultivated mind.

These d'Aumonts claim their descent from a younger branch of the ducal house of d'Aumont. They are not titled, though it is said that they have a right to be so. They move in the very best society.

In the evening the duchess took me to see 'Pandanus,' an opera of Rameau's, corrected by Sacchini; it had been originally in four acts, but is now reduced to three. The audience were very noisy and uproarious, because that Sieur Moreau had been engaged in place of some more favoured singer, and were determined not to allow him to sing. The poor man was hissed and hooted in a most cruel manner; and at last, unable any longer to bear this treatment in silence, he came forward and addressed the audience in the most respectful manner, complaining of their want of courtesy. His speech seemed to make but little impression, and he said—

"I must, then, go to prison."

"I was moved almost to tears by the mournful manner in which he pronounced these words; and the duchess, who fully shared in my emotion, cried out—

"No, no; you must not go to prison!"

These words had an almost magical effect on the audience, and changed their hootings into acclamations of delight. They cheered first the duchess, and then Moreau, who, inspired by their applause, sang almost divinely. The next day, her grace sent the poor actor a valuable ring.

4th February,—M. de Puységur having offered to teach me how to magnetize, as he said that he thought I would make a very successful operator, I went this morning to the duchess of Bourbon's, where he promised to bring a suitable subject. When I arrived, I found him there, with a young girl, on whom I was to try my skill. Without much delay I commenced, and had very soon the satisfaction of putting her to sleep, but could not make her speak. I found the operation very fatiguing, and would not feel much inclined to repeat it; besides that M. d'Oberkirch had a great objection to everything likely to attract attention, and as magnetism was at that time all the rage, it would very soon be known that I was an active disciple of Mesmer, which would have made me an object of public observation, which would have been very disagreeable. After our *séance*, the duchess of Bourbon came to dine at my house, which was always very agreeable to her, as she there enjoyed more freedom than in her own more stately home. Our dinner was very gay; we

laughed a good deal, more indeed than I would have wished, at an Alsatian officer who was present, and who was as deaf as a post. After dinner we went to the Italian opera, to see 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' an opera of Grétry's. The music was really delightful, but the plot was most absurd, and the play full of anachronisms, such as Richard's appearing decorated with the insignia of the order of the Garter, which was not created until a long time after his reign; but the author, Sedaine, was not obliged to know that. The first time that this opera was performed, M. de la Croix addressed the following verses to Grétry:—

Some quickly work, and some work well,
And many fain would nothing do;
But to do much, and yet excel,
Grétry, to you that praise is due.

There is one air in particular in this opera that has a most exciting effect—literally throws one into a fever, and the two first acts contain many delicious melodies.

When we left the theatre, the duchess gave me permission to pay some visits on condition that I would return to sup with her. I saw the Antichamps and Bosés a good deal; and this day I went to visit the countess de Saulx Tavannes, *née* de Levis de Chateaumorand, one of the queen's *dames du palais;* her husband was *chevalier*

d'honneur to his majesty, and was created duke a short time after; her son was under-lieutenant in the queen's regiment of infantry, and married to Mdlle. de Choiseul Gonflier.

At supper we had the same company as at din ner, with the exception of the deaf officer, whose absence afforded us an opportunity of making him a subject of conversation. M. d'Oberkirch told us many amusing anecdotes of this gentleman: once he went to the theatre to see 'Rodogune,' which seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure, for he laughed a great deal, though not very appropriately; for often at the most serious part of the performance was his gaiety the greatest. This displeased and disturbed the audience, who, thinking he was mad, insisted that he should be removed, but he refused to stir, saying he paid for his seat, and drawing his sword, threatened to kill any person that would dare to touch him; the police interfered, and the gentleman's infirmity being explained, peace was restored. A wag sent him a slip of paper with these words:—

"Sir,—If you like good comedies, stay at home and read Molière. Your performance this evening was by no means equal to that of M. de Pourceaugnac."

M. de Pourceaugnac was celebrated for his numerous duels.

. Another time, he dined with Madame de ——, and at table he turned to the lady next him, and said in a loud voice, which he believed to be a whisper (a common defect with deaf persons)—

"What folly of Madame de —— to ask people to dine!—her dinners are the worst I ever ate."

Everybody laughed, but the poor man, quite unconscious of his *faux pas*, turned to the lady of the house, and paid her the most extravagant compliments on the elegance of her table and the skill of her cook. The mirth of the other guests was uncontrollable.

"Deaf people," said the duchess, "are like deceived husbands, the last always to perceive their own misfortune."

"I know many officers myself," said M. de Puységur, "who are as droll, and as brave as our deaf friend, and I will tell a very amusing circumstance that occurred whilst I was at Moulins. An unattached officer visiting the town, was invited to dinner by the governor, and to do him the greater honour, a number of gay young ladies was invited to meet him. The officer stammered, which the young ladies considered a fair subject of ridicule, and to increase their amusement, asked him an immense number of questions, and his stuttering replies were considered a most delightful treat. The poor man, unconscious at first of their

motives, answered as well as he could, but perceiving that every person remained silent that they might the better hear his answers, he became embarrassed, and consequently stammered the more. He was asked to play cards, and he consented; during the game the same fire of questions was kept up, and he replied, something in this style,—

"Mon—mon—mon—sieur the—goo—gov—gov—governor," &c. The young ladies were delighted, and laughed aloud, and the object of their ridicule at length began to suspect that he was the subject of their mirth. The questions addressed to him became so numerous, that it would require a hundred tongues to make corresponding replies, whilst his infirmity scarcely left him sufficient power to make one. This was very irritating, particularly to a gentleman of susceptible temperament; and, after restraining his anger for some time, it at last broke out with uncontrollable fury. He rose, flung his cards on the table, and after several efforts, stammered out, as he left the room—

"Mon—mon—mon—sieur, gov—goo—gov—ernor, you may go to the ——, and the ladies with you."

"I can assure you," continued M. de Puységur, "that gay as was the governor's house, it was never gayer than after this indignant retreat."

5th February.—After attending service at the

church of the Danish legation, we went to pay several visits. We were to dine with the duchess, who this day was to have her son, the duke d'Enghien, with her. He is a most amiable young prince, handsome, and apparently endowed with all the chivalry of his race. He is devotedly attached to his mother, but they cannot have the happiness of seeing each other as often as they would wish. He is very prudent and circumspect, and in speaking of his father, adroitly avoids everything that could cast blame on either of his parents. He was at this time fourteen years of age, and sensible far beyond his years; his tutor, who accompanied him, told us many affecting anecdotes of his generosity and goodness of heart.

Being told that some descendants of a valet-de-chambre of the great Condé were fallen into great distress, he asked, and obtained permission, to allow them a pension out of his private purse.

"It is my duty," said he, "to pay to their descendants the debt which my ancestor has contracted to those who devoted their lives to his service."

When he was about taking his leave in the evening, his mother could not restrain her tears, and said to him, with deep emotion, "My beloved child, do not forget your mother, though you see her so seldom."

"Madame," replied he, "she is ever present to my heart."

After dinner I visited some Russian ladies, amongst others Princess Galitzin, the Countess Golowkin—the latter belongs to the family of Michael Golowkin, high chancellor to the Empress Anne, and who, under Elizabeth, was banished to Siberia, where he died. The duchess of Bourbon called for me to go to Astley's; the crowd was very great, and we were almost suffocated. This ridiculous desire to imitate the English habits is very likely to destroy our national characteristics. This Anglomania is loudly condemned by Marshal Biron, and other noblemen of the ancient court; and with very good reason. It looks as if we were willing to forget our Noble Past in laying the foundation of an inglorious future, and that we would exchange our ancient fashions and customs for those of neighbours that we detest. It is really most absurd. The duke of Chartres was the first to introduce these modern ideas, and the count of Artois seems only too well inclined to follow his example. The king has expostulated with his brother; but the count is young, and naturally inclined to admire what is novel, but he should consider that in his position even trifles are important.

These reflections are only the consequence of our conversation at the duchess de la Vallière's, where we went after leaving the circus. This lady is far too enlightened not to fully comprehend these truths; but notwithstanding the serious ideas that these things had excited in Madame de la Vallière, we found her at our entrance entirely occupied with a parrot that had been left her by a dying friend. It was the worst-trained bird of the kind that I ever saw, uttering none but the most outrageous expressions, which indeed sometimes would force us to laugh spite of our better reason. His mistress said it would be better to send him to the guard-room of the Swiss guards, where he would be certain to find worthy disciples.

"But is it not strange that he should have acquired such expressions with your friend, who was a lady of great refinement?"

"It was not from her he learned them, of course, but from her visitors, many of whom were military men."

This explanation was quite sufficient.

6th February.—As this was the princess's *jour de fête*, we went to the Palais Royal to buy some present, for the customary gift of the day. I chose a writing-desk of a quite new invention, which contained several divisions and secret drawers. A great many shops, built of wood, had been added

to the Palais Royal since my last visit to Paris, but the entire was not as yet completed, as the duke of Orleans had stopped the workmen without giving any reason. This prince has the reputation of being fond of saving his money, and of never spending it profusely except for unworthy purposes.

The duchess of Bourbon received my present with great pleasure, and gave it the most honourable place amongst the gifts of the day, though nearly all of them were handsomer, or more valuable than mine. We did not remain to dine with her, as we had invited the baron de Goltz, the Prussian envoy, to our house. In the evening we went to the 'Variétés Amusantes,' to see 'Jérôme Pointu,' which amused me as much as ever.

7th February.—We had the duchess de la Vallière, the landgrave of Hesse, and some Russian ladies to breakfast. This fashion of asking people to breakfast I dislike very much, for I find the guests invariably stupid, and striving to be witty. The landgravine of Hesse-Cassel is sister to the princess of Montbéliard, and godmother to my daughter, to whom she brought a great many charming books. She spoke a good deal to the duchess de la Vallière of her illustrious grand-aunt, for whom, to use her own expression, she feels a deep *devotion*. The duchess told us then many anecdotes of this lady, which are not gene-

rally known, being rather preserved as family traditions. Amongst many other things she told how Sister Louisa de la Miséricorde wore sackcloth for three years before her entrance into the convent; and her family still possess a letter written by her to her confessor, in which she speaks of this self-imposed mortification. I afterwards was allowed to copy a fragment of this letter, which I will here transcribe for the benefit of my readers:—

"Ah! my father, do not blame me for wearing sackcloth, which can only mortify the flesh, but cannot reach the soul, which is the more guilty of the two. It is not my bodily sufferings, but the remorse of my conscience that undermines my health, and robs me of all repose; it is the consciousness of the cowardly weakness that would lead me to add to the number of my past transgressions. And yet must I not see *them* every day? My eyes must ever follow theirs. I must sit beside my rival and see *him* near *her*,—but oh! how far removed from me... Oh! my father, have I not seen, have I not heard? If I blaspheme, may God, forgive me—but, oh no! I cannot believe that there could be any hell more terrible than that now burning in my bosom—a hell that nothing could expel but the one great woe, never to see him more."

A woman loving to such an excess as that, is really a pitiable object.

The duchess of Bourbon had invited us to dinner, and though it was in direct opposition to the ordinary rules of etiquette, she insisted that we should bring our daughter with us. We did so, but sent her home immediately after leaving table. The duchess went to the opera to hear 'Colinette à la Cour,' an opera of Grétry's, the words by the author of 'Le Savetier' and 'Le Financier.' It is something like Favart's 'Minuette à la Cour,' that I had seen in '82.

The duchess of Bourbon goes more into public than any of the other princesses, and for that reason is much more popular. She is very simple in her habits and tastes, lives like a private individual, and generally goes out in the morning on charitable excursions, either on foot or in a hired carriage, and only accompanied by one of her ladies. She seeks poverty in the garret or the cellar; and where her own exertions fail in discovering the poor or the afflicted, she seeks the aid of the clergy, and sometimes even of her own servants.

"I must be loved by some one," she has often said to me. Since her separation from her husband, there is an immense void in her heart that she must endeavour to fill up.

Calumny has not spared her; but I feel too much respect for her virtues and her goodness even to refute the unfounded accusations that have been brought against her. She never goes to court; for there she would find too many bitter mementoes of her wrongs and sufferings. She is tranquil and calm, and always engaged in some good or charitable work.

It is easy to injure a woman; and if in a subordinate position, they will find very few to do them justice. I, as her intimate friend, take her part, be her accusers who they may. I feel proud of the honour of her acquaintance, and acknowledge in her a worthy descendant of St. Louis, of the race of our beloved monarchs.

CHAPTER VI.

The duke of Normandy—New carriages—Love affair of the viscount of Wargemont—Dinner at Madame de Zuckmantel's—Fashions—Baron de Wurmser—Mdlle. Aurore—Verses by her—Impromptu of M. d'Albaret—Marriage of the reigning duke of Wurtemberg—The Franquemonts—The beautiful Italian—The duchess of —— and the count of Périgord—A somnambulist at the duchess of Bourbon's—The marchioness de Fleury—Countess Julia de Sérent—Comedy—M. de Vaudreuil—Annette and Lubin—Reception of M. Guibert at the academy—M. de St. Lambert—M. Denis—Mdlle. Bancourt—The Marchioness de la Croix—Act of generosity—The margravine of Anspach breakfasts with me—Count Diodati—Baron de Baden—The chevaliers Florian and de la Harpe again—M. de Castellane—Small talk.

8*th February.*—MADAME DE MACKAN had invited us to take my daughter to Versailles, and as the child herself was very anxious to go, we went this day, when the weather was very beautiful, though cold. Mary was delighted—childhood is so easily made happy. We were accompanied by the baron d'Andlau. After dinner Madame Mackan took us to see the royal children: the dauphin and the duke of Normandy were alone visible. The elder was tall and handsome, and appeared greatly de-

lighted with a newly-invented carriage which he tried that morning for the first time. This is altogether a new invention; the panels at the sides and front were not of wood, but of glass placed in enamelled frames, in which were set sapphires, rubies, and other precious stones. This was a gift from the queen, who is constantly making presents to her son. Once that some person seemed to think that she was too generous to him, she said, laughing—

"At his birth, the king added two hundred thousand livres to my income, and certainly it is not for myself that I should keep it all."

The duke of Normandy was at this time ten months old, and a very fine child. His eyes are smaller than those of the dauphin, but they will not be less beautiful. He was in his cradle when we saw him, although he was not asleep; but his nurse assured us that he was in very good health.

Notwithstanding the entreaties of Madame de Mackan we returned to sup at Paris, where the Bosés and the viscount de Wargemont were expecting us. M. de Wargemont's regiment was stationed at Belfort, and he was very anxious that the business which brought him to Paris should be finished, that he might go to Montbéliard. His love for Mdlle. Domsdorf was still the same; and as the lady returned his affection, it may be very

naturally supposed that the affair would soon have a happy termination. The gentleman lived in the Chaussée d'Antin : he had been very intimate with the prince de Lamballes, and was a constant visitor at the Hotel de Penthièvre. His father and uncle have both served in the Suabian legion.

9th February.—My daughter began now to accompany me in some of my visits. She had been so well received by the duchess of Bourbon that almost every one was anxious to see her, and I found it impossible to refuse to allow her to go with me to some intimate friends. We went with the duchess to see Gluck's opera of 'Iphigénie en Tauride,' and then returned to our own hotel to sup with the Bosés, who came to us almost every evening.

10th February.—In the morning I went to the duchess of Bourbon, who wished to show me a new hat that she had invented, and which she wished to bring into fashion. It was a round hat of straw, lined with rose-coloured taffetas, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers, fastened with a large knot of ribbon, of which the long ends floated down the shoulders, and were then fastened on the bosom by a pin ornamented with precious stones. It was to be worn on the very top of the head. Her highness had taken the idea of this from the delightful pastorals of M. de Florian. To my great delight

she made me a present of one of these lovely hats, but I could not refrain from observing that straw was not suited for winter.

"We shall only wear them at Longchamps," replied she.

When this important affair was concluded, I went with Madame de Bernhold to visit baron de Wurmser, whose health was very delicate. We found him very agreeably employed, writing a receipt for a quarter's payment of his pension of four thousand livres, to which he was entitled as grand cross of the order of military merit. A commander's pension is three thousand livres.

I had not seen the baron since he met with an accident at the theatre at Fontainebleau. M. de Wurmser was old, and the boards not very firm, and as he was walking about complimenting the actresses, his foot caught in some aperture, and he would have fallen to the ground, but for Mdlle. Aurore, a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, who caught, and saved him from what might have been a serious accident to a man of his age. This young lady writes very good verses, and I will not be accused of flattery if I say, that hers are quite as good as those of M. de Marmontel; I will copy here some that she sent to the general on this occasion:—

This world is a slippery path they say,
Where each more or less will trip on his way.
The sage full of sense, the giddy-brained fool,
Each after his manner will follow this rule;
And oft, as we know, and I blush not to tell,
The foot of the lover has slipped near his belle.
But such *faux pas*, an error we scarcely can call;
And he who recovers him quick from the fall,
May find it was a fortunate trip after all.

General de Wurmser had received letters from Stuttgard, which announced the marriage of the reigning duke with the Countess Francisca de Hohenheim; it had taken place on the second of February, and I received the announcement myself the next day. The lady was in every way worthy of the honour bestowed on her; she is a woman equally estimable for the qualities of head and heart. The former duchess had left but one child, a daughter, who died young; and the duke has had no children in his marriage with the Countess Hohenheim; but as a compensation, he has numberless illegitimate claimants on his paternal affection. All these have received the name of Franquemont; and it is said that the duke intends forming a regiment, of which all the officers are to be his own sons.

I knew one of the daughters, named Laura, who was very intimate with my friend Mdlle. de Cramm. She is a daughter of an Italian dancer, of rare beauty, and is herself a most charming young woman,

educated with great care, and endowed with the noblest sentiments. I hope that she may make a brilliant marriage.*

There was to be a ball this evening at Madame de la Vallière's, and the duchess de Bourbon called for me after the opera, that we might go together. There was an immense crowd of ladies and gentlemen at this ball; and the conversation was almost entirely about an adventure of the duchess of ——, which had caused great scandal at court. This lady had one day received a visit from her lover, M. Archambault de Talleyrand Périgord, when her husband unexpectedly returning, the gallant was obliged to make his escape by the window: some person seeing him descend, made him prisoner, thinking he was a robber; but having explained who he was, he was allowed to go, without being brought before the injured husband. The story soon became generally known, and the king reproved the lovely duchess for her coquetry.

"You intend to imitate your mother, I perceive, madame," said he, in a very severe tone.

The tale at last reached the ears of the duke, who complained to his mother-in-law of the conduct of his wife; but she coolly said to him—

* She has since been married to Count d'O——.—*Editor's Note.*

"You make a great noise about a trifle; your father was much more polite."

M. de Talleyrand came to the ball this evening, and appeared to have been wounded in his descent from the window of his ladye-love, for he walked a little lame, although he took evident pains to conceal it.

Such things as this are almost incredible; and it is with great hesitation that I repeat them; but this event was publicly known, and even published in the public papers. How depraved is the present generation! God alone knows where all this will end.

11*th February*.—This morning there was to be a somnambulist at the duchess de Bourbon's; and as I take great interest in everything connected with mesmerism, I was also there at an early hour. M. de Puységur, who was the operator, made numerous experiments on the somnambulist, making her hold her arm extended for more than an hour, making her completely insensible, &c. This mesmeric trance is really most extraordinary; I have seen pins stuck into this girl's arm, as if it were a pincushion, and no blood flowed, and she appeared quite unconscious of what had been done. I felt rather ill, from the excess of the magnetic fluid, and went home, where I remained until near supper-time, when I went out to pay some visits;

and then went to sup with Madame de la Galasière. At supper we had the Countess Julia de Sérent, and the marchioness de Fleury. The latter is one of the gayest and wittiest women at court; it would be impossible that any one could experience a moment of *ennui* in her society, so delightful is her conversation, and so great her capability of drawing forth the intellectual powers of others. Her husband is heir to the duke de Fleury, who was nephew to the celebrated cardinal. This lady amused us very much this evening with the various anecdotes which she had either heard or invented.

She had a fitting companion in the countess de Sérent, who is a person of the highest merit. She is *dame de compagnie* to the duchess de Bourbon, since her presentation in '81, when her appearance made a great sensation at court. Her grace is very much attached to her. Her sister-in-law the baroness de Sérent, is also *dame de compagnie* to the duchess, and is not less gifted than the Countess Julia.

These ladies were both excellent performers in comedy, and often displayed their abilities at Petit Bourg, assisted M. de Vaudreuil, who has the reputation of being an excellent actor. The duchess de Bourbon is very fond of theatrical performances, and can take a part in them herself; I have never seen her perform.

12*th February.*—I have nothing to record of this day, but that I went to see a charming little comic opera called 'Annette et Lubin.' The subject is historical, and is taken from some work of Marmontel's.

13*th February.*—I went with the syndic Hoffet, to see an advocate, M. de la Rassière, and a procureur, about a lawsuit that my father had commenced against M. Munck; it is unnecessary to give any account of this affair, which could add no interest to these memoirs. This business finished, I went with the duchess to witness the reception of M. de Guibert, at the academy. There was an immense crowd: I saw Madame de Staël (Mdlle. Necker), wife of our ambassador to the Swedish court, in one of the galleries, accompanied by the marshals de Castries and de Ségur, Mesdames de Crillon and de Beauveau, and the count de Beauveau, an officer of the body guard. M. de Guibert made a long speech, into which he very adroitly slipped a compliment on Mdlle. Necker; on this occasion some person composed the following impromptu, which I must confess I do not fully understand:—

I'm a soldier fam'd in story,
Victory is my constant theme.
Battling hosts I've never seen,
But my name is known as Glory.
Hurrah! for Glory.

This irony I consider quite unmerited, as M. de

Guibert has served with great distinction in the seven-years' war, and has put into most successful practice the military tactics of the Prussians which his father learned during the eighteen months that he was prisoner in that country. M. de Guibert is a very handsome man, about forty-two years of age, and is a universal favourite in society. He has written a tragedy, 'Le Connétable de Bourbon,' and is in fact a universal genius, and has been successful in everything he attempted. His successes as a lover have added not a little to his laurels. Madame Necker used to say of him, "that he *almost* combined the qualities of Turenne, Rossonet, and Corneille." *

Since this gentleman's dispute with M. de Mesmel Durand, all Paris, women as well as men, have divided themselves into two parties, one for the 'Brilliant Style,' and the other for the 'Profound.' We now have 'Guibertistes' and 'Mesmel-Durandistes,' as we formerly had 'Gluckists' and 'Piccinists.'

M. de Guibert's discourse at the academy was really splendid, and a suitable reply was made to it by M. de St. Lambert, so celebrated for his amours with Madame de Chatelet, who had sacrificed Voltaire for him. After this lady's death he

* Madame de Villeneuve de Chenonceaux was his daughter.—*Editor's Note.*

became attached to another, and this connection was not less public than the former. People talk a geat deal of this learned and accomplished society, which sometimes continued its gallantries to an age when such things become ridiculous. What conduct for sensible Christians!

M. Ducis next read a poem on friendship which pleased me very much, though his original compositions are in general very mediocre. His reputation as a literary man rests principally on his translations or imitations of Shakespeare.

In the evening we went to see Mdlle. Rancourt perform Medea. She was really splendid in this character, and was most enthusiastically cheered until the curtain dropped, when she was again obliged to appear to receive the congratulations of the audience. A queen is the character in which she appears to most advantage, and which suits best with her noble and dignified style of acting. She dresses with great judgment, and is not a little indebted to her beauty for her great success. She was but sixteen when she first appeared on the stage (she is now a little over thirty), since when she has made wonderful progress in her art. The duchess of Bourbon patronizes her, and so does her majesty, who goes to the theatre every evening that this actress appears. Mdlle. Rancourt is very tall, and is rather severely spoken of on

account of a passion that she has for wearing man's attire.

14th February.—The weather was so terrible, that I was only able to pay one visit this day, and that was to Madame de la Croix, a lady who is very much esteemed both for her piety and benevolence. Her religious ideas are of a most exalted character, and free from all intolerance. Filled with a truly divine spirit, she only seeks to convert the wicked, or relieve the afflicted. She seems to exist but for the poor, on whom she lavishes her money; and when her own fails, does not hesitate to seek assistance for them from others, richer but less generous than she. She does not at all resemble ordinary devotees, who are generally serious or severe; but is gay and fond of society, though she is not very young, and her conversation is graceful and lively. She has been very beautiful, but hers was a beauty of a noble and imposing character, and her countenance expresses only goodness, honour, and frankness. Her religious opinions are somewhat singular, though she is neither a 'Martiniste,' a 'Lavateriste,' nor a 'Mesmeriste.'

I have heard of an act of mercy and goodness performed by this lady, which is the more wonderful as it was done under circumstances where charity is most frequently withheld. Madame A—,

a lady of a good but not an opulent family, married an officer, whose worldly possessions were not much greater than her own. A short time after their marriage, the husband was killed in battle, and left his wife no provision for herself and their infant daughter but the moderate pension to which she was entitled as an officer's widow. The poor lady retired entirely from society, and under an assumed name reared her child as an embroideress. The girl's talent for this employment was very great, and soon brought her into notice, particularly as she had invented a kind of embroidered *mantelle* that it was found impossible to imitate. Their humble home was now crowded with customers anxious to secure some of the girl's exquisite work; and the mother, fearful of being recognized, never appeared, but allowed the daughter to seem the sole manager of everything. Amongst others came Madame de Lacroix, who, struck by the appearance of the girl, made many inquiries of her, and seemed to take the greatest interest in her. Madame A—, who had known her formerly, and was well acquainted with the goodness of her heart, made herself known to her, certain that by doing so she was securing a friend to her child.

Madame de Lacroix was delighted, and determined to seek some means of raising the worthy

mother to a better position. Her good intentions were soon put to the test.

Amongst the many persons attracted to the house of Madame A— was a young nobleman, who had the reputation of having destroyed the character of several innocent and confiding girls. He ordered a great deal of embroidery, and came very frequently to admire either the work or the workwoman. The young girl, flattered by his attentions, soon became desperately in love; and as lovers are ever fertile in expedients, she soon found means to go out without her mother, and to meet her *inamorato*. At first these meetings were held in the street; but at length the young man induced the unsuspecting victim to meet him in a house where he said a friend of his resided. She went, was treated with the greatest kindness and respect; and occupied by her own happy thoughts, she did not perceive how the time passed until she at last found that it was too late for her to go home. She was obliged to consent to remain where she was for the night; supper was brought in; the girl eat; and the wine she drank was drugged by her heartless host. I need say no more. In the morning she woke to shame and remorse, and distracted at the idea of the anxiety that her absence must have caused her mother. But how could she ever meet that mother, whose

confidence she had betrayed, and whose happiness she had destroyed! No, home she could not go. But for misery there is ever a home in truly Christian and feminine breasts; and the poor girl, though sinking with guilt and disgrace, did not hesitate to seek the commiseration of Madame de Lacroix This lady was deeply touched by the sad event; and after doing what she could to console the wretched girl, she went first to tell the mother that her daughter was safe, and then to the palace where she told the whole story to the queen and Madame Elizabeth. She dilated on the bravery of the father, the noble devotion of the mother, the gentleness and innocence of the daughter, whose ignorance of the world had prevented her from seeing her danger. She told of the respectability of the family, and declared that if the queen would authorize the marriage of her *protégé* with the young man, that she would herself bestow a fortune on the bride." Her eloquent appeal was not thrown away upon her auditors. The queen interfered, and obtained the command of a regiment for the gentleman, on condition that he should marry Mdlle A—. He consented, and his family, won over by Madame de Lacroix, made no opposition. Thus was this tragic event brought to a happy conclusion, and, best of all, the mother was never made acquainted with her daughter's fall.

15*th February.*—We had a delightful dinner party at our house to-day, our guests were the margrave of Anspach, Messieurs de Diodati, de Baden, de Florian, Marmontel, and de la Harpe.

I think I have told before that the margrave d'Anspach Bareith was cousin-german to the princess of Montbéliard, it was therefore only natural that I should be honoured with the acquaintance of so near a relation of my dearest friends, and besides I had been very highly spoken of to him by Lady Craven, whose society I had found so delightful at Etupes. The margrave is rather singular in his manners, and has some strange expressions, probably acquired amongst actresses, of whose society he is very fond. He spoke of his uncle the Great Frederick, with what appeared to me an affectation of tenderness.

His mother was sister to Caroline, wife of George the Second of England, who was very much attached to her nephew, and who allowed a pension of seven thousand pounds sterling for his education. His wife, a princess of Saxe, could scarcely be said to have existed at all, as from her very birth her health had been so delicate that she was quite incapable of taking part in anything whatsoever. There must have been some organic malformation in her system, which thus prevented her ever

enjoying an hour's health, and so very uncomfortable a marriage, may be in some part an excuse for any irregularities there may have been in the margrave's married life; the advisers of such an alliance were much more to blame than he; in his general character he was good, and desirous of contributing to the happiness of others.

Count Diodati, minister to the duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, had a most *recherché* residence in the Rue de la Michodière, which was one of the sights of the day.

The baron de Baden, minister plenipotentiary to the landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, was satisfied with a more humble residence in Rue Poissonière, on one of the boulevards. The boulevards are becoming every day more frequented, and will be yet, I am certain, some of the most fashionable parts of Paris.

Though I have spoken before of M. de Florian, I know that every person acquainted with him, or his works, will pardon me if I introduce him here again. At fifteen he was page to the duke of Penthièvre, and when he became older, he was made gentleman in waiting, and captain in the duke's dragoon regiment. He is now that good prince's chief favourite and companion. He once composed an eclogue, entitled 'Ruth and Boaz,' which he sent to his patron, with a dedicatory

address, which concluded with this line in honour of the duchess of Chartres:—

Vous n'épousez pas Ruth, mais vous l'avez pour fille.

I have sufficiently described M. de la Harpe in the account of my journey with the countess du Nord. He had not become more agreeable to me since, but it would not have been prudent to fall out with this malicious man.

M. de Marmontel was something better, at least where literary rivals were not in question, and even for his ill will to them an excuse may be found, for he was constantly criticised and severely censured, and would naturally seek to retort, by bestowing on his competitors a small share of the punishment which was inflicted on himself with such an unsparing hand. I consider his works, in general, as tiresome and deficient in attraction. His conversation is heavy and pedantic, and much inferior to that of M. de la Harpe.

Notwithstanding all this, our dinner party was very pleasant;—the margrave was excellent company, and told us a variety of anecdotes, but somehow or other, Lady Craven was mentioned in every one of them.

"The good margrave," said M. de la Harpe, in a low tone of voice to me, "is always thinking of some actress or other."

The news of the day was, that a young M. de Castellane had lost more than a million at lasquenet and brelan.

"He is married," said M. de Baden, "and has several children."

"In that case, he is only the more blameable," said M. de Florian; "he had no right to ruin his wife and children. He will suffer severely for his folly."

"Bah!" said M. de la Harpe, "he can stake wife and child when everything else fails. Gamblers' hearts are made of stone, and not of that susceptible material that make some of ours so troublesome to their owners."

"Do you find yours troublesome, M. de la Harpe?" said the margrave, smiling.

"Monseigneur, the cavity in which it is placed is so large that it rolls about inconveniently."

"Ah! that is because the heart is too small."

"Monseigneur, it would have been larger, had it received proper nourishment!"

This reply touched us all, for it so delicately alluded to the speaker's solitary state, without parents or relations, and whose affections found no object but himself or the worldly friends he had gained by his own merit.

"But to return to M. de Castellane," said M. de Diodati, "I am told that he is a very weak-minded

man, and that his adversary took advantage of his imbecility, which certainly was conduct unworthy of a good player, or of an honest man."

"I can easily believe that was the case," said M. de la Harpe; "the laws which regulate gambling ought to be more stringent."

"I think the law of honour ought to be sufficient for gentlemen," said M. de Florian.

"Is it true, Monsieur de Florian," said M. de la Harpe, "that you are always thinking of your clowns?"

This sudden turn to the conversation appeared to me to be some malicious trick of La Harpe's, for he laid particular emphasis on the word "clowns," as if it were a reply to M. de Florian's "gentlemen," which word that gentleman had pronounced in rather a marked manner. Whatever M. de Florian thought, he showed no resentment, but answered very mildly, saying—

"Certainly, monsieur, I am always thinking of my clowns, and I hope soon to have the honour of showing you some of the effects of my reflections."

This answer appeased the critic

After dinner we received a great many visitors, and when all except Florian had departed, we went with that amiable poet first to the opera, and then to the duchess de Bourbon's. Here the conversation also turned on the unfortunate gambler,

M. de Castellane. The princess declared that she would not believe a word of the story.

"But, madam, everybody says 'tis true, and it has been even published in the papers. It would be impossible that it could have been invented."

"Why? Have the present generation entirely lost the power of invention?"

One thing is *certain*, that the real state of the case always remained uncertain for the public. I hope that the hero of the tale knew as little of it, and that his money is safe in his coffers.

CHAPTER VII.

Mdlle. de Condé—Dinner at the duchess de Bourbon's—Tea—Invisible fluxions—I go to Versailles—The countess de Marconnay—The duke de Villequier—His son—Madame de Matignon—The marchioness de Mailly—List of ladies presented in '86—Madame Helvetius and her cats—Clairval and Mdlle. Rosalie—The countess de Buffavent—Breakfast at the landgrave of Rothenberg's—French soldiers—Children's ball—Mdlle. Guimard—Madame de St. Prest.

12*th February.*—I HAD the honour of receiving a visit from Mdlle. de Condé. It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the extraordinary loveliness of this amiable princess, or of her refined and brilliant wit. Though so highly gifted with all that could win admiration in the world, she has determined never to marry, why I cannot say; but the duchess of Bourbon asserts that it must be that she is attached to some person of inferior rank, and that the hopelessness of her passion is the cause of her habitual air of dejection. I do not know whether this be true or not; but it is a fact that she suffers from some sad and melancholy feeling which she seems unable to overcome. She is extremely attached to her nephew, the duke

d'Enghien, who repays her love with affection and respect.

17*th February.*—This day, after having the honour of dining with the duchess de Bourbon, I went to visit the countess de Gondrecourt d'Aurigny, canoness of the chapter of Soulangy. She wears the cross of the chapter suspended from a blue ribbon flowered with black, and which is placed scarfwise from the right shoulder to the left side. With her was the viscountess de Gondrecourt, *née* de Lenoncourt, whose marriage would in itself be quite sufficient subject for a romance. I had visited this lady some years before at her country seat, St. Jean sur Moselle, where I was entertained with the greatest kindness and distinction. Her husband serves in the Polish guards.

After visiting the marchioness of Equevilly,* I went with Madame de Longuejoue to the 'Singe Vert,' to see some newly-invented piece of machinery. The crowd was very great, though few could understand what they went to see; at least I am certain that it was all a mystery to me.

18*th February.*—A new fashion had been just introduced here by some foreigners, that of drinking tea in the evening. We were invited this evening

* The marquis d'Equevilly was major in Condé's army, and has left a nephew, who was married to Mdlle. Forastière.—*Editor's Note.*

to the Princess Galitzin's, to partake of this new-fangled entertainment. Here I met all the Russian ladies, which was always a great pleasure to me, as I could speak to them of my dear grand-duchess, and hear the latest intelligence from Russia.

Before going to pay my respects to Mdlle de Condé and the duchess de Bourbon, I went to visit the duchess de la Vallière, with whom I found the "lady governor," Madame de Genlis, who was suffering, she told us, from an *invisible fluxion*. This was a malady that I never heard of before, and perhaps we are indebted to Madame de Genlis for the discovery.

"It is like love," said she; "it gives more pain the more it is concealed."

When she was gone, we could not help laughing a great deal at this strange simile, and a great many jests were made at its author's expense. Persons of great conceit or pretension are always certain of being turned into ridicule behind their backs; but perhaps they are satisfied when they make themselves remarkable, no matter at what expense. Madame de Genlis is certainly witty, clever, and even handsome; but she spoils all by her endeavours to appear superior to what she is. If she made fewer demands upon our admiration, she would receive a great deal more.

19*th February*.—I set out early for Versailles,

as I intended to pay my respects to their majesties. I first went to my constant friend Madame de Mackan, in whose apartments I went through the arduous undertaking of making a court toilet.

All being finished, I went first to the king, who, contrary to his usual custom, did me the honour of speaking to me. He asked me whether the princess de Montbéliard was yet consoled for the loss of her daughter, and in everything he said showed the greatest interest for this august family.

"I know, madame," said he, "that one cannot do you a greater kindness than to speak to you of your friends."

Her majesty received me with a smile, and a threatening motion of her fan.

"Ah, Madame d'Oberkirch," said she, "you have behaved very badly. You have been a long time in Paris, and yet this is the first time you come to see me. I will scold the duchess de Bourbon for it, because I know that it is she who monopolizes you."

There was a young lady (the countess de Marconnay) presented to-day, whose beauty attracted universal admiration. She was indeed one's beau-ideal of angelic loveliness and fairy-like grace. Half the gentlemen at court have fallen in love with her.

I saw M. de Villequier, who was still first gen-

tleman of the bedchamber. He has lost his second wife, Mademoiselle de Saint Brison. His son, who is but twenty-four years of age, has the reputation of being one of the greatest libertines at court.

I dined with Madame de Bombelles, with whom I had gone to court, and after dinner I sent a note of ceremony to the duchess de Polignac, and then went in person to pay my respects to Mesdames de Matignon and de Soucy. Madame de Matignon* is a very charming woman, and very *recherché* in her dress. She has given twenty-four thousand livres to Bailard, on condition that he will send her every morning a new head-dress.

I met at this lady's house the wife of the old Marshal de Mailly, who is a most lively, piquante, and coquettish person. She is a universal favourite, and her lively and playful manners have brought her into great favour with the queen, who, for the sake of her agreeable society, pardons her coquetry.

Here is a list of the ladies presented this year (86), and the date of their presentations:—

January 2.—The princess de Tarenta (lady of the palace).

* Her daughter, Anne Louisa de Goyon de Matignon, was married to the baron, who has since become duke de Montmorency.—*Editor's Note.*

January 18.—The countess de Marmier and the viscountess de Caraman.

January 29.—The countess Charles de Lameth.

January 31.—The baroness de Staël Holstein (wife to our ambassador in Sweden).

February 5.—Countess Hippolita de Chabrillant, the countess de Tourdonnet, and the marchioness de Chasteney.

February 19.—The baroness de Béthune and the countess de Marconnay.

March 13.—The countess de Villefort.

March 24.—The viscountess de Mory and the countess d'Ourche.

April 2.—The countess de Pluriers and the baroness de Saint Marsault.

April 23.—The duchess de Saulx Tavannes and the viscountess de Lort.

May 14.—The marchioness de Labourdonnaye and the countess de Beuil.

May 21.—The viscountess de Gand.

May 28.—The viscountess de Levis and the marchioness de Pimodan.

June 4.—The countess de Montliart.

June 21.—The marchioness de Beaumont de la Bonninière and the viscountess Louis de Ségur.

I did not learn the names of any others; besides presentations rarely take place in autumn, as the

nobles of the court are then in the country, and the court itself makes a tour.

I returned in the evening to Paris, accompanied by the count de Bone, who was a most agreeable companion.

20*th February.*—I went with the duchess de Bourbon to visit the porcelain manufactures of the duke d'Angoulême, where we were shown quantities of the most beautiful vases, dinner services, &c. As the duchess found herself a little unwell, she went home after this visit, and I went to dine with Madame de Dietrich. We had at dinner M. de Bernhold and the Baron d'Andlau, who made us laugh a great deal at an account which he gave us of a visit that he paid to Madame de Helvetius. This lady lives in a splendidly furnished house at Auteuil, where her chief occupation is attending to the wants of several beautiful Angora cats, which she has collected. As M. d'Andlau and a friend, by whom he was accompanied, entered her drawing-room, they were at first attracted by the unusual beauty of the decorations of the apartment, and next by its strange occupants. Madame Helvetius received them very politely, but in rather a singular manner, dividing her discourse between them and her favourites. I must give her own words, as M. d'Andlau repeated them to us.

"Gentlemen, I am very happy to see you—— What are you doing there, Courtois? you are annoying Marquise; come off that chair!—— Charmed, monsieur, to make your acquaintance ——Well, this is very bad, Aza is sick, and took medicine this morning."

"Madam?"——

"You are a fool" (this to a servant)——"Gentlemen, what lovely weather this is!——Not there, stupid; don't you see that Musette and her kittens will spring at you?"

All this time the baron and his friend are standing in the centre of the room, not seeing where they could take a seat, all being occupied by the feline companions of the lady of the house. These animals were all dressed in long robes of different colours, lined with fur, to preserve them from the cold; but however much this attire may have added to their comfort in one way, it considerably decreased it in another, for the poor creatures could not move with the freedom or ease that was natural to them. Some of them got off the chairs, and walked about with great dignity, giving the visitors an opportunity of admiring their flowing robes of embroidered satin. M. d'Andlau did not know how he would be able to restrain his merriment at this sight, when fortunately his attention was attracted by the door opening, and a servant

bringing in a tray, on which were were several dishes of delicate meats, such as wild-fowl, chicken, &c. These were divided between the cats, and there was the most terrible uproar and confusion until each was satisfied.

"I did not know where to sit," said M. d'Andlau, "for these fantastic-looking gentlemen spared nothing, greasing all the beautifully-covered chairs, and I was afraid that I might take my leave with the wing of a fowl hanging to my coat."

We were greatly amused by this story, and not we alone, for M. d'Andlau told it all through Paris.

In the evening I went with the duchess of Bourbon to hear 'Richard,' with whom I was delighted. The part of Antonia was very badly sustained by some new actress, whose defective acting made us very much regret Mademoiselle Rosalie, who excelled in this character, and who had retired from the stage about two years before. I remember an anecdote that I heard of this actress. She had once to perform with an actor for whom she had some ill-feeling, and to gratify her malice towards him she stuck pins in her sleeves in such a manner that the poor man was dreadfully lacerated. She was punished, however, for her waggery, for she was imprisoned for it for several days.

"It was his own fault," said she to the commissary; "why did he lean so heavily on me?"

20*th February.*—Madame de Longuejoue had invited us to breakfast, with several persons of our acquaintance and the countess de Buffevant, canoness of the chapter of Neuville, in Brescia, which is one of the noblest, if not one of the richest in France.

Madame de Buffevant has three brothers: the count de Buffevant, lieutenant-colonel of the Lorraine infantry; viscount Buffevant, married to Mdlle. de Chaumont de la Galisière, daughter of the governor of Alsace; and the chevalier de Buffevant, knight of the order of Malta, and field-marshal.

I took home some friends to dine, and went in the evening to see 'Zaïre' and 'Duprés and Perronnai.' This day was stupid enough.

22*nd February.*—We breakfasted with the margravine of Hesse-Rothenbourg, who was sister-in-law to the duchess of Bouillon, and of my dear princess Antoinette of Hesse.

She gave us a very interesting account of her brother, the prince of Hesse, who had been killed about two years before at Tiflis, fighting against the Persians. This prince was deeply attached to some lady, to whom he wrote a most eloquent and affecting letter, on the field of battle, immediately before engaging with the enemy. He was very

much regretted by the soldiers, as well as by his own family.

We dined with the duchess de Bourbon, and in the evening went with her to see Grétry's delightful opera, 'La fausse Magie,' and the 'Incendie du Havre.'

The 'Incendie' was a comic opera, written in honour of the soldiers of the 'Poitou' and 'Picardy' regiments, who had rendered almost superhuman assistance at a conflagration that had taken place at Havre, and who had refused the reward offered by the magistrates for their valuable services. This was not surprising in Frenchmen and soldiers.

23*rd February.*—The duchess de Bourbon, who was exceedingly kind and attentive to my daughter, and sought every means of amusing her, determined on giving a children's ball in her honour. This was because Mary had one day said before her grace —

"Ah! mamma, how happy you are to be able to go to a ball!"

"Would you like to dance too, my dear child?" said the princess; "I think we need not wait until you grow up to give you that pleasure; so I promise you that you shall go to a ball as well as mamma."

She kept her word, and had invited for this day a number of the children of her acquaintance: there was 'Mademoiselle' and her brothers, and

the duke d'Enghien, who, though older than the rest, did not assume any superiority over them. He is a charming boy. The other guests were the sons and daughters of noblemen in some way or other connected with her serene highness or her family.

These little people were most amusing; they were indeed a miniature imitation of the great world—the same rivalries, pretensions, and coquetries. It was astonishing to see the manner in which they looked at each other whilst they danced, quite with the air of people who wished to estimate the chances of their competitors. One child of six attracted the envy and attention of all the others; he was dressed in the newly-introduced English fashion, which made him truly ridiculous, I thought. He wore a coat of blue cloth, turn-down boots, and a coachman's wig, and walked about the room in the most awkward and uncomfortable manner. He wore no sword, which excited great contempt amongst his companions, who were continually asking, if he were a gentleman, and if he were, why he went without a sword.

They eat sweetmeats, danced and sung, from midday until nine in the evening, when they were taken home, delighted with the day's amusement. Nobody could be happier or prouder than Mary; the ball had been given entirely on her account,

and she had danced with the dukes of Enghien and Valois,—what more could she desire? The duchess had done everything to amuse her guests, and, indeed, appeared quite happy herself.

The idea of a children's ball was quite novel; no person but Madame de Genlis having yet ventured on giving one; and the duchess of Bourbon, anxious to find some occupation for her mind and affections, soon followed her example. But, unfortunately, her grace could never find anything that could supply the place of natural affection, though ever seeking it, in occupations of every kind, sometime grave and sometimes gay. May God in His mercy one day calm this excitable imagination, and satisfy this affectionate heart! There could have been but little sympathy between such a disposition and the careless gaiety of the duke of Bourbon.

24th February.—This morning I received a visit from the count of Montbéliard (I will tell who he is in another place) and from several persons on business, and in the evening we went to see Gluck's opera of 'Alceste.' This is really a delightful opera, although the music is not sufficiently varied. The attention of the audience was principally taken up by Mdlle. Guimard, who danced her celebrated 'pas de deux de Bacchante,' which was stupidly enough introduced into the opera.

This celebrated dancer was very much in debt, notwithstanding the immense sums that have been lavished on her, and intended putting up her house and furniture for sale by lottery. Her furniture was supposed to be worth five hundred thousand livres, without calculating a Chinese cabinet, of which the value is said to be beyond all calculation. This the actress intended to keep. It is said that not even Holland posseses anything of the kind so curious or so valuable; people go to see it as a wonder, as a miracle.

25*th February.*—I had to breakfast with me this morning, the baron de Sponn, president of the council of Alsace, married to Mdlle. de la Mothe; Messieurs de Buffevant, Gondrecourt, de Longejoue, d'Aumont, and de St. Prest. The latter gentleman is master of requests and honorary councillor to the Cour des Comptes: and, speaking of honour, reminds me of an unfortunate event that happened to the sister-in-law of M. de St. Prest, and in consequence of which she was confined in the convent of St. Michael, by order of the king. This was a great affliction to Madame de St. Prest, who would in some measure share in the disgrace of her thoughtless and guilty sister. M. de St. Prest, Brochet de St. Prest, has a brother who is called Brochet de Verigny; they are related to the Gondrecourt family, which is noble, and of

which there are two branches, one in Poitou, the other at Versailles. After breakfast I received a visit from the count de Hornberg, of whom, and of the count de Montbéliard, I shall give an account in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

How the principality of Montbéliard has passed into the possession of the elder branch—Duke Leopold Eberhard —Anne de Coligny — Strange education — Sabine de Hedwiger—Count de Sponeck—Baron de l'Espérance—His four daughters—Jealousy—Portraits—Mistresses—Separation—The counts of Coligny—The duke's second marriage—Public indignation—Singular marriage—Declaration of the magistrates—Mandate of the emperor—Rumours of intention to poison—Curious letter—Baron de Waldner's negotiations with the Parisian and Vienna courts—The duke's death—Letters-patent of the duke of Wurtemberg-Stuttgard — Count de Sponeck — The château de Montbéliard blockaded by general de Montigny—Letter to the emperor—Capitulation—The pretender retires into France — The counts de Sandersleben-Coligny—The barons de l'Espérance—Count de Hornberg—Romance to be written.

I MUST now, according to promise, explain who were the counts of Montbéliard and Hornberg, and what was my connexion with them. It is a long and important story, intimately connected with the history of one of the small states, and which, in my opinion, is quite as interesting as many imaginary tales. I have heard it from the very best authority, as my grandfather took an important part in the diplomatic relations resulting

from it, and as he has left behind him many documents connected with his mission.

I have told before how the principality of Montbéliard, which, in 1679, came under the authority of Leopold Eberhard de Wurtemberg, duke of Montbéliard, heir of the younger branch of the ducal house of Wurtemberg, at his death, in 1723, passed into the hands of the elder branch, as the deceased duke had no heir capable of succeeding him. This inheritance was the cause of great disputes and dissensions at the time, and was for a long while an important subject of discussion in every court in Europe.

I will now proceed to recount the whole affair, and it shall not be my fault should it appear almost too incredible or romantic.

Leopold Eberhard was the only son of George de Wurtemberg-Montbéliard and Anne de Coligny, who was descended from the illustrious house of Coligny, and of the daughter of the count de Bussy Rabatin, who, by a second marriage, became Madame de la Rivière, a lady who inherited her father's wit, and who made herself so celebrated by her scandalous lawsuit. Whether the Duke Leopold was really descended from this lady or not, I cannot say, as I have never been able to obtain any certainty about the matter; but there is one thing of which there is no doubt, and that is, that

some of Coligny's brave Huguenot blood flowed in the veins of this most eccentric man.

This duke, when a boy, was one of the most beautiful children imaginable, handsome and perfectly well made, and was idolized and petted to an extravagant degree by his mother. Like most children, he had an objection to apply himself to learning of any kind, and his too indulgent parent would not allow him to be constrained to do anything to which he had an objection; thus he attained the age of twelve without having learned to read or write.

After his mother's death his father took him in hand, and instead of getting him taught French or German (which he never knew grammatically), engaged a tutor who was only to teach him Arabic. This was a strange fancy, and may have had an important influence on the young man's future career.

The warm imagination of the young prince was excited by the glowing descriptions of Oriental tales, and with no sage friend to guide, he gave his unqualified approbation to the doctrines of the Koran concerning marriage. In this book he found an excuse and a qualification for that libertinism which disgraced his reign and caused so much scandal throughout Europe.

When Leopold Eberhard attained the age of eighteen he entered the emperor's service, and in a

short time after set out on his travels. In Silesia he became acquainted with a young lady of noble family, Anne Sabina de Hedwiger, whose beauty, though great, was the least of her attractions. Her character was noble, generous, and disinterested. The young prince became deeply enamoured, and the lady soon responded to his sentiments. The difference in their rank was the only obstacle to their union; but as the prince could not obtain Sabina's affection on any other terms but as his wife, they were married, but without his father's approbation. They remained abroad for several years, and had four children, two of whom only survived—a daughter, Leopoldine Eberhardine, and a son, George Leopold.

Anne Sabina de Hedwiger had three brothers; the eldest was a brave and distinguished officer, whose merit raised him to the rank of lieutenant-general in the Danish army; the second was captain in the Austrian service; and the third president of the regency of Montbéliard. When Leopold Eberhard succeeded his father, he requested the emperor to bestow on his wife and her brothers a rank proportioned to the position which they held, and his imperial majesty made the lady countess and her brothers counts of Sponeck, a title taken from a château dependent on the principality of Montbéliard.

The prince's father recognized his son's marriage, at least after the birth of an heir; and he and his family received permission to come to Montbéliard, where they arrived in 1698. This must have been a great happiness to Sabina; but she afterwards discovered that at that very moment commenced the bitter tragedy of her life. At their arrival in the prince's native province, they were visited by all the nobility of the place, and by every person whose position entitled them to the honour of paying their respects to the heir of the principality. Amongst others came a M. L'Espérance, son of a private soldier in the Austrian service, who by many fortunate circumstances had himself been raised to the rank of an officer, and who, when he had attained a better position in society, dropped his paternal name of Curie, and adopted the more propitious one of L'Espérance. This man was now old, and had four daughters, beautiful as Venus, and witty as beautiful. Knowing the father, the prince also became acquainted with the daughters, and his impressionable heart was by no means insensensible to their charms.

By their ignoble birth, which was publicly known at Montbéliard, these ladies were prevented visiting at the ducal palace; and as this deprived the prince in a great measure of their agreeable society, he was determined to smooth the way for their

admission. He possessed in an eminent degree the power of persuasion, and his imagination never failed when he wished to give a plausible appearance to any project. He wrote now to the emperor, dilating on the important services of M. L'Espérance, and suggesting that, as a suitable compensation, he should be named baron de L'Espérance. The emperor, thinking it very natural that the prince should interest himself in so valiant a subject, made no further inquiry, but granted the request; and thus M. l'Espérance became a baron, and his daughters baronesses, and fully entitled to appear at court.

This difficulty being overcome, the prince presented the newly-created baronesses to his wife, who, unconscious of her husband's motives, received the ladies with the greatest kindness, and soon found great pleasure in the society of women so well educated, and seemingly so gentle, graceful, and witty. The prince, delighted to find his wife so well pleased with his *friends*, proposed to her, that as she found so much pleasure in the society of the daughters of baron de l'Espérance, that she should give them appointments near her person, and thus secure the constant enjoyment of so delightful a companionship. Sabina, without suspecting the real cause of this proposal, but perhaps from some innate presentiment of future misery resulting from

it, refused; the prince insisted, and she, however unwilling, submitted to the wishes of her husband. The ladies were installed in various offices, and were so flattering in their attentions to their mistress, that she felt perfect confidence in them, and communicated her secret anxiety about her husband to their friendly and sympathising bosoms.

The four sisters, though alike in inclinations and projects, possessed each a distinct style of beauty. The eldest, Sebastienne, who was a widow, was a blonde, of a tall and majestic bearing, but soft and winning in her manners, and with a most alluring and languishing expression in her large blue eyes. It would be impossible from her appearance to suppose her capable of any but the gentlest and kindest feelings.

The second, Henrietta Edwiga, who was married to a Silesian gentleman named Sandersleben, was a brunette: lively, passionate almost to fury, jealous, dark, and the more dangerous, as even in her most violent moments, she never lost sight of her own interests, or was unconscious of the impression she produced.

The third, Elizabeth Charlotte, was a most charming and delightful little woman: lively, thoughtless, and extravagantly fond of pleasure; dancing or singing from morning until night, and without a single serious idea in her head.

Polixene, the fourth, was a miracle of female loveliness, and united in her single person the charms of her three sisters. She was as dignified as the elder, proud as the second, and lively and graceful as the third; besides which she possessed a highly-cultivated mind and talents of a first-rate order. It would be impossible to weary in her society, nor was there any temperament which she did not possess the power to please. I saw a portrait of this lady at Montbéliard, which was preserved as a curiosity, and which, though it exceeded all that I have ever seen of beauty, is said to be much inferior to the original.

The fair and stately Sebastienne was the first that won the heart of the prince, who conceived for her a most violent and unconquerable passion.

His wife, blinded by her confidence in these unworthy women, had often chosen them as bearers of expostulations to her husband; and who can tell what use they may have made of this circumstance, so favourable to their projects? One thing is only too well known, and it is, that the deceived lady made her entrée into the town of Montbéliard escorted by these birds of ill omen, these traitorous syrens, who assisted so largely in the moral degradation of the worthless Leopold Eberhard, that unworthy scion of a noble house.

But Sabina did not remain much longer in igno-

rance of the cause of her husband's estrangement. Shortly after her arrival at Montbéliard, the veil was torn from her eyes, and she found her greatest enemies in those to whom she had so often exposed all her cares and anxieties.

Whatever precautions the prince had taken to conceal his guilty passion from his wife, she now became acquainted with it in all its details; and, deeply wounded by the indignity of being obliged to shelter under her roof the mistress of her husband, she complained of the insult, but in that gentle manner that suited her retiring character. This had no effect; and she, unequal to active resistance, then sought to regain her husband's affection by submission, and yielding implicitly to his will.

All was useless; and Leopold, heedless of public opinion, bestowed upon his favourite the château of Seloncourt, with the office of *Maîtresse d'Hôtel* which was never before granted except to women of the highest rank.

Still wishing to make his wife's jealousy of Sebastienne appear unfounded, he transferred his public attentions to her youngest sister Polixene; but the game began in jest ended in earnest, for the susceptible heart of the prince soon became a victim to the superior attractions of Polixene. This amour did not last long, as this lady, who led

her lover to the wildest and most extravagant actions, died suddenly whilst preparing for a large ball. This, which would seem a warning from the Almighty, made no impression on the thoughtless man, who only sought for some other object on whom to bestow his now disengaged affections.

It may have been expected that he would return to Sabastienne; but no, when one enters on such a career of vice as his, ordinary laws or feelings lose their power, and each succeeding crime must possess more guilt than its predecessor, to tempt the satiated appetite. It would seem then in harmony with this principle, that the prince (or duke as he now was) chose for his mistress the second sister, Henrietta Edwiga, wife of M. de Sandersleben. This guilty connection was carried on for some time, unknown to the lady's husband; but at length his suspicions being excited, he made some inquiries, and becoming convinced of his dishonour, he separated from his wife, and left the duke's service.

The patience of the prince's wife (who only bore the title of countess of Sponeck) was at length exhausted, and she declared that she would no longer leave her apartments, or appear in the presence of a man whose intellect must have been injured, or at least whose moral feelings were totally destroyed by his Arabic studies. She

carried her threat into execution, retired to her own apartments, and tried to find in the society of religious and charitable persons that fortitude necessary to her afflicted state.

She lived in this retired manner for some time, and no way interfering with the duke, until one day, irritated by a visit from his mistress, she asserted her dignity, dismissed her ignominiously from her presence, and demanded a formal separation from her husband. The duke consented, only too well pleased to be entirely rid of a person whose existence even was a restraint upon him.

He settled on the injured lady the revenues and château of Héricourt for life; and in 1709 she retired thither with her children. Her departure from her husband's palace resembled a triumph more than anything else; all the young nobles of the court escorted her on horseback, and the prince of Wurtemberg-Oels joined the cortège, to the great annoyance of Sabina's *enemies*, and above all to Henrietta Edwiga, whose rage was unbounded.

This separation did not bring good fortune to the duke, for very soon after his mistress, Henrietta Edwiga, wife of M. de Sandersleben, died, leaving after her several children, two of whom had been born since she left her husband.

This second death seemed to make some im-

pression on the duke: he appeared, at least for a while, to look more seriously to his affairs; and one result of this was, that he made a respectable provision for the children of Madame de Sandersleben, without making any distinction, except a slight one in name, between those which belonged to himself, and those which belonged to the husband. He bestowed on them the comté of Coligny, which he inherited from his mother, and several fiefs and domains in the principality of Montbéliard, and authorised them to assume the name and arms of Coligny, his own children being called de l'Espérance Coligny, and the others Sandersleben Coligny.

This affair concluded, the duke was in need of other occupation, and where could such a man find more suitable employment than in paying his court to the fourth sister, Elizabeth Charlotte? This disgraceful story resembles in some degree the shameful connection of Louis XV. with the Mdlles. de Mesliquin, who, to the dishonour of their ancient name, were one after the other mistresses to this weak and immoral king.

After some years of guilty intercourse with the duke, Elizabeth Charlotte demanded that he should annul his marriage with his wife, and marry herself. This the bad man consented to do; and on the 6th October 1714, his first marriage was

annulled, and on the 15th August, 1718, he was married (but not with the formalities due to his rank) to Elizabeth Charlotte de l'Espérance, by whom he had seven children, five before marriage, and two after.

The public indignation was greatly excited by this new scandal; and it was debated at the general diet of the empire, whether he should not be deposed, but for some political reasons this went no further.

But still stranger things were done by this infatuated prince; he married the daughter of his first marriage, Leopoldine Eberhardine, to Charles de Sandersleben Coligny, and his son George Leopold, who was considered his heir, to Elenora Charlotte de Sandersleben Coligny, thus uniting his own children with those of M. de Sandersleben. Of course, their mother refused her consent to these marriages, but that did not prevent their taking place.

This excited dreadful horror in the public mind; some absolutely believing that he had married the brother to the sister. This however could not be the case, as the birth of M. de Sandersleben's children was anterior to their mother's connection with the duke. The case was sufficiently revolting, without adding to it a crime so frightful.

Popular indignation could no longer bear such things in silence, and several deputations from the citizens waited on the duke, and remonstrated with him, but in vain: he was too old in iniquity to be easily turned from his course. The magistrates then assembled at Montbéliard, and unanimously declared that no child of the duke's should succed him except those born in lawful wedlock.

This declaration, which excluded not only the Colignies, but also the children of the second wife born before marriage, caused great discontent among the interested parties, and arrangements of every kind were commenced to seek to annul this disagreeable decision.

But worse was to come, and this new blow was, I think, a little too severe for the innocent children. The magistrates of Montbéliard had made a very rational and just decision, and one which might have saved much disturbance after the duke's death, but in my opinion the emperor's fiat was harsher than was necessary.

He issued an edict on the 8th of November 1721, by which he forbade the inhabitants of Montbéliard to acknowledge any of the children of Leopold Eberhard, and declared that he should be succeeded by the branch of Wurtemberg-Stuttgard. It is true that the domestic arrangements of the Wurtemberg family, as well as the laws of the

empire, had rendered George Leopold's succession a very doubtful matter, first, because of the unequal rank of his parents, which in some measure illegitimatised his birth, and secondly, because, that in 1715, when the duke's hatred for his first wife was at its height, and in order to afflict her, he signed at Wilsbad a treaty relative to the succession of Montbéliard, by which he recognised the right of succession in the elder branch of Wurtemberg-Stuttgard.

Afterwards, when his eldest son had conciliated him by marrying as he wished, and when he had other legitimate children in his second marriage, he seemed anxious to assist his children in their exertions to annul this treaty.

About this same time there was a suspicion that Charlotte Elizabeth and her eldest sister, Sebastienne (she who had been the duke's first mistress), were determined to poison the elder son, in order that the children of the second marriage might have a better chance of succeeding. Amongst my grandfather's papers was found a very curious letter relative to this business. The letter has no signature, but is addressed to my grandfather, and I think it was written by the count de Sponeck, brother to the unfortunate Sabina: its style is rather conventional, and it was originally written partly in French, partly in German.

"Monsieur le Baron,

"In compliance with your wish, I will now proceed to give you an account of my two visits, and of their consequence. I have no longer any doubt on the subject of which we were speaking when last I had the honour of seeing you, and I think that when you hear what I have to tell, that you will agree in my opinion. I will begin with my visit to the château d'Héricourt, where I found its dear mistress, sad and mournful as usual, but free from all present anxiety. On the contrary, she seemed rather to hope that to her son would be now assured his paternal inheritance, and he should be hereafter the just sovereign of happy subjects. For herself she has no ambition, but she would wish to secure to her child that happiness of which she had been so cruelly deprived. She told me all her projects, her hopes, indeed her firm conviction, that her son would attain a brilliant place in history, and by his justice and noble deeds wipe out the stains that have dulled his father's fame. I asked where was George, this beloved son, and she replied to me, calmly,

"'He is gone to thank his father for his late kindness, and to seek to become more worthy of his goodness by affection and obedience.'

"I trembled when I remembered what I had

heard, but did not in any way show my anxiety, which after all may have had no real foundation, but continuing my inquiries, I asked where the duke was now, and whether she knew if he were at Montbéliard. I knew very well where he was, and only affected ignorance that my advice might have the more weight.

"'He is at Seloncourt with the Baroness Sebastienne de l'Espérance,' said she, becoming pale as she mentioned the name of that abominable woman.

"'And is your son George there too?'

"'Yes, he is there too, and treated with the greatest kindness and attention.'

"'Do you intend to recal him?'

"'Recal him! why should I?' and she seemed to become disturbed.

"'In your place,' said I, without appearing to have heard her question, 'I would send for him.'

"'You have heard some bad news,' said she, 'Oh! tell we what new misfortune threatens me.'

"'No greater misfortune than to see your son very soon, if you will tell me to go and bring him back to you.'

"'Ah! major, you should not speak thus without cause; explain yourself, I beg—I command you.'

"'My dear friend I have no explanation to give. You know what kind of life they lead at Selon-

court, and what bad example it would be for a young man.'

" ' You are right. George must come back.'

" She immediately commenced writing the letter that was to recal her son, and seemed even more impatient than I; so much so that she begged me to set off next morning as early as possible; and you may rest assured that I did not require to be pressed.

" I came down on Seloncourt like a cannon shot, and produced such an effect on the two ladies, that neither could speak a work for some moments. The duke was absent, but Prince George was there. I was shown into a room where a table was laid out with meats, wines, and delicious fruits. The two sisters were sitting here, magnificently dressed, and surrounded by some of their female friends; the children were running about. The embarrassment, or, I should rather say, the anxiety, of the ladies was evident, and the Baroness Sebastienne advanced towards me with an arrogant air, which she with great difficulty sustained, and said:

" ' May I ask what business brings you here, count?'

" ' Is the duke at Seloncourt, baroness?'

" ' No, monsieur; but, as you see, we expect him every moment.'

" ' The duke will sup here, then?'

"'I had the honour of saying so to you before.'

"'I will wait for him, then.'

"This decision seemed to increase the embarrassment of the ladies, who commenced speaking together in a loud voice; and, after a little while, the Baroness Charlotte said,

"'Perhaps, monsieur, the duke would not return soon.'

"'I hope, madame, that I do not inconvenience you,' said I, with a smile.

"'Certainly not, monsieur, but if you would have the goodness to tell—'

"'My business with the duke? Oh! I only come for Count George; his mother has sent me for him.'

"The two serpents looked at each other in surprise, and their embarrassment would have been pitiable, if one had not known their intentions. I watched every movement, which seemed to increase their annoyance.

"'But, monsieur—Count George—it was arranged—the duke would not—could——'

"'His highness certainly will not refuse a mother's request.'

"The severe tone in which I pronounced these words seemed to have an effect on the ladies, who, however, did not reply a single word. There were, now, servants constantly coming into the room,

bringing dishes, removing bottles, whilst the two sisters sat conversing together in an under tone. I watched every thing, and felt a malicious pleasure in witnessing their embarrassment, and the annoyance it would be to them to bear with my presence whilst supper was being prepared, and of which they could not have the impertinence not to ask me to partake. They with difficulty drawled forth a kind of invitation, saying,—'If Monsieur would have the goodness—' and, with a gesture, pointed out a servant who was presenting me with a plate. I made a movement of thanks in reply, but did not utter a word, except when I spoke in an under voice to Count George. The company were all silent; it would seem as if an atmosphere of ice had enveloped everybody, so cold was the sensation excited by this universal restraint. The sisters retired into the deep embrasure of a window and conversed together in Polish, not knowing that I knew a little of that language. I heard a few phrases. Sebastienne said:

"'You see that they suspect; we must give it up.'

"'That may appear very simple to you,' said the sister, 'but I am resolved, and it shall be done.'

"I was shocked and almost alarmed by the ferocious expression of the younger sister's usually

smiling countenance as she pronounced these words; but the baroness came towards me and said,

"'As you will not accept of our hospitality, it would be impolite to detain you any longer; you may, therefore, take Count George with you, as soon as you please, and I will answer for it to the duke, as I feel anxious to be agreeable to Madame de Sponeck, and would wish to remove the impression that calumniators have given her of me.'

"'No person has calumniated you to the countess, madame; what she has learned of you has been only from yourself.'

"I then called the young count, and making a very slight bow to the ladies, took my leave, and went to a village inn, where we spent the night with more confidence than I at least would have felt under the more stately roof of Seloncourt. These wicked women are capable of any crime, particularly when it would smooth the path to a throne.

"These, baron, are the details I promised you, which, as you see, confirm public rumour and our private information; but I hope that, with the assistance of God, we shall be able to avert this danger."

This rumour of an intention to poison Count George was very general, and it may have been

that his life was only saved by the emperor's edict cutting off the succession. My grandfather, M. de Waldner, took great interest in the countess de Sponeck, and consequently in the interests of her son, and he often profited of the influence which his qualities as a diplomatist and as a statesman gave him over the mind of Leopold Eberhard, to serve them both.

This edict of the Emperor Charles VI. only confirmed the treaty which had been made by Leopold Eberhard himself, with this difference, that the duke's children were now forbidden to assume the name or arms of Wurtemberg. But besides the principality of Montbéliard, the duke possessed several fiefs dependent on the French crown, that is to say, the seigneuries of Blamont, Passavent, Clerval, Desgranges, Héricourt, Châtelet et Clermont in Franche Comté, besides the comtés of Hornberg and Riquivère in Alsace, to which, as French laws take no notice of unequal marriages, his son Count George was fully entitled to succeed.

On the 28th April 1720, Leopold Eberhard set out for Paris, accompanied by M. de Coligny and the baron de Waldner (chancellor to the prince of Birkenfeld), to secure to the duke's children the possessions which his highness held under the French crown. My grandfather took particular

interest in the eldest son, George count de Sponeck, and for his sake went two years after to Vienna, to solicit the revocation of the imperial mandate which forbad his inheriting his father's principality. But all his efforts were fruitless, and after eight months of incessant exertion, he returned sad and disappointed to Montbéliard.

In the beginning of the year 1723 Leopold Eberhard gave a great ball, at which were assembled all his children, natural or adopted: but in the midst of the amusements the duke fell lifeless to the ground, in a sudden and unexpected fit of apoplexy. The unfortunate man never entirely recovered his senses, but lay half lifeless on his bed for three weeks, at the end of which time he died, after getting a second attack. His first wife, the countess de Sponeck hastened to his bedside the moment she heard of his illness, and by her care and affection to this unworthy husband, added additional lustre to her virtuous and estimable character. No person opposed her attendance on the duke, for the guilty women who had been the cause of all her sorrows thought only of securing what they could for themselves, and left to the injured wife the entire charge of her almost lifeless husband. The prince was buried privately, and without pomp, as it was feared that the people, who detested him, might insult his remains.

Immediately on receiving the intelligence of this prince's illness, the duke of Wurtemberg-Stuttgard addressed letters-patent to all the vassals and subjects of the principality of Montbéliard, calling on them to recognize him as their legal sovereign, after the death of Leopold Eberhard. On receipt of these letters, the three representative bodies of the *bourgeoise* of Montbéliard assembled to consider what course they should adopt. Some, though very few, spoke in favour of the count de Sponeck, but his pretensions were overlooked by the majority, who considered the marriage of his parents (a morganatique or left-handed marriage) as an impassable barrier to his succession.

The day after his father's death, the count de Sponeck repaired to the town-hall, and called upon the citizens to acknowledge him as their sovereign; but he was not received with much enthusiasm. It was my grandfather who had advised him to this proceeding; not that he expected that the young man's appeal would be successful, but that he considered it due to his pretensions thus to assert his right. The poor mother received her son at his return, with great grief and anguish.

"Ah! my beloved child," said she, "it is I who am your greatest enemy. Had you a mother of higher rank, you would be now honoured and powerful."

The poor lady was mistaken; it was the father's wickedness, and not the mother's inferior birth, that injured the prospects of the son. The citizens expressed their regret to the count de Sponeck at being obliged to put aside his pretensions; but declared, that no son of Leopold Eberhard should ever rule over them. This, however, did not prevent the count's publishing a command to the subjects of Montbéliard to be faithful to him; but it had no effect; for the very next day, they took the oath of allegiance to the duke of Wurtemberg-Stuttgard, in the person of his envoy, the count de Gravenitz.

The count de Sponeck was determined not to yield, and published a new command forbidding the people to obey either the duke or his agents. All useless trouble; for the count de Gravenitz, M. de Negandenck, and M. de Georgie, envoys of the duke, entered the city, and took possession of the fortifications; whilst General Montigny, at the head of some peasants, besieged the castle of Montbéliard, in which was the heir and family of the late duke.

Meanwhile the countess de Sponeck had not been idle; she visited all the municipal authorities, and worked upon them so much by her promises, and moved them so much by her maternal tenderness, that they promised to remain neuter until

they should receive instructions from the emperor as to what sovereign they should accept.

This was a great deal, but it was not sufficient; the emperor should now be spoken to: and the poor mother, distracted between anxiety for her son, besieged in the castle of Montbéliard, and the necessity of pleading her own cause before his imperial majesty, knew not what to do. Anxiety for her child prevailed; she remained at Montbéliard, and wrote the following letter, which she sent to the emperor by a faithful messenger:

"I fling myself at your majesty's feet, and implore you to forget my insignificance, and have pity on the son of Leopold Eberhard. He is a Wurtemberg; and his claims to his father's dukedom are too great to be set aside. If I am the obstacle to the success of his cause, I here solemnly pledge myself to leave him, and never, never to appear at his court; and even should I die of grief far away from my child, I will never complain if the emperor will deign to consider the justness of his cause, and not treat my son as he would the child of an adulterous union."

This letter was unheeded; perhaps it arrived too late; for the emperor declared, that the children of Leopold Eberhard should not succeed even to his allodial possessions.

General de Montigny now called upon the count

de Sponeck to surrender the castle of Montbéliard, but the young man refused, and was determined not to yield what he considered his just inheritance, but with his life. His mother begged him to submit, as there was now no longer any hopes of success: and the Colignys, whose cause was one with his, and who had all along supported him, now advised him to capitulate. The poor count, finding himself abandoned by all, and betrayed by some, made, at length, an honourable capitulation, left the castle, and set out for Alsace, accompanied by the youngest of the Colignys (Ferdinand Eberhard). A troop of cavalry escorted them to the frontier.

The duke's second wife, Elizabeth Charlotte de l'Espérance, went to Clerval with her children; and the emperor gave the last blow to their hopes, by an edict which enjoined all the subjects of the principality of Montbéliard to take an oath of allegiance to the duke of Wurtemberg-Stuttgard, and acknowledge him as their only legal sovereign.

Thus passed the inheritance of the younger branch of Wurtemberg into the possession of the elder, the Wurtemberg-Stuttgard.

The Pretender, who in Germany was called the count de Sponeck, went into France, where he assumed the title of count de Montbéliard; and his arms were those of Wurtemberg, quartered

with those of Montbéliard. The Montbéliard quarterings were a field azure, with two bars addorsed *or*.

In 1723 Louis XV. put the French possessions of the late duke in sequestration, and they were only given into the possession of his heirs in 1748, in virtue of a treaty by which the house of Wurtemberg recognized his right as suzerain over these seigneuries.

The countess de Montbéliard became lady of honour to the queen of Poland, wife of king Stanislaus, and both she and her husband became Catholics in 1731. The count died in 1749, in consequence of the overturning of his carriage, as he drove from Paris to Versailles, and his wife survived him but three years. They left two daughters and one son, George, count of Montbéliard, he who came to visit me, and who was the cause of this long digression.

The count de Coligny Sandersleben, the adopted son and son-in-law of Leopold Eberhard, was obliged to shut up his wife (sister to the count de Montbéliard), as she had lost her reason a few years after their marriage. They had five children, two daughters and three sons, Leopold Ulric, Charles Ferdinand, and Frederic Eugene, who are all very likely to perpetuate the name of Coligny.

Elizabeth Charlotte de l'Espérance, second wife

of Leopold Eberhard, died at Ostheim, at the age of fifty-one, long before my birth. Her sons, in consideration of a pension of fourteen thousand florins from the duke of Wurtemberg, and permission to retain the French seigneuries, resigned formally all right or pretensions to the name or arms of Montbéliard. This treaty was made through the mediation of the Emperor Francis I. in 1758, and was ratified by him in 1761.

After this the eldest son took the title of count de Hornberg. The second, Charles Ferdinand, lost his reason, and died at Gratz, in Styria, in 1760. The third has been for several years brigadier in the royal army.

Thus, thanks to the good offices of my grandfather, I was always on good terms with this branch of the family, which, however, never lessened the kindness of the reigning branch either to me or my family. This is rather a strange history of Duke Leopold Eberhard, and I often think that I should have made it the subject of a romance, had I talent enough to write one. I said once to the duchess de Bourbon that I would tell it to Madame de Genlis, but her grace said that Madame de Genlis was much too virtuous to write on such a subject.

CHAPTER IX.

Baron de Waldner de Sierentz—A young navy officer—Panurge—The duchess de Bourbon at the *bal d'opéra*—M. de Florian and his 'Bon Fils'—The queen's ball—Dinner *en Chine*—Madame de Blos and the cutlets—Mdlle. de Domsdorff—Mdlle. Martin's rouge—The baillie de Suffren—The duke de Crillon—Mahon—Lord Hampden—An adventure in India—The Sorrans and the Serents—M. Douet—Presentation of Madame de Staël—'Le Premier Navigateur'—M. de St. Priest—Mdlle. Dugazon—A robber's presence of mind—Molé and Mdlle. Contat—The countess de la Massais—The marchioness de Livry and Madame de Genlis.

26*th February.*—M. DE WALDNER DE SIERENTZ, head of the younger branch of our family, came to visit me this morning, which reminds me of a very amusing anecdote of his son, Clovis de Waldner. It is so very amusing that I cannot refrain from laughing whenever I think of it.

This young man had entered the navy, rather a singular taste for an inhabitant of Alsace, a country so far from the sea; but however it was acquired, his greatest ambition was to rival the fame of Jean Bart and of the Suffrens. He was a good, strong, tall boy, reared in the country, and most religiously preserving his Alsatian accent, which, I confess,

with all humility, is not by any means agreeable. I have had the happiness to be preserved from it myself, and have always taken care that my daughter should not acquire it, and have happily succeeded, for she speaks French and German with equal purity.

But to return to my cousin; he was a very brave, daring young man, what one may call a *good fellow*, but had a most unfortunate habit of cursing. This was a great amusement to his young companions, who were constantly playing pranks on him, that in his excitement he might pour forth a volley of curses, which were scarcely intelligible, from his Alsatian habit of pronouncing P like B, and V like F. His ship was at one time sent to Newfoundland, where the service was very severe and the heat overpowering. For some reason or other it was necessary that a small boat should be constantly on the water, commanded in turn by one of the younger officers. It was once my cousin's turn to take this command by night, and his comrades, determining to seize this opportunity of tormenting him, put some broken eggs inside the lining of his cap, as it lay in his cabin. When he received his orders from the commanding officer, he ran down, took his cap, put it on his head in too great hurry to perceive what it contained. When he had been some time in the boat,

the eggs began streaming slowly down his forehead and cheeks, and the poor boy thought that it was the extreme heat of the weather that made him perspire, and began pouring forth oath after oath. At length day appeared, and the sailors gazed in amazement at the countenance of their officer, covered over with a yellow gum, but respect or fear prevented them from making any remark. Their mission fulfilled, the boat returned to the ship, and our hero ascended the deck amidst the admiring cheers of his companions, who came towards him with a mirror, and showed him the ridiculous figure he made. He swore, and his friends laughed until they were tired, and then very kindly helped their victim to remove the unctuous matter from his face and hair. The poor fellow was good-natured, and his first anger over, joined in the merriment of his waggish friends.

The duchess of Bourbon did us the honour of inviting us to dinner, and of taking us in the evening to the opera, The performance was 'Panurge dans l'isle des Lanternes,' a very entertaining spectacle from the variety and richness of the decorations and costumes. The dancing was excellent, Vestris and Gardel seemed vying with each other; and, on the whole, I think the opera was indebted to its success more to the accessories than to its own intrinsic merits. This, of course,

was not allowed to pass unnoticed by the satirical audience, and we soon had all kinds of puns and lampoons upon it; one represented Panurge flung from a window, and was only saved from coming to the ground by *balais* (brooms) (ballets) held by Vestris and Gardel. We had verses also, of which I copy the following:

Voyez à quoi tient un succès,
Un rien peut élever, comme un rien peut abattre
Blanchard était perdu sans le pas de Calais,
Et Morel sans le pas de quatre.

This was an allusion to Blanchard, the aëronaut, who had been blown across the straits of Dover (Pas de Calais) the year before, and landed safely on the shores of France.

After supper we went to the *bal d'opéra*, where the princess was very much amused, and I very much wearied, for I took very little interest in such places; but she had come there with the intention of playing a trick upon her brother, the duke of Orleans, and was in great spirits at her success. She took an opportunity of drawing him into conversation (and he was not unwilling, thinking that the masked lady was a stranger), and rallied him very severely on his habits and peculiarities; indeed, she went so far that I was astonished at her courage and his forbearance. When the moment of departure arrived, we found it very

difficult to get rid of our gentleman, who seemed quite fascinated by the severe treatment that he received; but we at length succeeded in bidding him good night.

"You may go now," said he, "but you may be assured that I shall meet you again."

"There is no doubt of that," replied his sister in her natural voice. He struck his forehead, and turned away muttering an oath. The duchess was delighted.

In looking over these notes I perceive that I omitted to say how M. de Florian dined with us on the 25th, and that after dinner he read to us his 'Bon Fils,' a production full of interest and beauty. It was so very pathetic that we could not refrain from tears as he read. Florian is himself so tender hearted, so good, and, at the same time, has so penetrating a judgment, that his descriptions are ever true to nature, and his every expression finds a response in the breasts of his readers.

In the evening I told her fortune to the duchess, who declared that I concealed what was disagreeable, and said that we should go through it again some other evening; the duchess of Orleans also wished to share in it, but she was obliged to wait for another occasion.

27*th February.*—There was to be a great ball given this evening by the queen, and as my

presentation gave me a right to be present at it, I set off for Versailles at five o'clock, accompanied by the baroness d'Andlau, Schneider, and my ball dress. This was expected to be a most magnificent fête, and I had made myself as fine as possible. I entered the ball-room accompanied by Madame de Bombelles, and was almost dazzled by the brilliancy and richness of the decorations. The queen looked more beautiful than ever, and wore on her head an aigrette of brilliants of inestimable value. There was present a great number of young and lovely women, and amongst them a German princess, a relation of her majesty, and very like her, except being younger, which I certainly did not consider a disadvantage. We went through the rooms looking at the dancers, and admiring their beauty and *recherché* dresses; but it was little pleasure to look on at the gaming table, where so many thoughtless people were losing their money. What a horrible infatuation is this passion for play!

It was half-past three in the morning when we returned to Paris, and the procession of carriages along the road must have had a strange effect, each with torches blazing before and behind; it would have seemed to any person unacquainted with the truth like a troop of phantoms risen from their graves.

28th February.—After having dined at home *en Chine* (to use an expression of the duchess of Bourbon, who used to call us Chinese from the name of our hôtel), we went to see 'La Caravane,' an opera of Grétry's in three acts. This is of the same character as 'Panurge,' the music and words bad, but the costumes, dancing, and decorations sufficient to attract all France. "It is wearisome, but amusing," said the duchess, which was exactly what it was.

After the opera, we visited the duchesses of Orleans and de la Vallière, and then went to the Palais Royal, where we met Madame de Fleury, whom I thought this evening handsomer, gayer, and wittier than ever. She was amusing herself with Madame de Blos, a lady who affected the most ethereal temperament, and could scarcely ever eat, and when she did, it was only of the most refined and delicate viands. Madame de Fleury declared that she had found her in her boudoir, devouring pork cutlets, but this the lady most indignantly denied.

"They were pork cutlets, madame; did not I see the bones?"

"Oh! madame, do not utter such a word, or I shall faint."

"The word offends you, madame, but the cutlets —how did you eat them?"

We all laughed; Madame de Blos was inconsolable, for she would not, for the world, be considered anything more substantial than a fairy, or some being of ethereal essence, whose refined nature needed no more substantial food than dew or ambrosia. This was very ridiculous, but she was otherwise a very agreeable woman, and had one of the handsomest faces I ever saw.

1*st March.*—I first went to visit Madame de Hornberg, and then to dine with the duchess de Bourbon. At my return home, I was agreeably surprised at finding before me there, Mdlle. de Dormsdorff, a lady whom I esteem very much. With what pleasure I fled to meet her, and how long we sat together, talking of dear Montbéliard. She was prettier than ever, and was most gracefully and exquisitely dressed. She spoke very little of M. de Wargemont, but I knew, from my correspondents, of their romantic attachment. There is no obstacle to their marriage, but they are both so romantically inclined that a smooth path to happiness would have no charms for them; and they are constantly raising up fresh difficulties, that they may have the pleasure of overcoming them. They are refined and sensitive, but not passionate lovers, and Mdlle. de Dormsdorff possesses all the qualities necessary for a heroine of a romance in six volumes. We went out together,

and took my daughter with us; we went first to Sikes', which is still the most fashionable rendezvous, and then drove to Mdlle. Martin's, to buy some rouge. The princess de Montbéliard buys sufficient for her entire court. Mdlle. Martin, who is patronised by the queen, and all the female sovereigns of Europe, is the most fashionable dispenser of rouge now at Paris; there is something really superior in her rouge, but one must pay for it. The smallest pot she sells costs a louis, and one a little more ornamented than usual costs from sixty to eighty livres. She has permission to have pots made for her especial service at Sèvres; but these she will only give to queens, and will refuse them even to duchesses. We were greatly amused by the airs of importance she assumes.

2nd March.—My daughter and I made part of a delightful dinner party at general de Wurmser's; and it is only necessary to mention the names of the other guests to give an idea of how pleasant we must have been; they were, the baillie de Suffren, the duke of Crillon, Lord Hampden, M. de Dietrich, and M. de Bernhold.

The illustrious baillie de Suffren, whom victory has so often crowned, is one of the greatest men of which France can boast. He was, about this time, sixty years of age, and spoke with a provincial accent, being a native of St. Tropez. He has

been enjoying the pleasures of repose since the Peace of Versailles, in 1783, to which his past fatigues fully entitle him. He commanded a squadron in the Indian Ocean, and conquered the English there, both by sea and land; conquered Megatapane and Trinquemale, and afterwards, by his personal exertions, saved his own fleet and the town of Gondilour. These verses were written for him:

On India's sultry plains, in valour's might prepared,
'Gainst haughty England's host, foes he esteemed and dared;
Four times the hero fought, four times was conqueror crowned.
Through Holland, France, and India's self, his name is still renowned.

His exploits have not been unrewarded: he has a revenue of three hundred thousand livres, arising from his prize money, and presents given him by the kings of India, besides ninety thousand livres yearly, from his appointment of vice-admiral, his pensions, &c.

But his fame outweighs his wealth. At his return from India he was received with the greatest honour at court. The queen, herself, presented him to the dauphin, on whose memory she wished to impress the name of this great hero.

Monsieur embraced him; the countess d'Artois came to meet him, although she was ill; and the

duke d'Augoulême said, as he presented him the book he had been reading as he entered:

"You could not have come more opportunely, monsieur. I have just been reading Plutarch, the historian of your compeers."

This gentleman has a nephew, the count de St. Tropez, who is married to Mdlle. de Choiseul-Meuse.

The duke de Crillon is captain-general, and grand d'Espagne since 1782. He has been married three times. His last wife was a Spinoza; she has one son, aged eleven years.

The son of the duke's first marriage, marquis de Crillon, is field-marshal, and knight of the golden fleece. He is a widower since 1784.

The son of the second marriage bore first the title of count de Crillon, and afterwards that of duke; he is also field-marshal. He is married to Mdlle. de Tondaine, a creole from St. Domingo, and has distinguished himself at the sieges of Mahon and Gibraltar; in reward of which his estate of Bouffiers has been constituted a duchy.

Lord Hampden is the great-grandson of John Hampden, the cousin, friend, and supporter of Cromwell. Lady Hampden is Mdlle. de Graeme, daughter of General Graeme.

The conversation during dinner was varied and agreeable; I conversed for a long time with M. de

Crillon de Falkenheim, a relation of mine, who commanded the French troops during the glorious expedition to Minorca, and was made lieutenant-general, as a reward for his services on that occasion. About the same time the duke de Crillon Mahon, who commanded the Spanish forces, was made captain-general by his Catholic majesty; I believe that I have already told in some other place how the prince de Broglia, aide-de-camp to M. de Falkenheim, bore away their standards from the English.

The baillie de Suffren gave us some very interesting details connected with his services in India, and I made notes of several of them in my journal. He told how, on one occasion, he was very anxious to learn how the troops of the enemy were disposed about the country, as he had reason to suspect that some were lying in ambush, preparing to make an unexpected attack, and, although it was by no means the duty of a commander to risk his life by penetrating almost alone into an enemy's camp, still he, regardless of danger, disguised himself, and went to reconnoitre, accompanied only by an officer, in whom he could confide, and a faithful dog.

This dog was of a peculiar species, carefully preserved and propagated in the palace of the grand masters at Malta, and tradition says that they are

descended from the two dogs with which Diendrune de Gozon killed the celebrated serpent. However that may be, one thing is certain, that these dogs possess more than ordinary intelligence, and this belonging to M. de Suffren, and to whom his master was very much attached, was by no means unworthy of his race. On this occasion he went on a little before his master, exploring their route, smelling all round, and by his mute signals deciding his owner's path. These Indians are the most wily, and watchful people imaginable, ever on the alert, and very seldom taken by surprise; but on this occasion their vigilance seemed to sleep, for the general went all round their camp without meeting any adventure, or making the slightest discovery. It was nearly day as he retraced his steps, almost disappointed at having escaped so well, when, at last, the thing looked more promising, for the dog suddenly turned back as if afraid, or stunned, and seemed to wish to lead his master towards a rock at a little distance. The general followed the indications of the animal, and to his no small surprise and horror, saw standing at the entrance of a kind of grotto, an immense tiger, with eyes flaming with rage; his first impulse was to draw back, and prepare his arms; but the strange proceedings of his dog arrested his attention, and he involuntarily waited to see what the animal

was about to do. For a few moments the dog stood still, as if collecting his strength, and then darting towards the savage beast, entered into mortal combat with it. M. de Suffren was surprised, for it was by no means the usual proceeding of dogs of this species, and he determined to wait and see the issue of the fight. The movements of the tiger were no less extraordinary, for he defended himself against his enemy, without using his claws, or mouth. A moment revealed the mystery, the dog seized the tiger by the throat, the skin came away, and revealed inside an Indian, who had assumed this disguise that he might watch with the greater security. Now that he was discovered he flung away the tiger's hide, and drawing a poignard attacked the dog with great fury. The general trembled for his faithful friend, and though he had his firelock cocked, he could not take aim at the Indian, so firmly bound together were the savage and the dog. At last the poor animal was conquered, and fell upon the ground, but just as the Indian was preparing to run his poignard through, a ball from the general stretched the conqueror lifeless on the earth.

M. de Suffren raised his dog, bleeding and almost lifeless as he was, and bore him in his arms safely to the boat. He was nurtured with the greatest care, and soon recovered all his strength, and for

many years after was the faithful companion of his master, and bore upon his shoulder the marks of the wounds received in his defence.

My daughter was as much interested in this story of the dog as I, and said to me:

"Ah! mamma, we must tell that story to 'Bijou,' to teach him to be as brave."

This she thought consistent with the principle on which she was made to read the lives of celebrated children.

After dinner we went with the duchess de Bourbon to see the 'Préjuge Vaincu,' and the 'Piété filial,' which last was performed this evening for the first time; it was a most stupid affair, and was loudly hissed, hooted, and laughed at by the audience. We were greatly amused, both by the oddities of the opera, and the witty remarks that it excited amongst the audience. The music was composed by M. de Ragné, and the words by M. Durozor, a Swiss officer, who had the courage to acknowledge the authorship openly.

"Was there no confessor," said the princess, "to whom he could acknowledge the crime, without coming here to confess it publicly?"

"It would have been much better, madame, that he had not committed it, for nothing is easier for a Swiss officer than *not to be able* to write an opera."

3rd March.—After dining with the duchess, we

went to the Théâtre Français, to see 'Bon Jean' and 'Jodelet;' and afterwards we went to visit the marchioness de Serent, mistress of the robes to Madame Elizabeth. This lady was a Montmorency-Luxembourg, to whom I had been introduced by Madame Bombelles.

The countess Diana de Polignac was lady of honour to Madame Elizabeth; I was acquainted with several of this princess's ladies in waiting, &c. Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre, the countess de Deux Ponts, *née* de Polastron, and the marchioness de Rosière de Sorrans, *née* de Maillée.

The reader must not confound the names of Serent and Sorrans, or Soran, which are all very much alike in sound. The marchioness de Sorrans, of whom I now speak, is wife of the marquis de Sorrans, field-marshal, formerly colonel of the 'Brene Artois' and 'Royal grenadiers' regiments. They took very good care to tell all this. The countess de Serent is a young woman who was presented the year before, and the countess Delphine de Soran de Remirecourt is Madame de Clermont-Tonnerre. The resemblance of these ladies' names caused constant mistakes in the fashionable world: letters and invitations were constantly being sent to the wrong persons, and then what confusion, what commotion, what apologies, and explanations!

4th, 5th, 6th, and *7th March.*—These were all very stupid days, taken up in paying visits to persons, all of whom I have spoken of before, with the exception of Madame Douet de la Bouillage, wife of a *maître de requêtes,* who lived in the Rue du Houssaye. I was introduced to this family by the baron de Dietrich, whose important functions often brought him into connection with M. Douet, superintendent of mines.

On the 7th of March the grand-duchess gave birth to a daughter at St Petersburg, who was baptized Marie* after her mother. Of course I did not hear this for some time after.

8th March.—The duchess of Bourbon was very ill to-day, and sent for me early. I went and remained the entire day with her. She received a great many visits this day, during which there was a great deal of conversation about court and city, and, as may be supposed, the neighbour was not spared. The chief topic was, the presentation of Madame de Staël, whose inelegant appearance was thought quite out of keeping with the refinement of Versailles. She was described as ugly, awkward, and affected. M. de Staël, on the contrary, is very handsome and well bred, and seemed to be

* This princess, Marie Paulowna, was married in 1804 to Charles Frederick, duke of Saxe-Weimar, who succeeded his father in 1828.—*Editor's Note.*

very little pleased by the impression that his wife made. Since her marriage Madame de Staël has rendered herself perfectly ridiculous by her prudery and pretensions, and has the blindness to mistake the starched manners of Geneva and the impertinent airs of a parvenu for the deportment of a fine lady. Her mother, Madame Necker, who is the most detestable pedant in the world, has been exceedingly ungrateful to M. Thelusson, with whom M. Necker was cashier, and to whom he owes all his success. M. Necker is universally detested, on account of the injury that his system has done; and this prejudice against the father is an injury to the daughter, who is undoubtedly a woman of genius, although her ideas have taken a false direction, and her Genevese origin is constantly revealing itself, notwithstanding the superiority of her understanding, and the dignity of her position.

For some days after this I was engaged about my father's lawsuit; I went to see the *premier président* one day, and he came to me the next. I also received a great many visits, but it is unnecessary to enter into details.

11*th March*.—I went to see the 'Premier Navigateur,' a ballet pantomime of Gardel's, in three acts, the subject of which is taken from Gesner, or *imitated*, as the playbills have the modesty to say. It is a very interesting ballet, and very well con-

ducted, and owes not a little of its success to Vestris, who is not long returned from London.

12*th March.*—My daughter and I went to breakfast with M. de Languedoc; there were besides us M. de St. Priest, who was for many years ambassador at Constantinople. His elder brother is *premier tranchant* to his majesty; his younger brother's christian name is Languedoc, because he was held at the baptismal font by the representatives of that province, of which his father, M. Gingnard de St. Priest, was governor. In the evening I went to the Italian opera to see 'Alexis et Justine.' Mdlle. Dugazon played the part of Babet, with a *naïveté* and grace that it would be impossible to describe; she is certainly a most charming actress.

This evening a very disagreeable but amusing occurrence happened at our hôtel, which I cannot refrain from relating, although a little against my inclination, and certainly a great deal against Schneider's, for she would not wish for the world to have it known. I had some friends to pass the evening with me, and Schneider presided at the tea-table (a fashion which I adopted as well as others); this and her other household occupations detained her below stairs until a late hour. It was midnight when she went to her room, which was immediately behind mine, and after remaining there for some

time, she came down again (just as my company were leaving) for something she had forgotten. As she came up stairs again to assist at my toilet, she perceived, to her great horror, that she had left her door open, and she hastened to close it with the greatest care before she came into me. All the important duties of undressing me over, she retired to her own room, and began her preparations for the night. As she undid her collar, an enamelled pin which she prized very highly, because I had given it to her, fell on the ground, and rolled under her bed. She stooped to pick it up, and what was her horror to see two great living eyes staring at her from under her couch. The poor creature was so stunned, that she could only stretch out her arms, as if to repel the monster, and utter exclamations of horror and fear (in German, of course, for she never could learn a word of French). The phantom, seeing that it was discovered, came forth from its retreat, and showed itself to be nothing more than a man of very ordinary appearance. Poor Schneider knew not what to do, whilst her visitor, fearing that she would alarm the people of the hôtel, seized her by the arms and forced her into a seat, all the time pouring forth a volley of excuses and apologies. He flung himself on his knees before her, so that she could not rise; declared that love for her was the sole

cause of his presumption; and became at length so warm in the demonstrations of his affection, that Schneider's prudery was alarmed, by the expression of feelings which had never before been felt for her, and which, in truth, she was little calculated to excite.

She tried to rise, and go to the door, but the strong arm of her tormentor restrained her, and held her firm on her seat.

"Ah! Mdlle. Schneider, I love you, I adore you."

"Ah! mein Gott," said the alarmed Schneider.

"And that was the reason that I had the audacity to come into your room."

"Gott behüte mich." (God preserve me.)

"Ah! if you will not smile on me, I will most certainly destroy myself."

"Der Teufel." (The devil.)

"Will you not say one word?"

"Was soll ich thun." (What shall I do.)

"I feel the most profound respect."

"Es ist schrecklich." (It is frightful.)

"Ah! you listen to me then; I am the happiest of men; I will not intrude upon you any longer to-night, but to-morrow I will return to my adorable Schneider."

He rose then from his knees, and lifted his arms as if to embrace the poor frightened woman, but instead of doing so, he overturned her, extinguished the light, opened the door, and disap-

peared. When Schneider recovered, she got up, locked and bolted her door, and went into bed, but could not sleep the entire night. When morning came she was quite feverish and ill, but got up, and went about her usual avocations without speaking of the night's adventure to any person, even to me. When I had finished my morning toilet, and was about leaving my dressing-room, I perceived that I had forgotten my watch, and desired Schneider to give it me. She went into her own room for it, where she had taken it the night before, to wash the chain, which she thought tarnished, and returned in a few moments pale and breathless.

"Oh! the wretch, the monster. Oh! baroness, who could believe it?"

For a quarter of an hour she continued uttering exclamations such as these, without giving me the slightest explanation of her excitement; at length she gained sufficient command over herself to tell what had occurred, and then we discovered that my watch, diamond chain, my silver marmite, and some other things had disappeared.

Schneider's lover was found to be a thief, which was no slight shock to her self-love, or my purse.

"Der Teufel hole ihn" (may the devil fly away with him), said Schneider.

I was very sorry for my watch, which had

belonged to my mother; and though she did not say so, still I think that Schneider regretted her lover. I know not whether he was her first, but most certainly he was her last. He was one of the servants of the hôtel, who was very sharp and quick-witted, and certainly showed great presence of mind in the stratagem by which he escaped with his booty. No person could be punished for being in love, and no respectable woman would wish to publish such an occurrence; it was therefore the very best thing he could have thought of on the occasion. We never saw him more.

13*th March*.—I went to see 'Cima,' of which I need say nothing, as it is already very well known; but the 'Mariage Secrète' was a very amusing piece, performed by Molé and Mdlle. Contat. These two are in themselves sufficient to make any opera successful. Mdlle. Contat was just recovered from illness, and was received with great enthusiasm by the audience. Molé and she are perfect models of fashionable and refined deportment, and are excellent examples for young people. I think the French opera the best school in this respect: the actresses are perfectly well bred, and really, good breeding makes one forgive many serious faults. Mdlle. Arnould cannot forgive the refinement with which these women gild their defective morality, and says that they remind her

of Spanish robbers, who demand your purse, hat in hand, saying, "Charity, if you please."

14*th March.*—I dined at the duchess of Bourbon's with the Puységur family. Our passion for magnetising had cooled somewhat, and was laid aside until another time.

15*th March.*—We passed a most delightful evening at the countess de la Massais', who is a most amiable and charming woman, and whose house is considered one of the most agreeable at Paris. She receives a great deal of company, and invitations to her mansion are highly prized. Amongst her guests this evening were Madame de la Reynière, Madame de Melfort, and the marchioness de Livry, a most gay and original woman, who had a very lively discussion with Madame de Genlis about her harp. It is almost unnecessary to say that Madame de Genlis had brought her instrument unasked, and which was quite unnecessary, as Madame de la Massais had hired musicians at great expense to entertain her guests. Madame de Genlis sat in the centre of the assembly, sang, talked, commanded, commented, and ended by putting the entire concert into confusion. Most certainly the young princes of Orleans have a most singular *governor*, who is ever acting the tutor, and who never forgets her rôle but when she ought most to remember it.

CHAPTER X.

M. de Beaumarchais—The statdholder of Montbéliard—Fans—The duchess of Kingston at Petit Bourg—Her history, written by herself—Elizabeth Chudleigh—Her character—The duke of Hamilton—Captain Hervey—She dislikes him—Reception from the king of Prussia—Friendship of the queen of England—The duke of Kingston—Divorce—Her reception by the Pope—Bigamy—She returns to England—Her enemies—Deportment during her trial—Flight—Dessein—Generosity—She is made countess of Warth—She goes to Russia—Prince Ratzivik—Bear-hunt—Warta, prince of Albania—States-general of Holland deceived—Death of the adventurer—His letter—Prince d'Aremberg—The count d'Estaing—Supper at the duchess of Kingston's—Her generosity—Magnificent jewels—Her death—Anecdote of the princess-royal—Foolish fear of Madame Tronchin—'Crispin Médecin'—Marshal Contades—The countess de Beaujeu—Anecdote of M. Double de Persan.

17*th March.*—We passed the day with the duchess of Bourbon, and went in the evening to see the 'Marriage of Figaro.' I saw M. de Beaumarchais, who asked her highness permission to enter her box to speak with me, which she willingly granted, being very fond of the society of literary people. M. de Beaumarchais' conversation is quite as witty and agreeable as his writings, and at the duchess's

request he told us a variety of anecdotes connected with his travels, some of which were quite romantic. The intelligence and determination of this man are almost miraculous.

"When I undertake anything, madame, I always succeed, because I make it the sole object of my thoughts, and every act and word of mine has reference to it. I only think of how soon it may be accomplished, and in the end I have the double satisfaction of conquering a difficulty and of obtaining what I wish."

The duchess invited him to come to see her often, and thanked me for having procured her so agreeable an acquaintance. M. de Beaumarchais is very much patronised by mesdames the king's sisters, and often has the honour of assisting at the queen's private concerts.

18*th March.*—I went to see a very popular ballet of Gardel's, called 'Mirza.' The charming dancer, Mademoiselle Guimard, was delightful in the character of a creole; she is quite the rage now with all the young men of Paris, and it is said that the prince of Soubise has committed the most extravagant follies on her account. The younger Gardel played the part of Lindor with great pathos and dignity. He has only just recovered the use of one of his legs, which he broke some years before. When first this ballet of 'Mirza'

appeared it was not well received, but for some unaccountable reason it became quite popular on a sudden, and nothing else is thought or spoken of, and almost every lapdog is called 'Mirza.' One thing in this ballet is very much admired, which is a combat between two warriors, so very well performed this evening that the audience forgot that they were only acting, and called out, "Separate them; separate them!"

19*th March*.—I received a very agreeable piece of intelligence this morning, which was, that Duke Frederick Eugene, prince of Montbéliard, had been appointed stadtholder for life of the comté of Montbéliard, by his brother the reigning duke. I immediately wrote letters of congratulation to the princess, and several other friends, of course, not forgetting the grand-duchess, who takes so lively an interest in everything connected with her family. She is certainly the most thoughtful and affectionate person I ever knew; her own brilliant position has never led her to neglect others, or to forget the slightest circumstance connected with her early years.

20*th March*.—The duchess of Bourbon came for me to go shopping with her. We went as far as the Faubourg St. Jacques, to a fan-maker's named Méré, whose fans are astonishingly beautiful, and the paintings on them are said to be superior to the

best works of Boucher or Watteau. The princess ordered two for herself, and insisted on my accepting one, which I admired very much, the subject of which was a scene at Petit Bourg in the time of Louis XIV. The faces are almost all portraits, and all the figures represent heathen gods, though dressed in the fashion of the time. Louis is represented as Apollo, with rays of glory round his head. The setting is of mother-of-pearl, incrusted with gold, and her highness ordered her initials and mine to be engraved upon the handle. I am not a little proud of my present.

Our next visit was to Mademoiselle Bertin, who had the *condescension* to wait upon us herself, and even *consented* to make a bonnet of a new fashion for the duchess, but on condition that she would not allow any person to imitate it.

After dinner we went to a little theatre at the corner of the Palais Royal, to see a pantomime.

We finished the day by going to the theatre on the Boulevard, where Audinot has succeeded to Nicolet and the brothers Maltères; the first of whom, aided by the talent of Taconnet, has made an immense fortune. This theatre has for its motto 'De plus fort, en plus fort,' and is kept open all night, which takes away greatly from its respectability. We were much amused this evening by some drunken guards, who insisted on taking

off a girl's bonnet, mistaking her for a bottle. The princess feels great pleasure in such places, and would have gone to the 'Porcherons,' but that she feared the Condé family might take offence at it.

21*st March.*—I went to Petit Bourg with the princess and the duchess of Kingston, an English lady, about whom public report had invented a thousand stories. The duchess de Bourbon took great interest in this lady, and was anxious to know the real state of the case, and she said so once to the celebrated person herself, who very politely replied, "If your highness wish, I will read you a few pages that contain the entire history—they will not detain you long."

"Would you pass a day with me at Petit Bourg, and read them there?"

"Willingly, madame, but on one condition, and that is that you will not have many persons present."

"Only my own ladies and Madame d'Oberkirch; there shall not be one gentleman, I promise you."

This was the appointed day, and I was not a little proud of the distinction of being admitted as one of the audience. But my ambition went a little further, for I was very anxious to obtain a copy of the history. The evident interest I took in the duchess of Kingston influenced her so much

that she had the kindness to leave me the manuscript, with permission to copy it, which I did, and now transcribe it here for the benefit of my readers. The heroine of the tale speaks of herself as if she were a stranger, and with all the impartiality of an uninterested person. Although this lady was then sixty-six years of age, she still retained traces of more than ordinary beauty, and her deportment was the most dignified I ever remarked. She moved with all the grace and majesty of a goddess, and our own lovely queen alone could rival her in the just proportions of her figure. But I do not deny, that perhaps her principles were too harsh, and her tone of mind too severe; but it may be that persons gifted with some superiority in one way, sink below the ordinary standard in others.

Here is her own tale in her own words:

"The duchess of Kingston, whose name has for many years resounded through all Europe, has been the victim of calumny and mistaken judgment, without having even felt a desire to justify herself in public opinion: but she now wishes, for the sake of those who love her, to give a short and faithful account of the truth. Providence has sent her many trials, but it has also sent her many blessings, not the least of which is the power now, in her old age, of being able to look back upon her youth without

regret, to look upon things with a philosophic eye, and not to give to people or events a greater importance than they deserve.

" Elizabeth Chudleigh was born in Devonshire, in 1720, of a very respectable and ancient family. One of her ancestors held a command in the navy during the reign of Elizabeth, and distinguished himself in the memorable affair of the Armada.

" Reared at the country seat of her father, her childhood passed happily and innocently, and to this period she ever looked back with pleasure. She was surrounded by good and faithful beings, who never deceived her, but ever frankly spoke the truth, and over whom she exercised an authority that gratified her infantine pride. She who now writes these lines knew Elizabeth Chudleigh better than any other could, and will describe her character with true impartiality, without concealing what it possessed of good or evil. One thing is certain, that from her earliest years Elizabeth was remarkable for her wit and power of repartee, as well as for the elegance and fascination of her manners. The peasantry on her father's estate said that she was *charmed*, that the beasts would follow her without being called, and that no person could know her without loving her.

" She did not get much instruction in her youth, or rather she did not take that which was offered

her, for although masters of all kinds were employed for her education, the vivacity of her disposition prevented her from being an attentive pupil; she was not the less all her lifetime considered a person of intelligence and education. Her unvarying maxim was, that one should be expeditious, clear, and lively. 'I would hate myself,' she would say, 'if I remained more than an hour in one tone of mind.'

"With such a susceptibility of impressions, it may be easily supposed that she was inconstant in her tastes, and perhaps in her sentiments. Her family obtained for her the appointment of maid of honour to the princess of Wales, in consequence of which she came to court, where her appearance created a great sensation, and she was soon surrounded by lovers and admirers. Amongst those, the one she most esteemed was the duke of Hamilton, a young man of great wealth, who soon laid his coronet at her feet. He was accepted, and she returned his love with true affection, as deep as her nature would allow her to feel for any one. When this brilliant prospect for the young lady became generally known, it excited the envy and jealousy of many, who would willingly have taken her place, and no calumny was spared that was thought likely to prevent the marriage. The duke, devoted to the lady of his choice, refused to believe

aught that could be said against her; but she, whose judgment was more easily swayed, lent a willing ear to the slanderous reports uttered against a man who only lived for her. In a fit of displeasure, excited by the report of his infidelity to her, she wrote to her lover forbidding him her presence, and saying that she would never again receive him. To make their separation more secure, she immediately gave her hand to Captain Hervey, brother of the earl of Bristol; and that she might not lose her place at court, the marriage was kept secret for a time.

"The very day of her marriage she repented of what she had done; and when she found herself alone with a man whom she felt to be unworthy of her, she began to feel an invincible repugnance for him, and all her love for the duke returned with fresh force. From this moment she became every day more and more unhappy; and after six months of sorrow, quarrels, and reproaches, she and her husband separated, with equal pleasure; and bitter was it to her to think how sadly she had sacrificed her future life, and to feel convinced, when it was too late, of the worth of the duke of Hamilton.

"With such feelings, England became unbearable; she needed novelty to turn away her mind from the sorrows that consumed her: and change

of scene alone could give a new turn to her thoughts. She determined therefore to travel, and set out for the continent; and the better to efface all recollection of her unhappy marriage, she continued to call herself by her maiden name of Chudleigh. She went to Prussia; and at Berlin she had the honour of being presented to the great Frederick, and of being very well received by him. She was constantly at court, and had many long conversations with the king, on all the great political or literary subjects that agitated Europe at the time. The king treated her as a friend, and corresponded with her for many years after she left Berlin.

"At Dresden, the electress of Saxe, a princess of exemplary piety and great sense, conceived a friendship for her that she retained for life. This was the happiest period of Miss Chudleigh's career; here she enjoyed all the advantages of her position, without the drawback of the fears, *ennuis*, and persecutions to which she was afterwards subjected. But she was obliged to return to England; the princess of Wales was now queen, and wished to have her with her again.

"She came back, therefore, to London, more beautiful and brilliant than ever; the queen made her her chief favourite, and had her constantly with her, seeming to feel no pleasure in any other society. This favour of her sovereign gave her

great influence at court; she led the fashion in all things, and her caprice or whim, the most extravagant, was law to the courtiers; and heaven knows that she was not deficient either in whim or caprice. She played whist with Lord Chesterfield; and vied in horsewomanship with Lady Harrington and Miss Ash, two ladies who, next Miss Chudleigh, were the handsomest at the English court. I said that I would tell the truth without disguise, and my readers will see (and still more as I advance) that I do not spare my heroine; I may, therefore, be very well permitted to do her the justice of speaking well of her when she deserves it. However futile and transitory may appear the advantages of beauty and fascinating manners, many women do not the less owe to them a brilliant position in the world.

"It was during this period of her great favour at court that Miss Chudleigh made her conquest of the duke of Kingston, one of the most amiable noblemen in England. This gentleman conceived for her one of those deep and unconquerable passions that are, so often more painful than agreeable, but which no effort of the will can overcome. The characters of these two persons were completely opposite; the duke was simple, gentle, and re-retiring, whilst the lady was exacting, vain, and violent almost to fury; but she exercised an in-

fluence over her lover's mind that he was unable to resist.

"Captain Hervey, who had now succeeded his brother as earl of Bristol, detested his wife with as much ardour as he had once loved her; and, though anxious himself to be free from the bond that united them, he would not consent to a legal separation, as that would enable the woman he hated to become a duchess. However desirous of his own freedom, he felt more pleasure in her mortification, than in the prospect of his own liberty. But love soon accomplished what entreaties or prayers could not do; the earl of Bristol became desperately enamoured of another lady, and now gladly sought a separation that would allow him to marry the lady of his heart. An ecclesiastical court declared Elizabeth Chudleigh's marriage with him null and void; and, on the 8th of March 1769, she became the wife of Evelyn Pierrepont, duke of Kingston. The marriage ceremony was performed in the presence of the king and queen.

"The duke's property, which was immense, was not entailed, and was placed entirely at the disposal of his wife, who now, raised to the highest rank a subject could attain, became only the more arrogant and capricious.

"She was both wasteful and penurious; the

most enormous sums were constantly expended to gratify her love of display, at the same time that she refused to incur some trifling necessary expense in her household. She absolutely adored her casket of jewels, always taking it with her in her carriage when she travelled, and armed with pistols prepared to defend it at the risk of her life. She was courageous even to rashness, and, instead of fearing, always felt a pleasure in braving the most terrific dangers. Once that she was attacked by robbers in Russia, she defended herself with great courage, and, with the assistance of her servants, put them to flight.

"Her contempt for public opinion was no less than her fearlessness of physical risk, and no consideration could induce her to abandon any project she had once conceived, be it ever so fantastic or contrary to the received rules of social etiquette.

"The first fervour of his passion cooled, the duke began to perceive the faults of his wife, and to grieve extremely at her extravagance and carelessness; he expostulated with her, but it was useless. Elizabeth acknowledged no law but her own capricious and arrogant will, and made her husband feel the full weight of the chain he had assumed. He was gentle and yielding, and quite unequal to a contest with his lady; he sank into a state of perfect submission, but became fretful and

delicate; and after some years of patient suffering, he died of consumption in 1773, leaving the duchess sole heiress of his fortune, on condition that she should not marry again. Elizabeth was affected by her husband's death, for, though imperious, she was not hard-hearted; nor did she consider the conditions of his will severe, for she had no desire to form another union, but would rather enjoy unshackled the immense fortune of which she was mistress.

"The first use she made of her liberty was to visit Rome, where she was very well received by Clement XIV. (Ganganelli); she sailed up the Tiber in her own yacht, to the great admiration of the Roman people, who compared her to Cleopatra. She soon became the queen of fashion in this immortal city, where she bought a palace, which she furnished with a luxury and magnificence greater than even tradition records of ancient splendour. She spent enormous sums in balls, fêtes, and equipages; in short, on everything that could afford her an opportunity of exercising her passion for display. She had a theatre, which cost her, in singers and dancers, more than the revenue of many Italian states, and at her own expense she one night illuminated the entire Colosseum. Whilst she revelled in these extravagant follies, her husband's family irritated by the loss of his

fortune, commenced a lawsuit against the duchess, on the plea that her marriage with the duke was illegal, as the ecclesiastical court which annulled her first marriage did not possess the power of doing so.

"The announcement of this lawsuit was a thunderstroke for the duchess; but she did not sink beneath the shock, but immediately left Rome for England without bestowing one moment's consideration on the valuable paintings, rich plate, &c., that she left behind, nor did she even leave directions as to what should be done with them. From anxiety and irritation she got fever on her journey home, but no consideration would induce her to stop even for a single day. She was borne in a litter, weak and exhausted in body, but firm and uncomplaining: she bore up against all the fatigues and weariness of her journey until she arrived at Calais, when she became delirious, and where she was carried unconscious to a hôtel. She fancied herself in prison, abandaned by the world, and given up a powerless victim to her enemies. She was obliged to remain here several weeks, and was treated with all the attention and respect which is ever accorded to the rich and powerful. The hôtel-keeper, Dessein, seemed to think that he never could do sufficient to make the wealthy duchess comfortable; and, thanks to him and her physicians, she was able to cross the Straits of

Dover sooner than could have been expected. On her arrival in London she immediately went to Kingston House, where her friends, viscount Barrington, and the dukes of Newcastle and Portland, were waiting to receive her. These did all they could to support her courage — said that public opinion was on her side, and that she owed it both to herself and the deceased duke to bear up against this trial, and show herself undeserving of condemnation.

"This was in some measure true, and in some measure false; some may have believed her marriage legal, but it is only too true that she was herself anything but popular. She had never considered public opinion, and even now, when so much depended on the impression she should make, she showed no respect for popular prejudices, which, had they been even more ridiculous than they were, should not have been outraged at such a critical time. Two things that she did, and at which great offence was taken, were, that she would not observe the Sabbath with all the strictness required by her fellow-countrymen; and her neck and arms being very handsome, she very naturally wished to display them. These were considered unpardonable crimes.

"Her friends spoke to her of this, and wished that she would concede what could be to her but of

little importance, but which would have great weight with narrow-minded people; but this imperious lady had been too long accustomed to consider her slightest caprice as a law to which all should bow, and unhesitatingly refused to do that which she considered would reduce her to the level of ordinary mortals.

"She called up all her courage on the day of trial, and entered the court with an erect and stately carriage, and most magnificently dressed. During the pleading of her adversary's counsel, she sat with the calmness and dignity of innocence, and all admitted that she looked more like a queen surrounded by obedient subjects than a woman over whom was impending a disgraceful judgment. But if she preserved an outward calmness, her mind was distracted with a thousand anxieties and fears, and no tongue could describe the torture she endured. The trial continued for several days; and each day, after she left the court, her physician took from her over-excited system a cup of blood, to save her from fever, and enable her to preserve the clearness of her intellect. Although she had engaged counsel, she undertook her own defence, and spoke in answer to the charge of illegality in her marriage with a lucidity and precision that could not be surpassed by the most experienced lawyer. She was listened to with silence and

attention; but no murmur of approbation encouraged her as she proceeded, and she felt herself already condemned.

"Her presentiment was correct, the jury pronounced her second marriage bigamy, and she saw herself deprived of the title of duchess, and condemned to receive a brand on her right hand; but this latter punishment was commuted for some other in consideration of her rank. When this sentence was pronounced she sunk lifeless to the ground, but, aided by a good conscience, she soon recovered, and rose with dignity, though without the slightest ostentation. How changeable is public opinion!—it one moment condemns what it applauds the next; and she who, before her sentence was pronounced, was looked upon almost as a monster, now became the object of universal commiseration and wonder. But Elizabeth despised sympathy, as well as she had despised censure, and only thought how she could escape the consequences of her sentence. She immediately left London, accompanied by a faithful servant, with whom she arrived safely at Dover, from whence she at once put to sea in an open boat. The weather was most tempestuous, and she sat all night exposed to wind and rain, without any protection but an old hat and cloak which her servant had bought for her as a disguise.

"The sailors might have suspected her incognito had her courage been shaken; but, in truth, few men could show more firmness or strength of mind in danger than did Elizabeth. When they arrived at Calais concealment was no longer necessary, and when the men were told that it was the duchess of Kingston they had saved, they rent the air with their cries of congratulation and delight. This was a consolation to her wounded spirit, and showed her that there were some at least who did not consider her condemnation merited.

"On her arrival, the duchess proceeded at once to Dessein's hôtel; but very different was her reception from that she had experienced a short time before, when she was the rich and mighty duchess. Dessein thought little of a lodger whose property he believed to be gone, and who could not now afford the unlimited expenses in which she once indulged.

"'I feel very much honoured, my lady, by your coming to my hôtel, but I am very sorry that all my rooms are engaged. Had your ladyship sent me word, I should have kept your usual apartments for you; but unfortunately, at this moment, I have but one room disengaged, and that is on the sixth floor—it is not fit to offer you, my lady.'

"The duchess, worn out with fatigue, accepted this humble accommodation, rather than take the

trouble of seeking lodgings anywhere else. In the morning she received a visit from her landlord, who, meanwhile, had learned that although she had lost her title she still retained her fortune, and now came, cap-in-hand, and said very humbly—'that it was very painful to him to see her grace in such a wretched room, and that he had sent away the person that occupied his best apartments, and that they were again at her grace's service.

"'Ah! Mister Dessein, you have changed your tone. I am '*your grace*' to-day, and I was only '*my lady*' last night. Well, it is not worth throwing you into despair. I will go down to your fine rooms; and I am sure that you will be as proud and happy as ever to receive the duchess of Kingston.'

"'Madame la duchesse, all my hôtel is at your grace's disposal.'"

"Dessein was only an epitome of the world, and Elizabeth Chudleigh's conduct on this occasion is a true picture of her character. After all his impertinence, she lent this man twenty-four thousand francs, which he never returned; but this was ridiculous generosity, or, to say the truth, it was the generosity of heedlessness.

"When she left Calais she next proceeded to Munich, where she met her friend the dowager electress of Saxe, who was on a visit with her brother the elector of Bavaria. This princess and

the Prince Ratzivik sought by their affection and care to make the duchess forget the persecutions she had suffered. It was very strange, that although Elizabeth was deprived of her rank as duchess, she was allowed to retain her property which had been left her as the legal wife of the duke of Kingston. This must have been a great disappointment to the duke's family, who, after all their trouble, did not get a single shilling.

"The elector of Bavaria bestowed on Elizabeth the title of countess of Warth, but she still was called in courtesy the duchess of Kingston, except in England and Vienna. Both Maria Theresa and her son, Joseph II., refused to receive her except as countess of Bristol.

"Before her lawsuit she had gone to Russia, where she was received with great honour by Catherine II. She landed at St. Petersburg in a splendid vessel of her own, which was provided with every possible convenience, and in which she would be quite as comfortable as in a hôtel. She had with her a great quantity of valuable paintings which had belonged to her deceased husband, some of which she presented to the czarina. She bought a good deal of property in Russia, hoping that she would be made *Dame au portrait;* but she was disappointed, for this is a distinction that can only be granted to Russians.

"Prince Ratzivik, whom she knew at Munich, was only there as a refugee, the king of Poland having set a price upon his head for having revolted against his authority. When he arranged his differences with the king, and was about returning to his own states, he invited Elizabeth to pay him a visit; an invitation which she accepted with much pleasure. This prince was desperately enamoured of our heroine, and lived only on her smile. He offered his hand, but she refused, notwithstanding his immense riches; for a crown even would not reconcile her to live in such a wild country.

"One fête which this prince gave in honour of his inamorata continued for fourteen days, and cost fifteen thousand livres. He had a city of modern houses constructed expressly for the occasion, covered over with foliage, and magnificently furnished, though in rural fashion. This extempore town was besieged, the inhabitants made many sallies out of their citadel to repel their mock invaders, whilst a brilliant display of fireworks simulated the appearance of a real battle. After resisting gallantly during an entire day, the town was taken by storm in the evening, and was set on fire with due solemnity, which had a most brilliant and beautiful effect. During the conflagration the company danced with the greatest animation and

delight, and had after a most exquisite and *recherché* supper, which dainties had been supplied by almost every country in Europe.

"Another time he had a bear-hunt by torch-light, to please his ladye-love, but even this splendid and unusual sight failed to influence her mind in his favour, for she was too long accustomed to refined society to be able to content herself with those wild Sarmatians, clad in skins of beasts.

"'To induce one to make such a sacrifice,' the duchess used to say, 'to make one forget the charms of London and Paris, one should be desperately in love, and with a man who was at least young, handsome, highly-gifted, and a king; and even then he should ever be on his knees to thank the woman who for his sake would give up so much.'

"The duchess, who was at that time over fifty years of age, had passed the period of tender feelings, even if her heart had not been crushed in two affections which had made her suffer long and deeply. She had loved the duke of Hamilton sincerely and well, and would have sacrificed everything except, perhaps, her vanity, to recal the act which separated them for ever. But she had suffered even a deeper wound than this, one which no time could heal. I shall now give a detailed account of this affair, because it was the only

circumstance of her life that attracted a censure that could touch her, that of having been willing to form a connexion with a person of inferior rank.

"During her first visit to Italy, when she ruled almost like a sovereign at Rome, she one day received a visit from an Albanian prince named Warta, who was most certainly the handsomest man that nature ever produced. He was magnificently dressed, absolutely glittering with jewels, which sparkled on every part of his dress, from the waving plume of his hat, to the brilliant hilt of his sword. Perhaps it was his love for jewellery that made him always take with him several braces of magnificently mounted pistols, besides exquisite daggers of which the handles were absolutely encrusted with diamonds. Their beauty alone could not have attracted the prince, for he was very proud of their superior excellence as weapons of offence or defence, and was exceedingly skilful in his management of them.

"The duchess of Kingston was no longer young, but she still retained sufficient of that beauty which had once ranked her as the loveliest woman in England (no small pre-eminence), to make her believe Prince Warta when he vowed her charms had subdued his heart, and made him for ever her slave. The prince's conversation was brilliant and

fascinating, and he always uttered the most noble and generous sentiments, decrying oppression in every form, and ever expressing the most disinterested and devoted love for his native land. Such things could not fail to impress the imagination of Elizabeth, whose fancy was easily fascinated by what was courageous and brilliant, and it was not long before she became deeply in love with this prince. She loved him far more than she had loved the duke of Hamilton; she loved him with that excess of passion that is felt by some as they decline in years, when they seem to gather all the energies of their being into one last effort of tenderness. This strange passion conquered all the lesser feelings of her soul; her vanity, her desire to shine in society, all were forgotten or willingly abandoned, for the happiness of constantly enjoying the society of the man she loved. Their marriage was decided on, but deferred until the prince should return from Holland, where he went to offer the states-general the assistance of twenty thousand hardy mountaineers to aid them in their war against the empire. His ambition was to be a hero, to be the deliverer of his country from foreign bondage; and so great were his powers of persuasion, that he won over those phlegmatic, sage, and parsimonious Hollanders to his views. Having made all the inquiries they

thought necessary, and having been assured of the reality of the assistance he offered, they commenced the necessary preparations for warfare. He wrote an account of his success to the duchess, accompanied with expressions of unalterable love, and of firm determination to make himself worthy of her affection, or never to see her more.

"Meanwhile the Turkish ambassador at Paris considered it his duty to make some inquiries about this Prince Warta, and not so easily satisfied as the states-general of Holland, he searched, and searched, until he at length discovered the real character of the man. From undoubted authority he found that this fascinating prince, on whom Nature had been so lavish of her choicest gifts, was only a Greek adventurer of the worst character, who had fled from Constantinople to escape the punishment of a theft in which he had been detected. Information of this was immediately sent to Holland, and the pretended prince was arrested, and put in prison. His despair was boundless, but his will inflexible; not a single word would he reply to any question; he would neither acknowledge nor deny, and went with the greatest apparent calmness to his dungeon. Next morning, when the gaoler visited his cell, he found him dead, poisoned by a liquid which he had concealed in a ring, and which he always carried about him to use

in case of detection. On his table lay a letter addressed to the duchess of Kingston, which, in respect to her sex and position, was sent to her unopened. I shall transcribe this letter here, as it will give a correct idea of this singular man, and prove the falsehood of the report that the duchess was aware of his true character, and that love would lead her to the degradation of marrying a man so much beneath her. Here is the letter :—

" ' Elizabeth, you shall now be undeceived ; the world will tell you what was the position of the man on whom you were about to bestow your hand, and what you will hear will be the truth. I do not write to you to justify myself, or say that I have been the victim of human injustice ; no, I am above that, I acknowledge that I am really guilty. But I am not an every-day culprit ; I entered the lists against Fate, and for some time was successful ; now it is her turn, I am overcome, and I yield. To the world I would not stoop to make the least concession, but to you, whom I have loved, and by whom I have been loved, I will reveal my guilt ; and, although it may destroy your affection, still, in your heart of hearts you must acknowledge that the man who was capable of conceiving, arranging, and carrying out such plans as mine, was not one of the vulgar herd—was not altogether unworthy of your regard.

" ' I admit that I am but a low adventurer, born in the humblest grade of society; I acknowledge that I merited the punishment which I should have received had I not fled from Constantinople, and I know that, judged as the world will judge me, I am unworthy of the love you gave me. Well, with the sole resources of my own genius, by the single aid of my own unconquerable will, I have given myself the education which fortune denied. I have acquired feelings and sentiments of whose existence I was in ignorance; I have learned the manners and deportment of a prince, although my father was an ass-driver at Trebisond, and have I not succeeded in deceiving the wisest heads in Europe? Which of your powdered puppets, born to wealth and titles, could have done as much?

" ' Now I am fallen, I am conquered, but I am not humbled; on the contrary, I feel more pride than ever; I know my own worth, and I look with contempt on the whole human race, except you, you, the only being that I have ever loved, that has ever made any impression on my heart. In these, the last moments of my wild and adventurous life, I will not seek to move you; but I cannot refrain from saying, how great would have been my happiness, could I bear with me, into eternity, the hope that my memory would not be hateful to you. Perhaps you would not refuse me some words of

mercy, of consolation, and yet, madman that I am, these words can never reach my ears.

" ' Farewell, Elizabeth, farewell; in one short hour my career in this world shall be ended. To these men who received me with honour when I was a false prince, and who despise me now, when they find that I am only a man of genius, to these men I give no explanation of my actions; to you, to you alone, can my unbending spirit bow. Farewell again, but not for ever—we yet shall meet in the home of souls like ours, where, stripped of earthly prejudices, each shall be judged upon his individual merits. Until this happy day, farewell, farewell, beloved.'

" This unfortunate event nearly overwhelmed the duchess; her crushed affections and her wounded pride waged fearful warfare in her breast; but she was obliged to meet society, to cloak her agony in smiles, and hide from a censorious and ill-judging world the struggle that rent her soul. In public she was calm and cheerful, but within the sacred precincts of her own chamber, where no unsympathising eye was by to mock her grief, she poured forth the anguish of her heart in tears and sighs.

" She left Rome immediately after this event, and it was then that she visited the Russian court."

I hope my readers will not deem this tale too long; I felt so much interested in it that I intro-

duced it into these memoirs, although it may have been published already in some other work.'

20*th March.*—I dined with the duchess of Bourbon, who had also invited a Flemish nobleman, the prince d'Aremberg, of the younger branch of the princes de Ligne, who are sovereigns of their principalities, and colonels and proprietors of the regiment de la Marck. This prince was married to a daughter of the duke of Brancas. Laurgnais, his eldest brother, duke of Aremberg, and commanding colonel of the regiment de la Marck, was married to Mademoiselle de Mailly de Nesle; and his other brother, the count de la Marck, was married to the marchioness of Cernay. His only sister was duchess d'Ursel.

In the evening, after going to the Italian theatre, we supped with General Wurmser, where we had the duke de Crillon, the duke de Brancas-Cereste, and the count d'Estaing, who was lieutenant-general of the naval forces. He beat the English near the isle of Granada, conquered admiral Byron's fleet, and took possession of the island. He is a man of great distinction, generous and modest as he is brave, speaking constantly of the glorious deeds of the baillie Suffren, with which heroic man he would not allow himself for a moment to be compared.

23*rd March.*—Nothing extraordinary.

24*th March*.—We went to Versailles to visit Madame de Mackan, and at our return I went to see the duchess of Bourbon, the duchess of Orleans, the duchess of Aremberg, and the duchess of Kingston, with whom I stayed to sup. Her suppers are celebrated for their refinement and luxury. She is somewhat of a gourmand, and patronises the gastronomic art. She is really a most extraordinary woman, who, having lived all her life in the society of learned and celebrated people, has gleaned from all some portion of their knowledge, with which she afterwards adorns her conversation so skilfully, that, at least for a time, she would deceive one as to the extent of what she knew. Her great knowledge of society, her wit, and brilliant imagination, which reflected as a mirror all that passed before it, give a brilliancy to her conversation that I have seldom seen equalled. She is proud and self-willed, opposed to almost all received maxims, and yet variable and inconstant both in her fancies and opinions.

She is generous and noble. In 1785 some person told her that the nephew of the duke of Kingston, he who had sought to deprive her of her property, was in great distress at Metz, and in momentary danger of being arrested for debt. Contrary to the expectations of her informant she felt no joy at the information, but asked his

address, and immediately wrote to him, telling him that she had forgiven the injury he had done her, and was now his friend, and would try to extricate him from his difficulties.

She went to Versailles, asked an interview of the king, and obtained from him an order by which the arrest was prevented; then hired a house for her enemy near Paris, and allowed him a pension for life. She was much and justly praised for this generosity and clemency.

She was very benevolent, and, during her residence at Calais, gave immense sums in charity.

Our supper at her house was very pleasant. She sometimes regretted England, and would feel anxious to return to her native land, if the injustice she had suffered did not prevent her; besides that, most of her early friends were dead.

"It is not necessary," said she, "to seek for sorrow; each one will find sufficient in her own bosom."

She liked Paris extremely, and admired very much the hotel "Coq-héron," in which she resided. This hotel, which was formerly called the "Hôtel du Parlement d'Angleterre," has been purchased by the duchess for her own life, and under her auspices became the rendezvous of every one distinguished either by talent or rank. Sometimes the duchess would say,

"I shall certainly never return to England; it is a stupid place. The English are ever seeking amusement without finding it, whilst the French possess it without the fatigue of running after it."

She was a great admirer of Gluck, and says that when she parted from him at Vienna she felt it was for the last time, and her presentiment was correct. His death, which took place in 1787, left a clear field to Piccini, until a new rival sprang up in Sacchini. Gluck is still preferred to either. The queen, the Abbé Arnand, and Suard, head the Gluckists; and Marmontel, La Harpe, Guiguéné, the Piccinists.

Piccini is melody and softness; Gluck harmony and power.

But to return to the duchess of Kingston: after supper she showed us her jewels, which were altogether more valuable than the treasury of St. Mark at Venice. One diamond she showed was very valuable, and of the purest water. This she intended to leave to the pope. For the duke of Newcastle she intended a necklace of precious stones, and for the czarina an entire set of ornaments of different jewels.

But the most curious part of the collection was a necklace and ear-rings of pearls, that had belonged to the celebrated countess of Salisbury,

which the duchess intended leaving to the present countess of that name.

One's eyes would be almost dazzled by these jewels, which were all arranged with the greatest care, and numbered on account of their great quantity.

To finish this account of the duchess, I will now tell all that I have to say about her. She bought St. Assise au Port, after the death of the duke of Orleans, where she established a magnificent and princely household. For this domain she paid one million four hundred thousand livres; but the first week she was there she sold seven thousand francs worth of rabbits.

She died on this estate on the 28th of August, last year (1788), and in the sixty-ninth year of her age, of the rupture of a blood vessel in the chest. Her last will and testament was as *bizarre* as many acts of her life had been; and I heard that the legal heirs intended trying to have it put aside; but I do not know whether they have succeeded or not.

26*th March*.—I went to Versailles with the duchess of Bourbon, who wished to pay a visit to the queen. When we arrived at the château I left the princess, and went to see Madame de Mackan, with whom I passed the day.

I had the honour of seeing the royal children;

the princess royal was then seven years and a half old, and tall for her age; her air is noble and distinguished. Madame de Mackan, who is undergoverness, and, indeed, takes more pains than the real governess, has brought up this young princess with great care.

I was struck by the beauty and grace of the child, and, accustomed to the freedom of German courts, I said so; this liberty displeased her; an expression of anger spread itself over her face as, with a proud and dignified air she replied:

"I am charmed, baroness, that you think me so; but I am surprised to hear you say it."

I was stunned, and was about to apologise, when Madame de Mackan interrupted me, and said with the greatest coolness—

"Make no apology, madam; the princess is a daughter of France, and will never prefer the strict observance of etiquette to the happiness of being loved."

The child immediately turned to me, with a gentle but dignified air, and presented me her little hand, which I kissed. She then made me a profound courtesy, and retired in the most gracious and polite manner. She is a true descendant of Maria Theresa, and promises to possess a noble and dignified character: how could it be otherwise, with such a mother as hers! Marie Antoinette is pre-

sent every morning whilst her children say their lessons, and reproves them for the slightest fault. She has lately made some alterations in her daughter's establishment, thinking that the luxury with which she was surrounded might lead to a love of display.

We returned in the evening to Paris, and supped with the duchess de la Vallière.

27*th March.*—We went to the opera with Madame Tronchin, of whom I shall just say two words. She is not the widow of the celebrated doctor, granddaughter of the celebrated Jean de Witt, nor is she the wife of M. Tronchin, the rich *fermier-général*, who has the magnificent hotel in the Rue d'Antin; but she is the wife of a Genoese envoy, and is a good and intelligent woman, but excessively timorous. She is afraid of thunder, of spiders, and of rabbits. Why she is afraid of rabbits I cannot imagine, but she cannot bear even to see a painting of one, and the very mention of them will make her turn pale. This folly amused us all very much, and I am sure must have made her very uncomfortable.*

In the evening we went to the theatre to see 'La belle Arsène,' and 'Fanfan and Colas,' both very

* It was Madame Tronchin, who, at the time of the Revolution, said, "But for my café à la crême, I could not live through these horrors."—*Note by the Editor.*

moral and affecting. Madame Raymond appeared in the character of Fanfan, in which she displayed a great deal of judgment; and Colas was performed by the graceful Mdlle. Carline.

28*th March*.—We went to the Comédie Français, to see 'Crispin Médecin.' There is an amusing anecdote told of this piece, which can only be excused by the place where it occurred. One of the actresses had presented society with an additional member, about whose paternity the world was in doubt: some said the honour belonged to the Sieur Dazincourt (the celebrated Crispin), and others attributed it to the lady's doctor. One evening that this subject was being discussed, and they were disputing about what name the child should be called, Preville said—

"Don't be disputing about it, but call him "Crispin Médecin" (doctor).

The Théâtre Français closed on the first of April, just as I was about leaving, and this was the last time that I went there during this visit. Brigard, Madame Fancier, and M. and Madame Preville, have retired from the stage to my great regret.

During the following days I paid several visits, and saw a great deal of company, both at home, and at the duchess of Bourbon's. I visited the excellent marshal de Contades, governor of Alsace, who,

notwithstanding his eighty years, is a most agreeable man. I went to lawyers about my lawsuit; I went to see Madame de Talarn, *née* de Bec de Lièven, lady of Madame Elizabeth. The marquis de Talarn is knight of the order of St. Louis, hereditary "grand sewer" to the queen, and governor of Phalsbourg.

Viscount Talarn is "actual grand sewer;" he is son of Viscount Talarn, who was knight of the "order," and who died in 1782.

I next visited the countess de Beaujeu, canoness of the royal chapter of St. Louis de Metz. She wears a gold cross with eight points suspended from a white ribbon edged with blue. To enter this order, one must be of noble birth, and be able to prove her descent as far back as the year 1400.

Madame de Beaujeu is an intellectual woman, but excessively bitter and malicious in her remarks; she said to me as we left Madame Persan's together—

"These Doubles de Persan are excessively vain; it is a family failing One of my grand-uncles told me that he was one day at the levee of the President, when M. de Persan, the grandfather of the present gentleman, was introduced. This gentleman, and one of his brothers, had assumed the soubriquet of Messieurs de Quelquechose, and you know what an objection the parliament has to have

any of its members usurp a name. The president was standing in the centre of a circle of gentlemen as M. de Persan entered; he looked at him slily for a moment, and then turning into his room said,

"'Mask, I know you.'"

I paid all my farewell visits, not forgetting the duchess of Bourbon, who overwhelmed me with kindness. I left Paris on the first of April, and arrived in Strasburg on the sixth.

CHAPTER XI.

M. de Saulx Tavannes created hereditary duke—Hereditary dukes and peers—Hereditary dukes not peers—Breveted dukes—Dukes created by James II., but admitted to the honours of the Louvre by Louis XIV.—Spanish grandees—Arrival of the Archduke Francis—Cardinal Rohan suspended from his sacerdotal functions—Song about him—Resemblance between the queen and Oliva—Another resemblance and anecdote of Joseph II.—Treaty between the king and the duke of Wurtemberg—Birth of Princess Sophia—Mdlle. de Condé elected abbess of Remiremont—Abbatial palace—Sovereign council of Alsace—Death of the great Frederick—Present from the grand-duchess—Death of baron de Rathsamhausen.

IMMEDIATELY on our arrival at Strasburg, I received a letter from the duchess of Bourbon, announcing, that M. de Saulx Tavannes had obtained the title of hereditary duke; and this reminds me that I have, amongst my papers, a list of hereditary dukes and peers which I shall transcribe here, as it may be interesting to my descendants, and indeed, from the spirit of destruction now abroad, I fear that it may yet become an important document.

Dukes and Ecclesiastical Peers.

M. de Talleyrand Périgord, archer, duke of Rheims. M. Sabran, bishop and duke of Laon. M. de Luzanne, bishop and duke of Langres. M. de la Rochefoucauld, bishop, count of Beauvais. M. de Clermont Tonnerre, bishop, count of Châlons. M. de Grimaldi, bishop, count Noyou. M. Migné, archer of Paris, count of St. Cloud.

The lay hereditary dukes and counts are—

Date of creation.	*Duchy.*	*Family.*
1572	Uzés	Crussol.
1594	Montbazon	Rohan-Guéménée.
1595	Teonars	La Tremouille.
1619	Luynes	d'Albert.
1631	Richelieu	Vignerot du Plessis.
1637	La Rochefoucauld	La Rochefoucauld.
1652	Rohan	Chabot.
1662	Luxembourg	Montmorency.
1663	Gramont	Gramont.
1663	Morkinart	Rocheouart.
1663	Noailles	Noailles.
1665	d'Aumont	Ditto.
1709	d'Arcourt	Ditto.
1710	FitzJames	Ditto.
1716	Brancas	Ditto.
1716	Valentinois	Grimaldi di Monaco.
1762	Praslin	Choiseul.
1770	Clermont Tonnerre	Ditto.
1786	Saulx-Tavannes	Ditto.

Hereditary dukes, not peers—

1742	Broglia	Choiseul.
1758	d'Estissac	La Rochefoucauld.
1758	Montmorency	Ditto.
1758	Ayen	Noailles.
1759	Villequier	d'Aumont.

Date of creation.	*Duchy.*	*Family.*
1768	Beaumont	Montmorency Luxembourg.
1768	Croÿ	Ditto.
1775	Lorges	Durfort.
1780	Polignac	Chalençon.
1783	Laval	Montmorency.
1784	Levis	Ditto.
1784	Maille	Ditto.

Breveted dukes, not hereditary—

1765	Liancourt	La Rochefoucauld.
1777	Mailly	Mailly d'Harcourt.
1782	Dondeville	La Rochefoucauld.
1783	Caylas	Robert de Lignerac.
1784	Castries	Lacroix.
1784	Cossé	Brissac.
1784	Cereste	Brancas.
1785	d'Estignac	Fimarcon.

Foreign French dukes—

1548	Chatellerault	Hamilton.
1672	d'Aubigny	Lennox.

Dukes created by James II. of England, and admitted by Louis XIV. to the honours of the Louvre—

1687	Berwick	FitzJames.
1689	Mountcashel	M'Carthy.
1692	Albemarle	FitzJames.
1692	Melfort	Drummond.
1725	Crillon	By papal diploma.
1665	Caderousse	d'Ancezune.

Foreign princes admitted to the honours of the Louvre are the princes of the house of "Lorraine Elbœuf," and of "Tour Bouillon," "De la Marck," "Rohan Guéménée, and "La Tremouille." The latter on account of their pretensions to the crown of Naples.

Spanish Grandees.

Date of Creation.		
	1520	d'Egmont (Pignatelli).
1520, renewed	1773	Salm Hirbourg.
1528 „	1761	Havré (Croi).
1520 „	1783	Buzancois (Branvilliers).
	1765	Dondeansille.
	1703	Tessé (Fronlay).
	1704	Croy—Solre.
	1706	Chimay (d'Alsace d'Henin Lictard).
	1708	Nivernois (Mancini—Mazirini).
	1738	Ghistelles (Melun).
	1750	Monchy (Noailles).
	1745	Robecque (Montmorency).
	1757	Périgord (Talleyrand).
	1757	Valentinois (Grimaldi, prince de Monaco).
	1777	Ronault (Gamaches).
	1761	Hautefort.
	1774	Saint Simon (Ronoray).
	1727	Beauveau.
	1700	Beaucas Céreste.
	1740	Lamarch (Ligne).
	1774	Caylus (Robert de Lignerac).
	1765	Dessun.
	1774	Montbarey (Saint Maurice).
	1782	d'Estaing (Saillant).
	1782	Gand.
	1785	d'Eschynac.

Inscribed in these memoirs, these names shall serve as memoranda to many who may not be able to remember the dignities of days gone by; and it is a melancholy pleasure to me to write them here, not knowing to what purpose they may serve in our threatening future.

We passed the summer after our return from Paris at Quatzenheim, without going once to Montbéliard, to my great regret. The great Frederick died the autumn of this same year, which was a great grief to his niece, the princess of Montbéliard, in whose children he had ever taken the greatest interest.

I was in constant communication with my friends at Etupes. Mdlle. de Dormsdorff had returned, and M. de Wargemont profited by his being quartered near, to pass almost all his time in the society of the lady of his heart. It was at this time that he wrote the verses on 'Loto' of which I spoke before.

This romantic love affair excited general interest; the lovers were constantly preparing for their union, and as constantly allowing some trifling obstacle to prevent it, that they might enjoy the pleasure of being unfortunate, and pour forth mournful sighs, under the sentimental influence of a moonlight ramble. They were the very personation of the shepherd Quinchinottis and the nymph Dulcinée.

About this same time, Francis, grand-duke of Tuscany, paid a visit to Montbéliard, but only remained a few hours. His marriage with the princess was delayed for some political reasons. This marriage was no less advantageous than that of the Princess Dorothea, as Francis was the presumptive

heir to his brother's throne. God is ever the protector of large families when they observe His holy law, and the Wurtemberg family was an evident proof of this. They have certainly lost many of their children, but those who remain are perfectly happy.

At our arrival at Strasburg, we found the entire city talking of Cardinal Rohan, and the story of the necklace. People could think of nothing else, so great was their indignation against the poor prelate; and I was told that the chapter of the cathedral sent a memorial to his holiness, in consequence of which he was suspended from his sacerdotal functions for six months.

The members of the chapter profited by this circumstance to bring many charges against their disgraced prelate, one of which was, that he had employed for his own amusement the money intended for the reconstruction of the château of Saverne. The children in the streets sang songs about the poor man and his misfortunes, of one of which, I shall transcribe a verse—

Et l'innocente candeur
Du prélat de Saverne,
Va briller comme un docteur
Dans une lanterne, &c.

During this affair of the necklace, some louis were stamped at Strasburg, with horns inscribed upon them, in insulting and calumnious allusion to

the investigation then taking place. The authors were sought in vain, and some were inclined to look upon it only as an error in the graving.

The prince de Condé, who was married to a Rohan, the marshal de Soubise, and the princess de Marsan, were very indignant at the cardinal's arrest, and complained loudly of it. It was indeed a severe blow to the Rohan family, scarcely recovered from the shock of the prince de Guéménée's bankruptcy. Apropos of that wretched Oliva, whose resemblance to the queen was the foundation of all this unfortunate affair, the duchess of Orleans told me of another resemblance to her majesty, a resemblance, however, which could be explained. Although this circumstance also caused great confusion at court, it was never generally known. Madame Lamballes, who was present, told it under promise of secresy to the duchess of Orleans, and she told it in the heat of conversation one evening at the duchess of Bourbon's, but only four persons were present, all of whom promised never to repeat it, and we all kept our word. Court secrets are seldom divulged, for the consequences may be too serious not to alarm a skilful courtier.

Here then is the tale.

"When the emperor, Joseph II. was about seventeen years of age, he was fond of taking long solitary walks in the park, reflecting on the arduous

task to which Providence had destined him, in making him the sovereign of a mighty people. One evening that he rambled farther than usual, night overtook him, and he was hastening home to the château, fearing that all would be retired to rest, when his attention was arrested by a deep moaning, which seemed to issue from a grove. He immediately pushed aside the branches, but the darkness was so profound, that it was some time before he could distinguish a something white lying on the grass at some distance; he approached, and a voice, a gentle feminine voice, besought his aid. He immediately raised, what he judged, notwithstanding the darkness, to be a young lady, and asked if she were hurt, why it was that she was out alone so late, and begged her to tell him where was her home, that he might conduct her to it.

"She said she was the Countess Wilhelmina de B——, and that she had gone out in the evening, to walk as usual in the park, where she saw a bird's nest on a branch at some distance from the ground; she sprang to seize it, missed her aim and fell, turning her foot in her fall. She had lain there since, not having seen any person pass, and had almost given up all hope when she heard the step of her deliverer near and called out for assistance.

"Of course the lady's appearance was a mystery in the darkness, but there was something so touching

in the simple tones of her voice, that his imagination was excited, and he was almost inclined to fall in love upon the spot. He offered the lady his arm, which she accepted, and they proceeded as quickly as the injured foot would allow to the lady's home. On the way the prince asked her many questions about her family, which she answered with the greatest *naïveté:* she said that her father, who was of a very ancient noble family, was poor, and had received from the empress, as the reward of his services in Hungary, an important post in the castle of Schönbrunn, where she was now come to live. As her mother was dead, her family had got her appointed canoness of some order, and she generally resided at her convent, except when she came on an occasional visit to her father.

"They arrive at the château, and the door is opened by an old servant who utters an exclamation of surprise when she sees the prince, but represses all further demonstration at a signal from the young man.

"'Here is your young mistress,' said he, 'who has met with an accident in the park; you had better put her into bed, and I shall call to-morrow to inquire for her.'

"The young lady was for several days confined to her room, and suffered severe pain from her foot. Each morning the prince sent to inquire for her

health, but all the time she did not know who he was.

"It was three weeks after her accident, that she was one evening sitting in her garden, believing herself quite alone, for the court had removed from Schönbrunn, when she was startled by the unexpected appearance of her deliverer. She blushed and was about to rise, when he, quickly advancing, prevented her, saying,

"'Do not disturb yourself, I beg countess, I should be sorry to inconvenience you; but if you have no objection, I should feel great pleasure if you would permit me to remain near you for some moments, and enjoy the pleasure of seeing you restored to health.'

"Poor Wilhelmina knew not what to say; but when she remembered how much she was indebted to this noble-looking young man, how kind and attentive he had been to her, she thought it would be ungrateful to deny him so slight a favour. He was allowed to remain, and the interview, which was to have been but for a few minutes, lasted more than two hours.

"Although no appointment was made, they met next evening in the same place, and the next evening, and the next, until it became at length an appointed rendezvous. Joseph was now seriously in love, and for the first time, and very probably

for the only time of his life, whilst the innocent girl scarcely knew how to name the feelings which filled her breast. Her father was old, and far from supposing that there could be any danger in allowing his daughter to go about as she pleased, he only thought of the happiness of having her with him again.

"These meetings continued for a long time unknown to any person but the parties concerned, for at Vienna princes have quite as much liberty as private persons, a thing unheard of in France. Joseph told the young countess that he was an officer in the Walloon guards, and that the discipline of his regiment was so severe, that if he were suspected of having a connection with any lady, that his commission would be taken from him.

"'Let us marry then,' said she, 'and there need be no longer any concealment.'

"The young man made fresh excuses, and she believed everything he chose to say, so deeply did she love him, and so guileless was her own heart: neither indeed thought of the consequences of their conduct; the prince was too happy to look upon the dark side of the picture, and Wilhelmina was too inexperienced to know the full extent of the risk she ran. Their intimacy had now continued so long, without the slightest interruption or impediment, that they became careless; and neglected the

precautions they had used at their first interviews. One evening, as they sat together in the little garden, not expecting any interruption, the father of the young lady suddenly stood before them, and felt convinced, from their conversation, that he had arrived too late to save the honour of his child. Wild with anger he tore the girl from her lover and said—

"'Is this the reward your highness gives me for having shed my blood in your service?'

"'Your highness!' cried the frightened countess, 'what does that mean? Who are you? Ah! you have deceived me.'

"Everything was now explained, and Wilhelmina, everwhelmed with horror and despair, sunk lifeless at her father's feet. She was taken to her room, and notwithstanding the entreaties, the commands of the father, the prince persisted in remaining beside her until she had recovered her senses. When she had opened her eyes he took her hand, pressed it to his lips and said,—

"'I must leave you now, Wilhelmina, but I will return to-morrow, when I will prove to you, and to your father, that I am not ungrateful, and that if he has shed his blood for Maria Theresa, her son shall know how to repay him. Live, then, my beloved, for your father's sake, for my sake, and for the sake of our child.'

"The time of his absence was passed in the most dreadful anxiety; the father fearing that his sovereign should offer him some pecuniary compensation for his daughter's honour, rather than accept which, he would see her dead before him. The prince returned, but not alone; he was accompanied by his chaplain and an officer of his household, and entering Wilhelmina's room, he said,—

"'Baron, will you give me the hand of your daughter? Wilhelmina, will you consent to become my wife?'

"Surprise and joy for some time made the old soldier silent; but at last he found words to say that it would be too great an honour for his family, even if political reasons did not forbid it.

"'But I wish it, and that is sufficient,' was the only answer of the prince.

"Wilhelmina was taken in her couch to the chapel of the château, where the ceremony was performed, after which the bride was again taken to her room.

"'Now, my beloved, will you not consent to live for me?'

"It was too late; poor Wilhelmina could not recover the shock: after several hours of intense agony, she died in giving birth to a daughter. The prince was inconsolable, and it was long before they could tear him away from the lifeless body of his bride. The child was baptized Wilhelmina, in

remembrance of her poor mother, and it was some time before the prince could bear to see her; but his dislike soon changed into the warmest affection, and he could not bear to have her out of his sight. She is extremely like Marie Antoinette, which is to say that she is extremely beautiful. For some political reasons the government prejudiced the emperor against his daughter, and she was sent to France, where she still resides with her governess and servants in a small house in the park at Versailles. Except the queen and princess-royal she receives no visitors, but lives in the greatest seclusion; it is said that the queen intends to give her a very large fortune."

Had Cardinal Rohan mistaken this young lady for the queen it would have been very natural, but his error is really incomprehensible.

This year the treaty so long pending between the courts of France and Wurtemberg, concerning the boundaries of the comté of Montbéliard, was at length arranged and signed. Its final arrangement was confided to M. Gerard, *préteur-royal* at Strasburg, and Baron Rieger.

About the same time was born the Princess Sophia, which caused universal joy; our good king cannot have too many children.

Mdlle. de Condé has been appointed abbess of the chapter of Remiecourt, in the room of the

Princess Charlotte of Lorraine-Brienne, sister to the prince de Lamballes. This lady, who had succeeded the Princess Christina of Saxe, had been abbess but for a short time. Mdlle de Condé, who was now twenty-nine years of age, was elected unanimously. She sent Mdlle. de Montrejouls to be her representative in the investiture of this dignity. M. de la Porte, governor of Lorraine, who was appointed by the king to assist at this election, is brother to M. de Melfort, and possesses himself a marquisate in Normandy. (One may purchase a marquisate and not become a marquis, unless the king confer the title, which he does not always do.)

The revenue of the abbess of Remiecourt is about one hundred thousand livres annually, and the abbatial palace is built and furnished with regal magnificence. It was commenced in 1722 by order of Anne Charlotte, princess of Lorraine. Mdlle. de Condé had the extreme amiability to ask M. d'Oberkirch and me to visit her in her new residence, but we were unfortunately prevented from doing so. This was the third time that some unexpected circumstance prevented my visiting Remiecourt.

I received a minute account from the princess of Montbéliard of the death of her uncle, the great Frederick: almost the last action of his life was to address a request to the sovereign council of Alsace in favour of one of his subjects, and then he was,

however unwilling, obliged to submit to the ordinary formula, without which no memorial will be accepted.

This council is of such very great dignity, that every German prince, in addressing a memorial to its members, must use the terms—Messeigneurs, and the king requests, or the prince, as the case may be. This is a great wound to their pride, but they have no choice, they must submit.

Frederick II. died on the 17th August, 1786, and notwithstanding the painful illness from which he suffered, he continued to conduct public business even to the last, with the same clear judgment and unwearied application. He himself read all foreign despatches, and from four until seven every morning dictated to the ministers both of foreign and home affairs. A few days before his death he dictated to his secretary the plan of attack that he wished the army in Silesia to pursue, and even to the last wore his uniform and one boot, not being able to put on both, one of his feet being so much swelled. He refused to put on a dressing-gown, saying that it was too effeminate a dress for a soldier.

After five weeks of intense suffering, during which he was unable to go into bed, from the effects of his illness, he was carried to 'Sans Souci,' where he died. Midst all his sufferings,

he never uttered the slightest complaint; he was a hero to the last.

The princess of Montbéliard also sent me a picture cut in paper, a present to me from the grand-duchess.

It represented my dear princess, leaning on the arm of her husband, the Grand-duke Paul, whilst at her right hand stood her two sons, Alexander and Constantine, one of whom held a spade and the other a tree, which they seem to be about to plant.

On the left of the picture was a statue of Peter the Great, dressed *à la grecque*, holding a sword in one hand and an arrow in the other.

As may easily be supposed, this souvenir of my dear friend gave me the greatest pleasure. She never lost an opportunity of showing the truth and constancy of her affection for me. I regretted not being able to go to Montbéliard to thank the princess in person; but it was impossible for me to leave home.

We lost baron de Rathsamhausen, commander of the grenadier regiment of Nassau. He was very much regretted. Alas! how many are falling around us.

CHAPTER XII.

Extravagant fashions of 1787—Bankruptcy of Mdlle. Bertin—Bankruptcy at Strasburg—Abbé Ternay—He is burned in effigy—His parrot—Verses—Reply of M. Hocquart—Madame Paulze—Voltaire's anger—Bankruptcy of M. de Saint James—'L'homme au rocher'—The duke of Orleans and Madame de Genlis—Jest of the count of Artois—M. Beaujeu—M. Schweigheuser—M. Koch—Mdlle. Hubertin—Passion for hunting—M. Kornemann—Beaumarchais—Blanchard—Edict in favour of Protestants.

ALTHOUGH living in a provincial town so far from Paris, we were not in ignorance of the newest fashions or latest news. Several of our friends undertook to send us constant accounts of all that was going on in the fashionable world. There was nothing new in ladies' fashions this winter; the luxuriant and expensive style of dress was the same as last year; but, for gentlemen, some novelties were introduced. For a fashionable man, it was absolutely necessary to have dozens of waistcoats; some even went so far as to have hundreds, these all gorgeously embroidered, some with hunting-scenes, some with sea-fights, or any other subject that fancy may suggest. The buttons were equally strange; they were as large as a crown-piece of six livres, and generally bore portraits of

the kings of France, of the twelve Cæsars, or of family connections; some adventurous youths had even the temerity to wear likenesses of their mistresses. A gentleman with such a breastplate is rather a ridiculous object, but 'it is the fashion,' and that is considered sufficient to justify any folly.

The empire of fashion suffered a severe shock this year in the bankruptcy of the proud, the haughty, and insolent Mdlle. Bertin, milliner to the queen. But if she became a bankrupt, it was not for a plebeian sum; no, her debts amounted to two millions! The downfal of this exclusive *marchande de modes* was a dreadful blow to fashionable ladies. Where now could they find any one who could so skilfully arrange a head-dress, adorn a robe, or give a graceful inclination to a plume? Mdlle. Bertin is not hard-hearted, and will certainly have compassion on the sufferings of these ladies, and resume her business. It is said that she has acted very ungratefully towards the queen, who would otherwise have assisted her in her difficulties, although she had herself affairs both of great importance and anxiety to engage her attention.

Bankruptcies are becoming universal; we have had a very serious one here in Strasburg, that of the director of the mint. He is accused of having

turned to his own account a great deal of the money which had been confided to him to renew, after being filed down, by order of Abbé Ternay, that unconscientious man, who has done so much injury to France. This abbé is a most disagreeable, wicked, and vindictive man, and has not a single friend in the entire kingdom. He has been burned and hanged in effigy by the populace, and turned into ridicule in every way; but he consoles himself for all with the immense fortune he has amassed. On the staircase of his house he keeps a parrot, who is constantly crying "Thief!"

"Ah!" said a wag who heard him, "he announces his master."

He is exceedingly ugly, and quite unscrupulous in his conduct. The following lines have been composed for him:—

Le seul aspect d'un tel monstre
De sa vie offre le tableau.
A cette figure sinistre
France reconnais ton bourreau.

He one day said to M. Hocquart that France would require to be bled.

"That may be," replied the latter, "but curses will attend the operator."

I have been told that Madame Paulze, wife of a *fermier-général*, who lived near Ferney, went to visit Voltaire, and, to make her presence more

acceptable, desired that the philosopher should be informed that she was niece to Abbé Ternay.

"Tell her," said Voltaire, furious with passion, "that I have now but one tooth, and that I reserve that to use against her uncle."

Another bankruptcy! Alas, I fear that we are only at the commencement of them. M. de Saint James, navy treasurer, and father-in-law of M. de Puységur, was the bankrupt in the last case. He expended vast sums of money on the decoration of his garden at Neuilly, which the people very justly called 'The Saint James's Folly;' no expense was spared to procure anything he thought necessary to it. One day the king met forty horses drawing an immense rock that was to be placed in the centre of the 'Folly,' and ever since he calls M. de Saint James 'L'Homme au Rocher.'

I remember that I one day went into this garden, and very much disturbed a pair of lovers who were walking there—the duke of Orleans and Madame de Genlis. The duke saluted me with a stupified air, but the lady drew herself up, and stared at me as if she were an empress. Our rencontre was particularly *mal-à-propos*, because, in compliance with an arrangement made with the duchess of Orleans, it was publicly supposed that their connection was broken off. The prince had requested M. Saint James that no person should be admitted whilst

he was in the garden, but through some mistake of the porter, I was let in. I met Madame de Genlis again in the evening, at a friend's house, where she was with her eternal harp; she did not seem to recognize me, but in no other way showed any recollection of our meeting in the morning.

The 'Saint James's Folly' is situated near 'Bagatelle,' on the other side of the road, and the count of Artois was never weary of jesting about the riches of its owner.

"I wish," said he, one day, "that I could get to run through my garden a branch of the golden stream that flows from my neighbour's mountain."

All his wealth did not save poor M. de Saint James from bankruptcy; he was was sent to the Bastille, which was a great grief to his son-in-law, M. de Puységur, who assures me that it was foretold him by a clairvoyante. I was not present when the prophecy was pronounced.

Almost all those rich financiers have died poor; and worse than poverty was the fate of M. Beaujeu, who, though surrounded by luxury, was unable to enjoy even common repose. Extended on a couch adorned with gold and Indian damask, he passed sleepless and agonized nights: his house is surrounded by delicious gardens, in which he cannot walk a single step, nor can he even bear the motions of a carriage lined with satin, and hung on English

springs. He cannot eat anything but water-gruel, whilst his tables are covered with every luxury. I compare him to that man in the fable, who transformed everything he touched into gold.

My brother-in-law, M. d'Oberkirch and his wife, *née* Mdlle. de Rathsamhausen, came to spend some time at Strasburg; we were very intimate. Another very intimate friend of ours, M. d'Aumont, director of engineers, and a 'red ribbon,' has been appointed field marshal.

M. d'Aumont is a very good man, and has intellectual tastes. We went to his house, two evenings in every week, and met there numbers of distinguished persons, amongst others M. de Schweigheuser, a learned philologist, and professor of philosophy at Strasburg, and who is also a most amiable and excellent man, not led away by German fantasies, but preserving healthy and sound opinions in times so fruitful in false doctrine. I once went, with M. d'Oberkirch, to hear him deliver a lecture on a very difficult subject, and he acquitted himself with the greatest honour.

M. Koch, another professor at the Strasburg University, is also a very clever man, but not so agreeable in society as M. Schweigheuser, and has a great deal of the awkwardness and stiffness of a student. He is under the mistaken impression that the nobility despise the people, and that no

person can be esteemed by us who cannot display an authentic genealogy, an error which once led to his passing a very uncomfortable evening with us. The occasion was this, Mdlle. Hubertin was come to sing at Strasburg, and M. d'Aumont invited us to accept half his box, which we did with pleasure. He had also invited M. Koch, and when we entered the box, M. d'Aumont sat in front with me (Madame d'Aumont could not come) and my husband stood directly behind, thinking to be very polite to M. Koch, in leaving him a place from whence he could see the stage with ease, M. de Oberkirch's view being entirely intercepted by a pillar. M. Koch interpreted his conduct very differently, fancying that he had chosen this spot to prevent the professor's approaching me. People with such susceptible vanity are very much to be pitied.

It was a great pleasure for me to hear Mdlle. Hubertin again, particularly in the character of 'Dido,' in which I had admired her very much at Paris. An artillery officer, who has some talent for poetry, has the reputation of composing the following lines in her honour:

> Proud Romans! who boasted your race was divine,
> On a trifle once hung the fate of your line;
> Dido's charms were powerless the hero to chain,
> To delay or to hinder his flight o'er the main.

If the Dido that here all lovely is seen
In that Carthage of old had reign'd as the queen,
Ne'er, ne'er from her presence Æneas had flown,
And the seven-hilled city had never been known.

Mdlle. Hubertin was delighted with these verses, although they appear to me stupid enough. This celebrated singer had come to Strasburg with the intention of remaining there for some weeks, but in a few days after her arrival she received an order to return immediately to Paris, which was a great mortification to us all.

Mdlle Hubertin is said to be privately married to the Count d'Estaignes. I know not whether the report be true or not, but she certainly has no lover but him, which is morality in an actress.

After this disappointment, my daughter and I went to spend some weeks at Montbéliard. Mary, who is a great favourite with the princess, most probably on account of her godmother, is received at this court in defiance of the ordinary rules of etiquette, which fix the time of presentation to the age of sixteen, or after, but not before. I found this family in the greatest tranquillity and happiness, except that the duchess was uneasy from the duke's passion for hunting, which made him extremely severe upon poachers, toward swhom he often inflicted very harsh punishment. The duchess very often sought to mollify his anger against them,

and showed him the injury his severity may cause to himself and his family. He never reflected on the harm he did himself in riding over the meadows and corn-fields of his subjects, accompanied by dogs, horses, and servants. The amusements of princes are frequently a serious injury to their people and also to themselves; the unjust condemnation of a poacher is more likely to excite discontent than even more serious wrongs.

Still, the duke of Montbéliard is greatly beloved by his people, or at least he was then; but I fear much that the spirit of revolution will penetrate into our peaceful mountains, and disturb this heretofore tranquil region.

At my return to Strasburg, I found the whole city in commotion about the lawsuit of M. and Madame Kornemann; everybody took part in it, either for the plaintiff or defendant. M. de Kornemann was a man of very unprepossessing appearance, quite unequal to captivate his wife, who was a very coquettish lady, and who, not finding her husband to her taste, sought to compensate herself in the society of M. Domdet de Jassan. Their connexion went on for some time in secret, but at last it was discovered; as almost everything is discovered sooner or later. M. de Beaumarchais took a part in the affair, which does more honour to his genius than his moral character. He pub-

lished a memoir of the entire circumstance, which was, if possible, more piquant and more amusing than his 'Marriage of Figaro.' It is impossible for me to refuse the tribute of my admiration to intellectual excellence, even when it is employed on subjects revolting to my principles; and therefore I must confess that this memoir of Beaumarchais pleased me despite my better sense. I took neither side in this dispute, and thought I could be a better judge of the real state of the case by not allowing myself to feel any predilection for either party: but not so my sister-in-law, who, though generally very unsusceptible, has warmly taken M. Kornemann's part, because he is a citizen of Strasburg.

"What!" said she to me one day, "you did not hear that M. Kornemann has twice escaped assassination, and that it was most certainly your Beaumarchais in union with Jassan?"

"He is not *my* Beaumarchais; none of these people belong to me, thank God."

"Madame Kornemann is a disgrace to her sex; no woman ought to hear her name mentioned without blushing, and if her husband succeed in having her imprisoned it will be only what she deserves. All the advocates of the sovereign counsel of Alsace consider her guilty."

"I beg your pardon," said M. de Holzapfel,

"you have been misinformed; the advocates will come to no conclusion until they hear the evidence. The case is still very doubtful."

"But I assure you that persons have seen —"

"Persons pretend to have seen. One need never seek for witnesses in cases of this kind."

"No witnesses will appear without being cited."

"Why, you are entirely in the interests of this poor M. Kornemann!"

As an amusement, after all the disputes about this unfortunate lawsuit, we went to see a very successful balloon-ascent of M. Blanchard, who now, for the first time, used the newly-invented parachute. I felt my heart beat with anxiety as I saw this celebrated aeronaut cut the last cord that bound him to earth, and dart into the boundless infinity above. Many persons have been very anxious to accompany him in his visits to these unknown regions: how delightful it must be to look down upon this globe, as if one were a bird floating many miles away!

Amidst the many frivolous things that occupied our daily existence, a matter of serious importance now attracted our attention; this was an edict to fix the position of French Protestants, and to which many persons were opposed. Amongst these was Madame Louise de France, who, from the seclusion of her convent, wrote to the king,

requesting him not to make any alteration in ancient customs. This sainted personage erred only from excess of zeal; but the Marchioness de Noailles and Madame de Sillery Genlis had not the same excuse. Some person sent me the following lines, which were written on this subject:—

> Noailles et Sillery, ces mères de l'Eglise
> Voudraient gagner le parlement,
> Soit qu'on les voie, on qu'on les lise
> Par malheur on devient aussitôt Protestant.

These lines are certainly very bad; but they prove one thing, and that is, that these women are very wrong in mixing themselves in affairs which do not concern them.

It was now time to destroy abuses that had caused serious injury: it is not very long since that Mdlle. d'Anglure, daughter of a Protestant and Catholic, was declared illegitimate, because the deed of the celebration of her parents' marriage could not be produced. Is it not a cruel thing to dishonour an entire family merely because their religious opinions do not agree with those of the multitude? Oh! this cannot be in accordance with the will of a God supremely just and good. Louis XVI.'s edict, which recognized the validity of Protestant marriages, proves at the same time the rectitude and goodness of his heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

Letter from the grand-duchess of Russia—Her anxiety about me—The Grand-duke Paul seeks to join the army—Another letter from the grand-duchess—Her anxiety—Severe winter of 1788—Marriage of M. de Chastellux—Self-love of an author—Marriage of the Archduke Francis—M. de Mullenheim—Anecdote of Benedict XIV. Anecdote of the prince of Palestrina—Ingratitude of a soprano—Letter from the grand-duchess—Bravery of the grand-duke—Princess Augusta of Brunswick—Her death—M. de Krudner—My father's death—Letter from Madame de Mackan.

THIS year, 1787, ended rather disagreeably for me, as I got a very severe fit of illness. The grand-duchess wrote the following letter on this occasion :—

22nd December, 1787.

" My dear and good Lanele, 2nd Jan., 1788.

" Our dear mamma has sent me word that you are a little better, and that, thanks to her visit, you have passed a tranquil night. She speaks of your improving health in terms of the greatest satisfaction and pleasure, in which I assure you I fully participate. Would that I could have shared our dear mamma's attendance on you, and by my watchfulness and care have proved to you that my affection for you is the same

as ever! I am impatient, dear Lanele, to receive a letter written by your own dear hand; for until I see that, it is impossible for me to banish all anxiety from my heart. Of course, dearest, our good and beloved mamma has told you of all the troubles that press upon me at this moment, and all that the future seems to threaten. I feel almost overwhelmed by these anxieties, and my courage sinks before the difficulties that surround me. Reflection only increases the sorrow that oppresses me; and I tremble at the bare idea of that terrible 'February.' Only think, dear Lanele, that for nine months I shall be separated from my beloved husband; millions of wersts shall be between us, whilst he will be exposed to all the horrors of war, and to the dangers of that unhealthy climate, which has already been fatal to so many. You know, dear Lanele, what my feelings must be when these frightful ideas present themselves to my mind; and I firmly believe that no galley-slave can experience such misery as I, for he, wretched though he be, has only his individual sufferings; whilst my heart, beside its private cares, is well-nigh broken with anxiety for the life of him for whom I would willingly sacrifice my own. Pity me; give a few tears to the anguish of your friend; your sympathy shall enable me to bear my otherwise too heavy burden. I embrace

your little daughter, who, I hear, is becoming each day handsomer and more amiable. The best boon I can desire her is, that God may make her as good as you. Adieu, my dear, my beloved Lanele. I embrace you with the greatest affection, and am, with heart and soul,

"Your good and sincere friend,

(Signed) "MARIE.

"P.S. Remember me to our worthy German friend. The dear grand-duke sends you his compliments; and I most sincerely wish you a happy new year."

Everybody must feel moved by the affectionate anxiety of this dear princess. The grand-duke had asked permission of his mother to join the army against the Turks; but the jealous policy of Catherine would not permit her to consent. Yet by some unaccountable change of opinion she, a short time after, ordered him to Finland, where he raised an army of fifteen thousand men. The prince was only too willing to obey; his chivalrous courage was ever ready to seize an opportunity of action. Midst all her own fears for his safety, his anxious wife still could feel solicitous for the welfare of me, her early friend; and this solicitude was fully shared in by her mother, who, spite the severity of the winter season, came to Strasburg to

take care of me during my illness. Could I ever be forgetful of such kindness and affection? Although still confined to bed, I wrote to my august friend at the commencement of the new year, and here is her answer:—

"My dear and good Lanele, $\frac{2}{13}$ January, 1788.

"What pleasure it has been to me to receive your welcome letter, which assured me of your convalescence! for I had been very uneasy about you, whom I love so much. Many thanks for your kind wishes for the new year, although it has commenced so inauspiciously for me. Ah! dear Lanele, my heart is overpowered by grief when I think of the long and cruel separation that threatens me, and when imagination pictures all the dangers that my beloved husband shall encounter during his campaign in that dreary Finland. These mournful fancies press the more heavily upon me, as they are entirely confined to my own bosom, not daring to confide them to the grand-duke, who only considers the risk he runs as a glorious duty. Do you not feel for me? Would not every sensitive heart sympathize with such misery as mine? Pray for me, dear Lanele; beg of God that he would support and strengthen me, now that I so much need His paternal aid.

"I can easily understand, dear Lanele, how

beneficial mamma's visit must have been to you, whom she loves as her own child. She wrote to me from Frankfort, and told me that her little journey has been of great service to her health, besides giving her a great deal of pleasure. You must go to Montbéliard; the change of air would do you good, and you know how welcome you would be there. I embrace your dear little daughter, who I am told is both handsome and amiable. All my children are well, and so is their dear good father. My health, thank God, is much better; I am becoming stronger every day. Tille is quite well, and desires her compliments to you; and your friend La Fermière is still your devoted slave. I love you yet, my dear Lanele, as warmly as when a child, and am truly and sincerely your faithful friend,

(Signed) "MARIE."

"P.S. My husband kisses your hand."

This winter (1788) was exceedingly severe; the communication between the different cities was interrupted by the immense quantities of snow that blocked up the roads, and the sufferings of the poor were greatly increased by the scarcity of provisions. The nobility of Alsace gave a great deal of charity, and did all in their power to relieve the popular misery. At Paris the king and queen

gave large sums to the poor, and their example was followed by the royal family and the nobility. Before the dwellings of the nobles were constantly kept large fires, at which the poor might warm themselves; and this humane precedent was followed by the Parliament, who now, for the first time, showed some sympathy for human suffering.

It was the duchess of Bourbon who did me the honour of sending me an account of all this, and also of the marriage of the marquis de Castellan, a nobleman who, some years before, published an account of his travels in America. If one may form an opinion of the author from this work, he must be very much attached to the pleasures of the table; but from his admiration for American dishes and ragoûts he cannot be a very refined gourmand. He is very proud of this work, and gratitude to a lady for her affected admiration of it, has led him to offer her his hand. She is Miss Plunket, an Irish lady, of respectable family, but poor, who met the marquis at Spa, and was extremely anxious to form a matrimonial connection with him; but finding her beauty not sufficient to gain her end, she thought of flattering his vanity by admiring his book.

No sooner was her project conceived than she began to put it into execution, and one morning as the gentleman entered into the sitting-room of the

hôtel where they both lodged, he found Miss Plunket so deeply absorbed in reading his American travels, that she did not raise her head, nor seem to heed his entrance, until he was near enough to see what work it was that interested her so much. He was delighted, and feeling certain that a lady of such excellent judgment should most certainly make a good wife, he laid his title and fortune at her feet; need I say they were accepted? This anecdote has caused great amusement at Paris; and some persons say that the newly-married pair have constantly with them an edition of the marquis's travels, which they read together, beginning again with the first chapter after they have finished the last.

On the 6th January 1788, the Princess Elizabeth de Wurtemberg was married to the Archduke Francis, to whom she was betrothed since '82. At her arrival at Vienna, she was obliged to abjure the Protestant religion, and was received into the bosom of the Catholic church. She sent me a magnificent ring as a souvenir. About the same time, the grand-duchess gave birth to her daughter, the Grand-duchess Catherine, after which event she was very delicate. She had several children, and had suffered so much at the birth of each, that her health was no longer as good as it had been. This was a subject of great anxiety to her mother,

who often expressed her fears for her daughter's life, in her letters to me.

Speaking of letters reminds me, that I have several very curious epistles from celebrated persons, which M. d'Oberkirch advised me to get mounted on card, that they may be preserved for our daughter. His advice came rather late, for I have lost several of them, and given away others.

I passed the winter of '88 at Strasburg, entirely occupied with Marie's education: she was now eleven years of age, and was becoming a very important personage. My friends, the Berkenheims de Schoppenwyr, were most agreeable society for me. I hope that their three daughters, Henrietta, Amelia, and Octavia, may inherit the virtues of their parents. Their son Sigismund is but a baby. The daughters are great friends of Marie, which gives me much pleasure; and I trust that this intimacy will not lessen as they grow up, as frequently happens with attachments formed at an age when we are incapable of judging correctly of the friends we choose.

M. de Berkenheim de Leyrach has two sons, Christian and Francis, for the eldest of whom I have a most particular affection, for he is a noble-hearted and excellent boy.

Prince Max de Deux-Ponts often came to Stras-

burg to inspect the regiments 'La Marck' and 'Deux-Ponts,' stationed there, as were also the regiments of 'Hesse-Darmstadt' and of 'Alsace,' the first commanded by Prince Frederick of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the last by M. d'Eusbeck. Besides these gentlemen our society was graced by Madame de Millenheim, a lady whom none could excel in amiability or refinement of mind.

Business obliged us to make a little journey to Schlestadt, where we had the pleasure of meeting M. d'Armal, knight of St. Louis, and major of engineers. This gentleman is of a noble family of Mende in Geneva, at least so says M. de Waroquier, in a work of his published in 1787. Madame d'Armal, who is a very mild and religious woman, is daughter of M. de Maréschal, a distinguished engineer and brigadier of the royal armies,* who died about twelve years since. Louis XV. sent this gentleman to Rome, on a mission to Benedict XIV. (Lambertini), one of the wittiest pontiffs that ever wore the tiara, and who conceived a warm affection for the Frenchman. Madame d'Armal told us many anecdotes of this pope, which she had heard from her father.

When he was elected to the seat of St. Peter,

* This grade does not exist any longer. It corresponds with the rank of adjutant-general under the Emperor Napoleon.—*Editor's Note.*

five cardinals went to his cell to announce to him the honour that had been done him.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I consider five too many to come to jest with a cardinal, and too few to do honour to a pope."

A Roman princess, whose intimacy with Cardinal T—— was not unknown to Benedict, appeared one day in his presence, wearing a beautiful bracelet, set with jewels. The holy father admired the ornament, and asked if it were a present.

"Yes," very imprudently replied the lady, "it is a present from Cardinal T——."

"He has done well," replied the Pope, "in placing gratitude beside beauty."

This pontiff was a man of great amiability, and had he lived longer would have gained many proselytes to the Catholic church. Intellectual excellence is everywhere useful.

At Schlestadt, we also met a young officer of engineers, named Montbrison, nephew to M. d'Armal, a young man of great vivacity and courage, and who had been educated at the Military School at Paris.*

* The 'Procès verbeaux' of M. de Montbrison in proof of noble descent, required at the military schools, may be seen in the 'Bibliothèque Royal, Salle des Manuscrits,' tome xxi., year 1779.

Louis de Montbrison resigned his commission on the 20th June, 1792. I shall here transcribe the courageous

It was with much pleasure that I congratulated M d'Armal on the valorous conduct of his elder brother, who passed from the service of Russia, to

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document, in which he declares the reasons of his resignation :—

"I have placed the resignation of my commission, as captain of the 'corps royal' of engineers, in the hands of the 'chef de l'armée.' I shall now in conformity with the legal regulations explain my reasons for doing so: here they are—a faction represents the nation and the law, and has usurped the powers established by the constitution. The proceedings of the last 20th June show the effects of the revolution. Supported by a horde of armed men, destitute of all legal right, and who dare to call themselves the *nation* and the *sovereign*, it has dictated laws to the legislative body; it has *insulted the monarch, assailed his sacred person*, and sought to destroy by force the authority delegated to him by the constitution. Insulted France vainly expects the punishment of these outrages, for law is powerless under the influence of the conspirators. In vain do I seek the constitution I have promised to support; I can only find the seditious faction, which has overthrown all rule, introduced anarchy into the army, and is now about to destroy that liberty which it first degraded. Overwhelmed with disgust, but still ready to save my country even as a simple soldier, I retire to my native city, there to await the return of order.

"*Schlestadt, 4th July* 1792."

"My father was married to Marie d'Oberkirch in 1798. At the institution of the university in 1810, the emperor appointed him rector of the academy of Strasburg. The nomination of the count de Maussoin, *an old navy officer*, to the rectorship of Amiens, and of my father to that of Strasburg, were the two first official acts of M. de Fontannes. This gentleman was for ten years member of the

that of Austria, and then became director of fortifications at Vienna. He is now commander of engineers under M. de Landon, at Belgrade, and has been mentioned with much honour in the 'Gazette.' The prince de Ligne complimented him on his conduct, in the presence of the entire 'état major.'

In 1748, M. de Maréschal was sent to inspect the ports of the ecclesiastical states, and at Rome he became acquainted with the Prince de Palestrina, in whose service was M. de Montbrison. This prince, who is not only a Barberini, but also heir to the Sciana branch of the Colonna family, is exceedingly strict in exacting all the formalities due to his rank.

The Colonnas, the Orsinis (or Ursinis), the Santa-Croces, and the Barberinis, are the noblest families in Rome, and take precedence of the highest nobles in our country.

The Barberini arms are, a field azure, with three bees, *or:* and one day that this prince was offended by some slight breach of etiquette, the pope said,

"How often the dear prince is stung by his bees!"

'conseil-général' of the Lower Rhine, and was three times chosen president. He died on the 30th May, 1841. All persons agree in admiration of his noble character, of his estimable and modest virtue.

"COUNT LEONCE DE MONTBRISON."

—*Editor's Note.*

It was Prince Palestrina who said of an Italian actor,—

"He has a good voice, but a bad heart, for the cardinal Orsini has got him made soprano, and he is not in the slightest degree grateful to him."

The grand-duchess's anxiety about her husband was still the same. She wrote me the following letter:—

"Dear Lanele, $\frac{6}{17}$ June, 1788.

"Although my heart is torn with fear, I write you these few lines to say to you how well I love you! Mamma has told you that my husband is to leave me in a few days, and you can imagine what my unhappiness must be. May God support me under this trial, and may he preserve the life of him whom I love better than myself. Adieu, dear Lanele; I am unequal to writing, but neither good nor ill fortune can change me to my friends.

(Signed) "MARIE.

"I embrace your little daughter. The dear grand-duke sends you his compliments."

The grand-duke commanded in several engagements, during which he showed the greatest bravery and coolness. The naval fight, in which the Russians and Admiral Greig overcame the Swedes, commanded by the duke de Sudermanie, put an end to this war.

I have already spoken of Prince Frederick of Wurtemberg, and of the great annoyance given him by his wife,* a princess of Brunswick. She carried her coquetry to so great an excess, that her husband wrote to her brother, the duke of Brunswick, asking his advice. The duke said it would be better if he and his wife left Russia; but Catherine II. refused to let the lady go, although she gave full permission to the husband to depart as soon as he pleased. He accepted the permission, and went with his children to Switzerland. It may be easily supposed that this was a great annoyance to the grand-duchess, the more so as Catherine would not allow either her or her husband to interfere at all.

For some time after her husband's departure the princess retained the good graces of the czarina, but, for some reason or other that was never publicly known, the two ladies quarrelled one evening. It is said, however, that the princess of Wurtemberg replied to the empress with a coolness and presumption to which she was unaccustomed, and the consequence was that that very night she was

* This prince's second wife was Charlotte, daughter of George III. of England. He was made elector in 1801 and king in 1806. He had two sons by his first marriage, and one daughter, who was married to Jerome Bonaparte, then king of Westphalia. His son William succeeded him. —*Editor's Note.*

sent a prisoner to a château fifty leagues from St. Petersburg. This severity appears strange after the favour shown her by Catherine; but the possession of royal secrets is often a dangerous prerogative.

The young princess died on the 27th September of the same year, and many remarks were made at the time, that it would ill become me to repeat here. The bonds of gratitude that unite me to her husband's family forbid my saying anything further. The grand-duchess was deeply afflicted by all this, for she was extremely attached to her brother, and she accused herself of being the cause of all his troubles. Had she not invited them to Russia, these things might never have occurred. She wrote many letters on this subject, both to her mother and to me; but I do not consider that I have any right to transcribe here those that were addressed to me.

The public attention was now entirely turned to the baroness de Krudner (Valerie), a young woman of brilliant and exalted imagination, who had undertaken to reform the present philosophical belief, according to the fantastic notions of Swedenborg and other Utopian theorists. This lady is daughter of the count of Wittinghoff, governor of Riga, and grand-daughter to the celebrated Marshal Munich. It was when the baron de

Krudner was ambassador at Berlin that his wife first undertook her strange employment. She commenced explaining her doctrines in her own drawing-room, and, with the aid of a beautiful pair of eyes and of fascinating manners, gained many proselytes. To me she appears a second Madame Guyon, and I fear much that she will run the same career. She is sincere and warm-hearted, but led astray by false doctrines. It is dangerous for such minds as hers to refuse the support of authorized opinions.

On the 24th of December 1788 I experienced one of the greatest misfortunes of my life, in the death of my father. It would be impossible to express my grief, or that of my daughter, who loved her grandfather almost to adoration. Since his death, neither she nor I have recovered our former gaiety. My father was very much regretted in Alsace, where he was universally esteemed, and I received visits or letters of sympathy and condolence from all my friends. I was invited to pass the time of my mourning at Montbéliard, where the princess promised me perfect seclusion, except from her own family—friends, as she said, that would weep for my sorrows as for their own.

I was very much affected by a letter written by Madame de Mackan, *née* Alizan de Chasset.

After my father's death, I returned to Stras-

burg, where I occupied myself entirely with my daughter's education. This was but little trouble, she is so industrious and so clever; and I hope, with the assistance of God, to make her a very excellent woman.

CHAPTER XIV.

Quarrel between Marshal de Stainville and baron de Flachsland—Magnetism—Prophecies of M. de Cazotte—Prediction—Inundation at Montbéliard foretold—Superstition of the age—Mesdames de Klinglin—Mdlles. de Sutzelbourg—Want of attention to a princess—Singular fancy of Count de * * * —Comedy—M. de Weitersheim—Château d'Oberkirch—History of St. Odile—Truttenhausen—Landsperg—Death of Marshal de Stainville—Revolution in the comté of Montbéliard—Conclusion.

NOTWITHSTANDING my retreat, I had full information of all that was passing in the external world, and had I been even more secluded than I was, I could not fail to hear of the dispute of Marshal Stainville and the baron of Flachsland, which was then distracting our provincial society. The warfare of the 'Guelphs' and 'Ghibellines' was more extensive, certainly, but could not be more rancorous. Each party slandered and calumniated the other without mercy, and the baroness de Flachsland was unsparing in her remarks upon her husband's adversary.

"The baroness," said the marshal, "does not hesitate to put herself in the mire, that she may have the pleasure of splashing me."

This was severe, but well deserved, I must say;

but let me remark, *en passant*, that I took no part whatever in the dispute, and M. d'Oberkirch would not even allow it to be mentioned before him. Indeed, my time was fully occupied with family affairs, which I was arranging with my brother Godfrey. His first wife had died, and he had married Mdlle. de Stein, by whom he had a son, that was then about four years of age. This child was called Ferdinand; why, I am sure I cannot say, but I know that I would much prefer Dagobert or Sigismund, either of which would accord much better with our German surnames.

It was a great pleasure for me to find M. de Puységur at Strasburg, who told me that he had found most excellent subjects for magnetism in the mountainous districts on the other side the Rhine. I have full faith in this science, and am extremely anxious for its propagation, which I think must tend to increase our belief in a future life; therefore I shall make no further apology for recording some of our experiments here.

One day that some friends came with me to M. de Puységur's house, this gentleman had the goodness to make many experiments on a somnambulist for our gratification. After several very strange proofs of the truth of magnetism had been given, M. de Stainville, who was with us, asked if he would be permitted to interrogate her for a

few minutes. M. de Puységur consented at once, but said that the girl should first get a little repose, as she must be fatigued from the exertions she had already made. For a quarter of an hour she remained perfectly quiet; then she said, although no person spoke to her, that she would wish to speak to Marshal de Stainville.

"I know what he intends to ask me," said she, "and I have very sad replies to make him."

M. de Stainville asked her to tell what it was that he wished to know. She said—

"You are thinking of public affairs—you would wish to know what shall be the fate of France, and you are particularly anxious about the queen."

"That is perfectly true," said M. de Stainville, surprised.

At this time everybody was speaking of the prophecies of M. de Cazotte, and the greater number of persons was inclined to consider them as dreams, or fancies of an over-excited imagination. The marshal thought this a good opportunity to test their truth, and asked the girl if they should ever come to pass.

Just as he had concluded his question, the door opened, and in came the marquis de Peschery, to whom we explained what was going on. The marshal then repeated his inquiry.

"I must think before I answer," said the girl; "these things are so important, and as yet so confused."

"Tell me only, if the prophecies which I have heard shall come to pass, and whether I may believe them?"

"You may believe them all," she unhesitatingly replied.

We looked at each other in horror, and I confess I trembled, for it was but the evening before that I had read M. de Cazotte's prophecies, which had been sent me by the grand-duchess.

"What!" said the marshal, "all these things shall happen!"

"All, and more."

"When?"

"In a few years from this time."

"Cannot you say the time precisely?"

She hesitated for a few moments, and then said—

"They shall commence this very year, and shall continue perhaps for a century."

"We shall not see the completion of them?"

"Many of you shall not see the commencement."

This was a terrific announcement. After a little time the marshal said—

"What is being done now in France?"

"A conspiracy is on foot, and he who conspires shall be the victim of his own wickedness. For a

while he shall triumph, but his fate shall be like that of his victims. Oh! mon Dieu! mon Dieu! What streams of blood! It is too horrible."

"You are certain that the fate prophecied for these august personages shall be accomplished?"

"I am."

"What! they shall die a violent death?"

"They shall die a violent death."

"And I. Shall I share in the misfortunes predicted for my family?"

"You shall not."

"Ah! I shall keep out of the *mêlée*? That would not suit an old soldier like me."

The somnambulist was silent.

"What shall be my fate?"

She would not reply.

"You are afraid to tell me. My friends shall be beheaded, and perhaps something worse shall befall me. Shall I be hanged? That would be a fate unworthy of a gentleman. But speak, death and I are old acquaintances; we have often met face to face."

For a long time the girl refused to reply, but at the request of the marshal, M. de Puységur insisted on her answering.

"Poor Monsieur!" said she slowly, "why does he ask me what he shall know himself in a few months?"

"In a few months?" said the marshal, "I shall die in a few months! Ah! so much the better, I shall not see the ruin and dishonour of France. Thank God for that. Shall I die in my bed?"

"You shall," said she, but in so low a voice, that it was with difficulty that we heard her.

"Marshal," said I, "we must not believe all she says."

"I hope madam that it is true. At all events we shall not have long to wait for the fulfilment of my part of the prophecy."

We were all affected by the *sang-froid* of the old warrior, particularly M. de Puységur, who did not wish that his magnetic experiments should thus be made a cause of pain to his friends, and turned from their natural office of relieving or comforting weak human nature. He was going to awaken the girl, but I requested that he would allow me to ask her a question. He consented, and I said to the somnambulist—

"What is going on now in the place that I am thinking of?"

"I am going there, madame. Ah! I see it; it is all covered with water, which is rising higher every moment. It is a frightful inundation—yes, an inundation. A great deal of property shall be destroyed, but no lives shall be lost. You shall see

that I do not deceive you, madame, for you shall hear of this soon."

I was shocked: I was thinking of Montbéliard, and of my dear friends. What she said was exactly true: on the 18th January 1789, Montbéliard was visited by a dreadful inundation, that swept away houses, boats, and cattle, but happily did not cause the death of one human being. When my friends announced to me the verification of this unwelcome prophecy, I was surprised at the exactness with which it was fulfilled, and wondered how any person could refuse credence to a science attested by such important results. For my part, I could not look at Marshal de Stainville without feeling melancholy, thinking how soon we should lose him.

Many persons say, that the extreme credulity of the present time, which amounts almost to superstition, is an almost infallible symptom of national decay. It is indeed extraordinary to what an excess the love of the marvellous is carried in a century, that, at its commencement, was only remarkable for its want of faith. Neither Gymnosophists or Rosicrucians commanded more attention than the adepts of the present day; and I acknowledge, with all humility, that I myself, despite my better sense, have yielded in some measure to the universal passion for the mysterious. Succeeding generations shall with difficulty believe that people

who will not acknowledge the existence of a God, can yet yield the most undoubting faith to the lowest superstitions.

At Strasburg, I am acquainted with two ladies of the name of Klinglin, daughters to the count of Lutzelbourg (pronounced Lutzbourg), one of whom is married to her uncle, general Klinglin, and the other to this gentleman's nephew, baron de Klinglin d'Essert, by the latter of which names he is generally distinguished.

The Klinglins are a very ancient bourgeois family of Strasburg, and have been ennobled lately. A Klinglin was a member of the upper council of Alsace in 1662, in which office he was succeeded by one of his sons, whilst another was appointed préteur-royal at Strasburg. It was this latter gentleman who was created baron; and his son Christopher was chosen as first president of the sovereign council at Alsace, and was married to a Montjoy d'Hemericourt, sister to the prince-bishop of Basle.

Pauline de Klinglin was married to the count de Lutzelbourg d'Irmeling, and the ladies with whom I was acquainted were her daughters. The father of General Klinglin was decapitated for some political offence, and it was he whom the populace accused of having made a compact with the devil, in virtue of which, his soul became that respectable personage's property after death.

The baroness de Klinglin is a very amiable and agreeable woman, and a very great favourite in society, whilst her sister, who is very lively, and rather impertinent, is feared on account of her satirical conversation. Her whole time is passed in turning the defects or misfortunes of her neighbours into ridicule, and she sometimes goes so far as to indulge in a little slander at their expense.

I do not know whether I mentioned before, that the princess of Montbéliard has one eye a great deal more prominent than the other, and that it is subject to a convulsive motion that is very peculiar, and that perhaps to unfeeling persons may be amusing. Once that this dear princess came rather unexpectedly to visit me at Strasburg, I invited some ladies to meet her, and amongst them my lively friend, Madame de Klinglin, who, to my great annoyance, passed the entire time of her visit in laughing at the duchess and her prominent eye.

She carried her amusement to such an excess, that I was obliged to speak to her very seriously. Indeed, if she reflected sufficiently on the faults of a member of her own family, she would be the last to draw public attention to any person's misfortune.

Her cousin, the count of ——, has a most unfortunate habit of appropriating to himself anything

in a friend's house, that may attract his fancy. The first time that this mania of his showed itself was at M. de Peschery's, where he took some valuable ornament off the mantelpiece; he was seen, and it was soon noised about the city that the count de —— was a thief. But his infatuation was explained, and the toy returned.

His valet de chambre has orders to search his pockets every night, and to send what he may find in them to the house where the count had spent the evening. He knows perfectly well that this is done, and still he cannot prevent himself from practising this Lacedemonian virtue, and flatters himself that he does so with a dexterity that would deceive anybody. He always commences operations by humming an air, and this is the signal for the company to watch, and they, amused by the poor man's folly, affect to laugh at something that is said, whilst he takes advantage of the general merriment to slip the coveted object into his pocket.

M. de Wangen gave a splendid fête at his residence at Broglia, and his own family and some friends performed a tragedy for the amusement of the guests. We had first 'Andromaque,' and then 'Céphise ou l'Erreur de l'Esprit,' a new drama by Marsollier.

Christine de Wagner (Madame de St. Sauveur)

performed her part with great talent and feeling, and although she is generally rather formal in her manners, her acting was perfectly natural and easy. Her brother personated Pyrrhus, M. de Godin Orestes, and Louisa de Dietrich was most charming as Céphise.

Madame de St. Sauveur, the mother-in-law of Christine de Wagner, has an almost unconquerable passion for gambling, and could scarcely constrain herself to sit out the entire performance, so anxious was she to return to her spades and diamonds.

This fashion of private theatricals had at length arrived at the provinces, after having run its career at Paris. It was first introduced at Trianon, by the queen, but she was obliged to give up this amusement on account of the calumnies of which it was made the foundation. But this concession did not put an end to the slanderous inventions of envy; she is now, again, the object of false and injurious reports, which, however untrue, still cast a slur on the royal majesty of France.

In the month of April I was obliged to go to Brensewehersheim, where I possessed some property. I was very hospitably received there by M. de Weitersheim, who, I believe, is a relation of ours. This gentleman has one son and two daughters, the eldest of whom is exceedingly beautiful.

This year we also paid a visit to Oberkirch, and I think I cannot do better than give an account of this château here.

Schapftinne, in his 'Alsatia Illustrata,' asserts that Burckward d'Oberkirch and Siegfried de Reinhe, both 'Nobiles viri' (a title only given to dukes or counts), had, in 1135, given a donation to the abbey 'Mauri Monasterium,' and that Henry d'Oberkirch was present at the tournay of Cologne in 1179.

Oberkirch is situated to the west of Obernia, or Oberenheim, near the river Ehn, which gives its name to this old imperial city.

The inhabitants of this town are Catholics, who are governed by their own magistrates, that is to say, by a *prêteur*, four burgomasters, a mayor, and eight councillors.

It was formerly the residence of the dukes of Alsace, and at one time of the Emperor Otho, during whose reign Oberkirch was burned by the Swedes, when duke Bernard de Weimar, after having gained a complete victory over Wallenstein and Pappenheim, came to complete the subjugation of Alsace. It was about the same time that Mansfeld burned Rosheim, Andlau, &c.

Of the ancient château of Oberkirch there now remained but the solidly-built scarp and counterscarp, and three of the four towers that formerly

defended the moat. The present dwelling-house is quite modern, and possesses nothing of sufficient antiquity or beauty to attract the traveller.

Through the gardens and meadows of the domain flow the peaceful waters of the Ehn, which, after winding round the castle, proceeds down the hill, setting in motion the machinery of several mills as it slowly pursues its path to the sea.

At a little distance from Oberkirch is the ancient church of St Jean, which was built by some of my husband's ancestors, and which was formerly the burial place of the d'Oberkirch family, as is attested by various monuments within its walls. At a short distance from the church is the house of the *curé*, who is supported by the contributions of the peasantry, which are sometimes given in money, sometimes in wine.

To the right of Oberkirch, and separated from it by the valley of Klingenthal lies Girbaden, or Kirbaden, and the two castles of the Rathsamhausen family, and a little further St. Odile, of which I shall give a more detailed account, also the monastery of Truttenhausen, and the castle of Lansperg, which overlooks the valley of Andlau.

During my residence at Oberkirch I made several parties to visit these remarkable ruins, which are well worthy the attention of the tourist, or would form an agreeable subject for the pencil of an artist.

One day a great number of our friends met at Oberkirch, from whence we all set off together in carriages to visit the monastery of St. Odile. As we drove towards the village of Ottrott, on our right, and on the opposite side of the Ehn, lay St. Denis, a monastery which formerly belonged to the Benedictines, but is at present a collegiate institution, under the direction of eight canons and a dean.

Our route now turned into the picturesque valley of Klingenthal (the valley of tears), where in 1730 a manufactory of arms was established, and which has often since been an object of admiration and curiosity to the travellers who visit our mountain region.

When we arrived at Ottrott we descended from our carriages; the ladies mounted horses or donkeys, whilst the gentlemen prepared to ascend on foot the mountain which led to our destination. We were preceded by some peasants carrying baskets filled with provisions.

Half way from Ottrott to St. Odile a part of the road is paved with large stones, and which is said to have been built by the Romans. Here to our left was the monastery of Niedermünster, erected in the gorge of the mountain, the summit of which we soon reached, after penetrating through a breach in the 'Heidenmauer,' or the 'Pagan's wall.'

'Heidenmauer' is a very old wall, formed of

immense blocks of hewn stone, fastened together by wooden wedges, and surrounds not only the base of the mountain St. Odile, but also two lesser mountains which stand beside it. Its circumference cannot be less than three or four leagues, and it is supposed that it was built as a protection against the incursions of the barbarians.

On the sides and top of the mountain lie large masses of stone, whose enormous bulk tells plainly of some violent commotion of Nature, which tore them from the parent rock, and cast them here as memorials of the changes she has undergone.

St. Odile, the sainted personage who has given her name to this monastery (formerly called Hohenburg), was daughter of Ethicon, or Athien, who was created duke of Alsace in 662 by Childeric II. She was born blind; which was considered so great a misfortune by her father, that he vowed to take her life, which he most certainly would have done, had she not been sent away by her mother to the monastery of Palme, in Franche Comté. Here the child was baptized, and, as the sacred waters of baptism bathed her temples, she, to the surprise of all present, opened her eyes, and looked up with a strong and healthy glance. She was reared in the convent, for her father's anger had never been appeased, although the cause of it had been removed; and when she was sixteen, in gratitude for the

miracle which had been performed in her favour, she determined to become a nun, and devote her life to the contemplation of the divine mercies in solitude. Before taking so important a step she wished to visit her parents, for which purpose she set out for their castle of Hohenburg, having previously written to her brother to acquaint him with her intention, hoping that his mediation might appease the anger of the father. But it was not so. When the young man announced to the duke that his daughter was now at his gates, anxious to receive his paternal benediction, the father, irritated by the announcement, drew his sword, and killed the luckless youth.

When Odile heard of her father's wrath she immediately took to flight; and now, for the second time, a miracle was wrought in her favour, for as she sped up the mountain it opened, and formed a safe asylum for her in its bosom. When the father heard of this second miracle he was struck with remorse for the crime he had committed; and, as an expiation, he gave up his castle to his daughter for a monastery, of which she was the first abbess.

In the chapel may still be seen the bones of Athien* and of his daughter Odile. One of the

* From this duke are descended the family of Hapsburg, Lorraine, &c.

bones of Odile's right arm is wanting, having been carried away by the Emperor Charles IV., in 1354, who took it to Prague, and preserved it always with the greatest veneration.

Odile was succeeded, in 723, as abbess by her niece Eugenie, and since that time this office has been filled by the daughters of the noblest families in Germany.

Herade de Landsperg was abbess in 1178; Sybil, daughter to the Emperor Henry, in 1195; Veronique d'Andlau, in 1508; and Agnes d'Oberkirch, in 1542. She was the last who enjoyed this honour, for the entire monastery, with the exception of the chapel, was destroyed by fire in 1546, and all the canonesses returned to their homes, where several of them became Lutherans, and married.

The view from the top of this mountain is certainly one of the most extensive and beautiful that I have ever seen. On one side rose the snowy peaks of Jura and the Swiss Alps, whilst before us lay Alsace and the valley of the Rhine, stretching far away, until our vision was bounded by the mountains of the Black Forest.

Leaving St. Odile, we next proceeded to the monastery of Truttenhausen, founded by Herrade de Landsperg, abbess of St. Odile. The revenues of this monastery were restored to the Landsperg family when the nuns were dispersed during the

wars in Alsace, and they were assured to it by the treaty of Westphalia.

At my return to Strasburg, I found a letter from my dear grand-duchess, in which she gave me the most interesting details of the grand-duke, and of his campaign in Finland.

A few days after, as I was sitting alone, a servant came to tell me that Marshal Stainville had been taken suddenly ill that morning. "Ah, poor man!" said I, remembering the prophecy of the somnambulist, "we are about to lose him."

As the day advanced, his illness increased, and in the evening there was scarce any hope of his recovery. He felt his doom was sealed, but he bore the conviction with the fortitude of a soldier. He sent a present for the somnambulist to M. de Puységur, with the message—that he was extremely glad that her prophecy was about being fulfilled.

In three days from the beginning of the attack he died. All Strasburg mourned him as a father; the houses were hung with black as his funeral procession passed through the town; the windows and balconies were crowded with ladies of the highest families, whilst their husbands and brothers accompanied the remains of the valiant marshal to their last resting-place.

I cannot refrain from mentioning the behaviour

of Madame de Flachsland, whose gaiety, whilst the mournful cortège was passing, was most uncontrolable and indecorous. Death should put an end to all human enmities.

There remains for me now but little more to say: the sad events that are taking place around me cause the pen to fall with horror from my hand, and deprive me of that elasticity of mind without which it is impossible to write.

With the Bastille fell the ancient monarchy of France, and that which they now seek to form will never take root in a country such as ours. Of what disasters has it not been already the forerunner, not only in Paris, but even in the provinces! At Granges, a comté dependent on Montbéliard, the peasantry have devastated whole villages, burning and pillaging as they went along. It was with the greatest difficulty that the duke of Montbéliard was able to get together a small troop of militia, owing to the opposition of the lawyers, who absolutely refused to give him any assistance.

My work is ended. For worlds, I would not record the hideous deeds that are taking place around me, and which threaten with destruction all that I love or venerate. Farewell, then, to this delightful occupation, to the happy hours passed in retracing bygone days spent in the society of dear friends! My heart sinks as I contemplate the

clouds that appear upon the horizon, and that seem fraught with miseries for our hapless land. In what an inauspicious hour have our children been born! A future, pregnant with disasters, seems striding towards them. May God avert these awful presages!

THE END.

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